

ITALY.

BY

JOSIAH CONDOR,

AUTHOR OF THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

'Italia! Oh Italia, thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.'

BYRON.

VOL. I.

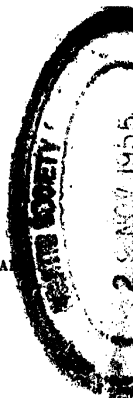
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PREFACE.

So much has been written about Italy, that little, one is ready to imagine, can remain undescribed. Works without number, by tourists of all descriptions, might seem to have exhausted the subject, and to leave scarcely any room to complain of want of information. Under this impression, the present volumes were commenced ; little difficulty being anticipated, beyond that of reducing to order, and compressing within moderate dimensions, the bewildering mass of materials which presented themselves for analysis. Little way, however, had been made, before it was discovered, that this apparent redundancy of information is of a very partial and unsatisfactory description ; that some works of the highest pretensions and most popular character are the least trust-worthy ; and that a general description of Italy, approaching to accuracy or completeness, does not exist in our literature.

Invidious as it may seem to disparage the works of others, it is really necessary that the Author of these volumes should, in acknowledg-

ing the extent of his obligations, explain the difficulty and disappointment which he has encountered. With regard to one of the most popular works on Italy, Lord Byron's severe but just criticism will preclude the necessity of further animadversions. 'The extreme disappointment experienced by choosing the Classical Tour as a guide in Italy,' must be common, his Lordship remarks, to 'every one who has selected the same conductor through the same country. The Author is, in fact, one of the most inaccurate and unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation, and is very seldom to be trusted, even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, from the simple exaggeration to the downright mis-statement, are so frequent as to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed, the Classical Tour has every characteristic of a mere compilation of former notices, strung together upon a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise, applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing.* Suspicious that some personal prejudice might have influ-

* Notes to Childe Harold. Canto IV.

enced this severe estimate, the Author of the present work has repeatedly turned to the pages of Mr. Eustace, in the hope of finding occasion to soften this condemnation, but has been uniformly disappointed. A few specimens of his unaccountable inaccuracy will be found in the ensuing pages; and the fact is, that his work affords little evidence that its author had ever set foot in Italy.

Millin is another compiler of the same description; and, warned by Mr. Hobhouse, the Author has not deemed it necessary to consult his work. 'He is charged by the Italians with never having been in some of the spots he describes as a spectator. His compilation does not apply to present appearances.'* Lalande bears a similar character in Italy; and Mr. Eustace has made such ample use of his volumes, that it has been thought equally unnecessary to refer to his doubtful authority.

Among our older travellers, Evelyn, Addison, and Burnet, have been consulted sometimes with advantage; but the topographical information to be extracted from them, is extremely slight and vague: they are useful chiefly as supplying a few historical illustrations, or as referring, now and then, to objects overlooked by later travellers.

Lady Morgan's 'fearless and excellent work on Italy,' as Lord Byron has styled it, abounds with

* Hobhouse's *Historical Illustrations*, p. 56.

information as to the actual state of society in that country, not elsewhere to be met with; and if the reader can pardon the glitter and flippancy of the style, the bad taste of the political diatribes, and the obtrusive liberalism, he cannot fail to be amused with the vividness of the descriptions, and the spirit and conversational gayety of the narrative. The general impression produced by her Ladyship's work is, perhaps, not far from correct. Unhappily, however, her details are so often supplied from hasty observation, hearsay, or fancy, that comparatively little use can be made of her lively volumes as a safe authority.

The Description of Italy in the Geography of Malte Brun, was consulted with the high expectations justified by the former portions of this elaborate work; and had the learned Author lived to complete his task, this portion of it would doubtless have assumed a different character. As it is, the topography of Italy bears every mark of hasty and incompetent continuation. Mr. Simond and le Docteur Valentin are the only modern travellers to whom any reference is made, neither of whom has any claim to exclusive deference in a work of a scientific character. In short, the information contained in this part of the work, is both meagre and inaccurate. The statistical tables, however, are valuable, and, in the absence of better information, have been used as authorities.

It now becomes the more pleasing part of the Author's task, to enumerate the works to which he has been chiefly indebted. The highest praise, perhaps, is due to Forsyth, whose two slender volumes contain more original observation, tasteful criticism, and compressed information, than are to be found any where else in the same compass. The marks of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind are stamped on every page; and it may be truly said, that he touches no subject without illustrating and adorning it by his learning or taste. Never was dogmatism so graceful, or connoisseurship so interesting, as in his work. But after all, his is but a sketch, rapid and imperfect, partly consisting of mere notes and fragments; and the criticisms, though always clever and entitled to attention, are sometimes more brilliant than just, more bold than trust-worthy. There are points upon which the finest taste may be at fault in the absence of scientific knowledge.

As a connoisseur, Mr. Williams, though an inferior writer, will often be found a more competent guide. His *Travels in Italy and Greece* contain some of the best remarks on works of art, that are to be met with. He thought for himself; he describes what he saw and felt; and hence, his information has all the freshness of originality, and all the value of accurate observation.

Another traveller whose remarks on works of

art are, in general, highly valuable, marked alike by good taste and scientific precision, is the late Mr. John Bell. His work on Italy, unfortunately, like Mr. Forsyth's, is a posthumous fragment. His description of Florence, however, is one of the best that we possess, being even diffuse as well as elaborate.*

Upon all architectural matters, however,—and the history of Italy is written in its architecture,—the authority upon which the Author of these volumes has felt warranted in placing his chief reliance, is that of Mr. Woods, whose “*Letters of an Architect*” are deserving of the highest praise. ‘The uneducated man,’ this Writer remarks, ‘judges by his feelings; the half-educated, by rule; he who is thoroughly master of the subject, returns again to his feelings, but to feelings trained and purified by study and reflection.’ Of the truth of this remark, his own observations supply abundant evidence. Of architecture in all its branches, he appears thoroughly the master; and his extensive information on all collateral subjects, has enabled him to relieve the monotony of professional criticism and the dryness of technical details, by copious historical

* On the other hand, Mr. Bell's account of the Pass of Mont Cenis, by which he entered Italy, affords a signal specimen of confused and unaccountably inaccurate description; as will be apparent to any reader who compares it with Mr. Brockedon's Illustrations of the Pass.

notices and general description. In sculpture, he is not at home : he is an architect. But upon the whole, to no traveller in Italy are we more deeply indebted, as regards the variety and accuracy of the information communicated in his pages. The extent of our obligations will be fully apparent from the continual references to his volumes.

With regard to all subjects relating to the topography of the Alps, Mr. Brockedon's historical and picturesque illustrations have left us nothing to desire, but the extension of his work. Seldom have the artist and the topographer been so happily blended. The indefatigable assiduity with which Mr. Brockedon has pursued his researches, inspired by the genuine enthusiasm of a traveller, has given to his well-selected views an intrinsic value quite independent of their merit as productions of art. Accuracy has never been sacrificed to picturesque effect ; and the pencil has been employed to illustrate the subject, not the information collected to illustrate the drawing.

Mr. Simond, upon whom M. Malte Brun has chiefly relied, is a shrewd and diligent observer, a clear and unaffected writer, neither a virtuoso nor a *savant*, apparently without enthusiasm of any kind, but equally free from pretence and affectation. He describes with spirit and vigour ; evinces a good eye for natural beauty, although

deficient alike in science and in taste touching all matters of art ; and displays much sound discrimination in his estimates of national and political character. More interested in men than in things, and a thorough iconoclast, he rejects all poetical illusion, and subjects every thing that he encounters to the stern examination of inexorable common sense. To this, he adds the merit of general, though not infallible accuracy.

In Mr. Simond's volume is contained some slight but valuable information relating to the agriculture and political economy of Italy,—a subject too much overlooked by most of our travellers. Neither our materials nor our limits have allowed of the attempt to supply this deficiency. The best account extant of Italian husbandry, is contained in M. Sismondi's *Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*. In the *Annals of Agriculture*, edited by the late Mr. Arthur Young, there are some valuable papers on the corn-laws of Italy, by the late Dr. Symonds, the Cambridge Professor of Modern History ; also, a sensible paper on the Agriculture of Piedmont, by the Portuguese Ambassador at the Court of Turin. Arthur Young's *Continental Tour* contains, with much that is erroneous in theory, a mass of instructive and entertaining information. And M. Lullin de Chateauvieux, though inferior as a writer to Sismondi and Young, has furnished two lively

and clever volumes on the Agriculture of Italy, of which use has occasionally been made in the ensuing pages.

No Humboldt has yet explored the mountains of Italy; and the physical geography of the country remains in a very imperfect and uncertain state. Mr. Bakewell's Travels have been found to contain the fullest and most accurate information respecting the geology of Savoy,—which, though not properly a part of Italy, is so closely implicated with it, both geographically and politically, as to seem to claim description in the present work. A scientific survey of the Apennines, is still a *desideraum*. With regard to their elevation and general direction, Malte Brun has been chiefly followed.

The Ancient Geography of Italy, has been so ably and completely illustrated by the learned pen of Mr. Cramer, that it has not been thought requisite to refer to any preceding writer upon this subject; nor will the reader have any reason to regret that implicit reliance has been placed upon so competent an authority. With regard to the topography of Rome, it has been deemed equally unnecessary to encounter the formidable task of collating the learned tomes of foreign antiquaries. Venuti receives from Mr. Forsyth, the praise of having sifted the far-rago accumulated by his predecessors, and of

having ‘ground down their learning into so clean and digestible a mass, that whoever has access to it should go to his mill.’ Mr. Hobhouse, however, thinks, that the learned Italian scarcely deserves the praise conferred upon him by ‘our most intelligent modern traveller;’ and that if he has sifted the farrago, ‘the chaff flies in our eyes,’—that he is often obscure, and more positive than satisfactory. ‘The insufficiency of all latter labours, and the necessity of some new guide,’ he adds, ‘may be collected from the expedient at last adopted, of republishing Nardini’ (under the learned editorship of Nibby). Yet, Nardini is charged by Forsyth with ‘that old-fashioned scrupulosity which, on every point, must give every opinion, the received and the exploded, all jumbled together.’ Nibby at present ranks as the highest authority; and his valuable works upon the *Foro Romano*, and the *Contorni di Roma*, are considered as the best that have appeared. Both of these, as well as the works of his learned predecessors, have been diligently consulted by Dr. Burton, in his very interesting ‘Description of the Antiquities of Rome.’ The critical sagacity and learning of Mr. Hobhouse have also thrown much light upon both the history and the ichnography of Rome; and upon his dissertations we have largely drawn, in sketching the varied fortunes of the Eternal city. Mr.

Lumisden's 'Remarks on the Antiquities of Rome,' have also supplied some valuable information. But Mr. Cramer's volumes have chiefly supplied the topographical outline which Dr. Burton's learned illustrations have served to fill up with descriptive and historic details. Their concurrent labours have left little room to reiterate the complaints which have been hitherto brought against our own writers for their indolent neglect of Italian palæography.

It would be injustice not to acknowledge the important assistance derived from the very lively, intelligent, and accurate description of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' by Miss Waldie, which has obtained so well merited a popularity.

For much general information and amusing detail, we have been indebted to several publications of very various character. Mr. Cadell's two volumes will be found to contain, under the unattractive title of a 'Journey in Carniola and Italy,' a somewhat undigested mass of multifarious and often curious matter of fact detail and observation, on geography, history, philology, antiquities, natural history, agriculture, science, and the arts; and as a work of reference, (though the errors are numerous,) it will be estimated more highly by those who consult it for information, than by the general reader. Mr. Pennington's Tour is at least as accurate and as

original as that of Eustace ; and instead of borrowing from French travellers, he has been at the pains of consulting, for the purpose of historic illustration, the works of native writers,—Denina, Giannone, Ammirato, Biancardi, and others. His unaffected familiarity with classic authors, is also evidenced in the variety of his citations and references. Though neither a fine writer, nor a connoisseur, though his volumes are chargeable with dullness, and his statistical statements are singularly inaccurate, he not unfrequently describes or refers to scenes and objects either unvisited or unnoticed by other travellers.

‘ Sketches of Italy,’ in four volumes, is one of the most agreeable and well written works that we have. It is defective in point of accuracy, but the Writer’s talent for picturesque description, and manifest good sense, have often tempted citation. A ‘ Spinster’s Tour’ supplies the best description of the little territory of Genoa. The quaint title of ‘ Protestant Vigils,’ designates two very pleasing volumes by Miss Morton, of which more use might have been made, had not they been sadly disfigured by occasional mis-statements, and by inaccuracies not always chargeable upon the printer. Mr. Matthews might seem to claim an earlier notice and higher rank among our travellers, than we can concede to him. He is never enough in earnest to be trusted ; and

his strange caprice and dogmatism, on subjects on which he appears to have been profoundly ignorant, obscure the good feeling and strong sense which break out in some of his observations. He well deserves to be read, but can rarely be cited as authority. Mr. Galiffe often surprises us with information not elsewhere to be met with, and with observations singularly at variance with the statements of other travellers. The anonymous 'Letters from the North of Italy,' well known to be from the pen of Mr. Stewart Rose, have all the desultory character of epistolary communications, but they are the letters of an accomplished Italian scholar; and upon the subject of Venetian manners, literature, and political society, are, perhaps, our best authority. Nothing can be more completely and strikingly in opposition, than the opinions and representations of the two Writers last-mentioned, respecting the inhabitants of Western Lombardy. By the Swiss Traveller, the Milanese are evidently regarded with affectionate partiality, and are characterised as the most polished people of Italy. By the English *Detenu*, they are stigmatised with all the illiberal contempt that a native is too apt to indulge towards the inhabitants of a neighbouring province, but which is wholly out of character in a foreigner: Mr. Rose seems, indeed, to have become infected with the feelings of the Venetians towards their Lombard neighbours.

Had it been found possible to include in the present volumes a description of the Two Sicilies, there are other travellers to whom it would have been proper to pay a tribute of respect and acknowledgement ; especially to the Hon. K. Craven, to Sir R. C. Hoare, to Capt. Smyth, to the Rev. Mr. Hughes, to Mr. Leckie, and others, of whose works the Author may have occasion hereafter to avail himself.

It only remains to perform the gratifying duty of acknowledging the personal obligations under which the Author feels himself laid, by the private communications with which he has been favoured. The first volume has undergone the severe ordeal of Mr. Brockedon's critical examination ; and the more important corrections which he has suggested, have been embodied in the Errata. The third volume has in like manner had the benefit of passing under the eye of a gentleman, whose accurate acquaintance with all the objects of architectural or picturesque interest in Rome, is attested by the treasures of his portfolio,—a series of views taken during a residence of many months in that city ; and who is, moreover, well known to the literary world by his History of Hertfordshire. To Mr. Fletcher of Allerton, the Author begs also to tender his best thanks for some highly valuable hints and interesting details ; and to Lieut.-Col. Beckwith, for his very prompt and obliging com-

munications, in answer to inquiries respecting a district of Italy, where he is well known and honoured as a benefactor.

Stimulated by the public approbation awarded to his former work, as well as by the intrinsic interest of the subject of these volumes, the Author has spared no pains to render them as complete and accurate as possible ; and the delay which has occurred in their appearance, has been occasioned by no remission of his labours, but by the very arduous nature of his complicated task. He does not shrink from any competent criticism, feeling assured that the work will be most favourably estimated by those who will be best able to detect its deficiencies. If it is not all that he could wish to have made it, he claims the merit of having, under all the circumstances, done his best. So wide are the discrepancies in the varying reports of our best writers, even upon points which it might seem easy to verify, or impossible to mistake, that it has often been a matter of no small perplexity, to ascertain which statement might be most safely depended upon. Not to speak of the varying estimates of the area of Italy, given by Humboldt at 10,000, by Malte Brun at 15,000 square leagues; the reader will find, for instance, the height of the Falls of Terni stated, by different travellers, at 1060, 800, 266, and 200 feet ; that of the Torre d'Asinello at Bologna, at 256, 327,

348, 376, and 476 feet; the Val di Chiana, at 60 miles in length and 3 in breadth, and again at 40 miles in length by from 7 to 12 in breadth; the height of the aqueduct at Spoleto, at 250 feet and 238 yards, &c. But in numberless instances, these variations have been too unimportant to notice, though they have materially added to the difficulty of the Writer's task. Who would have expected to find the accurate Gibbon guilty of the gross blunder of making the Mincio flow *into* the Lago di Guarda?

It will be obvious, that these volumes, if the Editor has competently fulfilled his task, claim to be considered in a higher light than that of a compilation; that they are rather a condensation of our knowledge of Italy, drawn from the most authentic sources, and reduced, by a careful collation, to distinctness and accuracy. Two objects have been kept in view: the one, to supply the traveller with all the information, historical and topographical, requisite to enable him to enjoy and understand the scenes and objects which crowd upon his attention or deserve his research; the other, to enable him, when

————— 'once again
In his own chimney nook,'

to recall those scenes and occurrences dear to recollection; and at the same time to afford to

the less privileged reader, *cui non contigit adire Corinthum*,—in other words, who has never seen Rome,—the best compensation for being denied the pleasure of crossing the Alps, in a full and faithful account of the most interesting country in the world.

CORRIGENDA, IN THE FIRST VOLUME.

At page 3, line 11, *for* within the limits of Savoy *read* on the limits.

4, note, *for* St. Plomb *read* Simplon.

Rhætian or *read* Rhetian and.

5, the thermometer at Florence has been known to rise to 107°. See page 382 of our second volume.

11, see, respecting the extent of the Val di Chiana, page 90 of the third volume.

29, line 14, *for* at Montmelian *read* a few miles above Montmelian.

33, line 15, *read* 2. The two routes from Geneva to Chambéry, by Annecy and L'Hôpital, and by Rumilly.

42, last line, *read* Mont Grenier (a mountain which terminates the chain extending from Grenoble towards Aix) fell down, &c.

46, note. There is but one road.

65, line 4, *read* soon after passing Modane, the road becomes so steep as to require additional horses; and it rises high, &c.

66, note. The Soliglla is a mere gutter, and falls into the Arc *below* the bridge of Lans-le-bourg.

68, line 1, *read* On the side of the road are some houses of refuge erected, &c.

N.B. 'Not a bush or tuft' is incorrect.

71, line 23. Not now a frontier station.

76, last line of note, *for* *Cenigio* *read* *Cenisio*.

78, note, *read* The *Col* is the summit of the lowest traversable part, &c.

79, note, *read* — runs by Grenoble and Gap to Embrun.

At page 60, line 22, *for corkscrew read zigzag.*

131, line 19, *for 1000 read 10,000.*

135, line 6, twelve miles is much below the fact.

144, line 4, the *Allée Blanche* is properly the name of the valley to the east of Mont Blanc; not of a mountain. The error has been inadvertently transcribed from Malte Brun, vol. vi. p. 30. The *Aiguille Vert* is, perhaps, referred to.

145, line 5, *for 1817 read 1827.*

177, line 3, *for in one or two days read in half an hour.*
See page 230.

177, line 15, the tower has been removed.

178, line 10, not one in 500, Mr. Brockedon assures us, is afflicted with goitre.

180, line 20, *for d'Abrise read d'Abries.*

197, line 29. Mr. Brockedon *has* explored this pass; and he affirms it to be impossible that Hannibal passed here. The *Col* is upwards of 10,000 feet high.

216, last line but 3, *for Aisa read Roccabruno.*

283, line 19. *Not* the Monte Rosa, Mr. Brockedon says, which is hidden by the mountains that divide the valleys of the Visp and Saas.

313, line 4 of note, *for Glulla read Guilla.*

314, line 9, *read is not well built, but there is, &c.*

318, line 25, *read* which, although the roads were probably made by Augustus, must have been frequented, &c.

322, note *. Admirably characteristic of the scenery, but not an exact representation of any one spot.

376. The *Cenacolo* is not in oil.

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NOS AYRES. |
| XV. XVI. GREECE. | |

Just Published,

ITALY. By the Editor of "THE MODERN TRA-
VELLER." 3 Vols. SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, &c.
will follow in succession.

This Work claims the merit of having set the example of those popular compendiums which, under the name of Libraries and Cabinets, are now contending for the public patronage. From the greater part of these cheap compilations, however, it differs altogether in its design and general character. It is not a mere compilation, but a condensed and connected view of the results of modern travel and discovery, combined with a history of the respective countries, and a statistical and geographical survey, drawn up with great care from the latest authorities. Under the heads of the several countries will be found:

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The authenticity and accuracy of the Work are attested by the constant and minute specification of the numerous authors cited or referred to; and the uniformity and careful execution of the whole series are secured by its being almost entirely written by the editor. It was soon found impossible to portion out the work, as had been intended, among different individuals, without sacrificing, in a great measure, the plan and completeness of the work, as one volume must of necessity refer to various points of information illustrated in others. The pompous announcement of various literary names may have an imposing effect, but it is obvious that no systematic account of any branch of knowledge can be satisfactorily written in this manner. The publisher of "The Modern Traveller" is confident that the more its plan and contents are scrutinised, the more it will be found deserving of the high character which has been awarded to it by the various critical journals during its progress through the press. Such a work had long been a *desideratum*; and were the publisher disposed to borrow the hackneyed designation, it might fairly be described as a Library of Geographical Knowledge.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS, SELECTED FROM NUMEROUS NOTICES RECOMMENDATORY OF THE WORK, WILL PROVE THE GENERAL ESTIMATION IN WHICH IT IS HELD:—

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"We feel ourselves justified in recommending this work to our readers, as being the most judicious and interesting publication of the kind that has ever fallen under our notice."—*Asiatic Journal*.

EXTRACTS
FROM
THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

“ WERE a collection of Voyages and Travels to be now published, in order to have any claim to completeness, it could not be comprised in less than fifty or sixty quarto volumes,—the size of an Encyclopædia ; and, after all, the collection would present only the crude materials of geographical knowledge, without order or arrangement.

“ To give the results of modern discovery, combined with our previous stock of information, in a succinct and popular form, so as to exhibit, at one view, the present state of our knowledge with regard to each particular country traversed by European Travellers, was the object proposed in undertaking the present work. The only publication in which this had been attempted with any degree of competent ability, was the *Geography of M. Malte Brun*. In his steps it were no disgrace to follow. His plan, however, is somewhat different ; the topographical description is for the most part extremely brief and hurried, while the dissertations are extended beyond what might seem proper in a popular work ; added to which, the researches of English and other Travellers have very considerably enlarged our means of information since the commencement of his admirable publication.”

“ Another feature of the work upon which much care has been bestowed, is the statistical tables, exhibiting the corresponding ancient and modern territorial divisions, the extent of surface, population, &c. Of the tables, which add so materially to the value of *M. Malte Brun's* work, the Editor has of course availed himself ; but, in most cases, he has found it necessary to compile them from more recent information, and to follow his own judgment in the geographical arrangements. It is to be lamented, that no work on geography in the English language (the translation of *M. Malte Brun* excepted) has any claims to scientific accuracy.”

“ It scarcely belongs to the Editor to advert to the extreme cheapness of the work. Yet it is due to the Publisher to point out the fact, that every volume contains a quantity of letter-press equal to two ordinary octavo volumes of double the price.

“ The highly flattering and encouraging notice that

has been taken of the work, during the course of publication, by the various literary journals, while it has materially contributed to extend its sale and popularity, has not a little excited the Editor's anxious efforts to render it as worthy as possible of the public approbation.

"It only remains to advert to what has *not* been accomplished, and what it would have been impossible to accomplish,—a complete description of *all* the countries on the face of the globe. The work, it will be seen, comprises all the regions of the East, of the western hemisphere, and of Africa, which are accessible to the European traveller; it includes a description of Eastern Europe, and of the Western Peninsula; but that which is specifically termed the Continent, that is to say, the countries formerly comprised in what was called the Grand Tour,—France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, are passed over. No disappointment, the Editor is confident, will be occasioned by this circumstance, since the attempt to comprise them within the present series of thirty volumes would have been absurd. They belong to a home circuit, and will require a totally different plan to be pursued in describing them. Their geography needs little or no illustration; their history is that of Europe; the routes are, for the most part, laid down in the road-books; the descriptions of their most prominent features have become trite. The antiquary, the naturalist, and the topographer find, indeed, in those countries, infinite matter for their respective pursuits; and they are the favourite field of the political philosopher." But, for all these reasons, they could not be with propriety comprehended in the Popular Description we have given of the less familiar regions of remoter lands. If we may be allowed to make a verbal distinction, we should say, the former are the countries of the Tourist; to have visited the latter, alone entitles the adventurous individual to rank as a Traveller.

"Should the Editor's life and health serve him, it is his intention to comply with the invitation of his Publisher, in attempting a description of the neighbouring countries in a series of distinct works, to appear from time to time as he may be able to complete them; but, after the unremitting labours of six years, it is with no ordinary satisfaction that he puts the finishing stroke to the present series, and finds himself released from the irksomeness of a periodical engagement."

ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Boundaries of Italy—Natural divisions—Climate—Malaria—Ancient population—Classical divisions—Modern subdivisions and statistics.

THE name of Italy, which originally designated only the southern extremity of the Peninsula, has, ever since the reign of Augustus, been extended to the whole region lying between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, as far northward as the maritime chain of Alps, which dips into the Gulf of Genoa, and sweeps round to the head of the Adriatic, inclosing the fertile basin of the Po. The etymology of the word is altogether doubtful: the ancient explanations which derive it from Italus, an Enotrian or Sicilian chief, or from *Ἰταλος* (*vitulus*), an ox, are destitute of either historic evidence or probability. Hesperia (the West) was the name at first vaguely applied to the Italian peninsula, in common with Iberia, by the Greeks; in the same manner as we speak of the East and the Levant. By this appellation, or by those of Saturnia and Ausonia, it is generally mentioned by the classic

poets.* In modern geography, Italy, like Germany, comprehends a groupe of countries forming a grand natural division of the European continent; allied by a common language and a general similarity of customs and institutions, but united by no political bond, having no common centre, and distinguished by a considerable diversity of physical circumstances and of moral and political condition.

The natural limits of this region are formed by the great Alpine barrier, which presents a steep, unbroken acclivity towards the plains of Lombardy; but the lines of political demarcation deviate considerably from this natural boundary, and modern Italy extends beyond the Alps, on the north-west, to the Lake of Geneva, and westward,

* The ancient and original Italy, according to Niebuhr, consisted of the southern part of Bruttium, and afterwards extended to the confines of Lucania. In the time of Sophocles, it appears to have denoted the eastern coast of the peninsula south of Iapygia, as *Ænotria* denoted the western. In the second enlargement of its outline, Italy extended nearly as far as the Tiber and the Aesis. But Polybius uses the word *Italia* in its widest signification, as extending to the Alps. *Ausonia* was originally synonymous with *Opica*, but afterwards signified the whole western coast on the *Mare Inferum*. By the name *Saturnia*, the earlier Latins designated a part of Central Italy, including *Latium*; but it was never a general one for the Peninsula.—Niebuhr's *Roman Hist.*, by Walter, vol. i. c. 1. The *Ænotri*, who were so denominated only by the Greeks, seem to have taken their name from being vine-dressers, or from a land of vines, although the fabulous genealogy of the Greeks furnishes an *Ænotrus*, as well as an *Italus*, a *Peucetus*, and a *Siculus*. If the etymology given by Timæus be founded in fact, the original *Itali* or *Italdæ* might be herdsmen. The Oscan *Vitehi* is supposed to be the Sabellian form of *Italia*; as the *Veneti* are the same as the *Æneti*.

in Savoy, to the course of the Rhone. The central range of the southern Alps, passing along the south-eastern boundary of Savoy, in a bending line of one hundred miles in length, comprises that portion of the vast chain known to the Romans by the name of the *Alpes Graiæ*, or Grecian Alps, together with a portion of the Pennine Alps on the north, and of the Cottian Alps on the south.* The highest summits, Mont Blanc itself, the *Aiguille Verte*, the Giant, and Mount Iseran, are situated along this part of the central range, within the limits of Savoy, rising several thousand feet above the lower line of perpetual snow. The Cottian Alps, which extend southward of Mount Cenis to Mount Viso, and the Ligurian or Maritime Alps, stretching from Mount Viso to the mouth of the Var, separate France from the southern part of Piedmont.†

* The Pennine Alps and the Apennines derive their name, apparently, from the Celtic *Pen* (or Ben), a head or summit; as we have in Great Britain, Pen-maen Mawr, Ben Lomond, &c. On the Great St. Bernard (*Summo Pennino*), the aboriginal inhabitants are said to have adored the god Pen, whom the Romans converted into Jupiter Penninus; but they probably mistook the name of the mountain for that of a god. In like manner, the Graian Alp, or Little St. Bernard, not improbably derived its name from the Celtic *Craig*, a rock. The Roman writers tell us, that the pass took its name from the Graian (or Grecian) Hercules, who traversed the Alps by that route. The absurdity of this etymology shews that they were ignorant of its real derivation. The Cottian Alps are known to have received their name from Cottius, an Alpine chieftain, the ally of the Romans. Mont Genève was also called *Mons Janus*, and *Matrona Mons*. The word Alp is itself Celtic, signifying mountain; but, as now in use among the natives, it always denotes an elevated pasture land.

† The Alps lie between the parallels of 43° 30' and 48°

Through the centre of the Peninsula, but generally nearer the western coast, runs the long chain of the Apennines. This chain, which extends 270 leagues in length, and attains an elevation of from 4000 to 9000 feet, is divided into three parts: the Northern Apennines, extending from the neighbourhood of Urbino to the Adriatic; the Central, terminating near the banks of the Sangro; and the Southern, which stretch at an equal distance between the two seas as far as Muro, where they divide into two branches,—the smaller one separating the district of Bari from that of Otranto, and the loftier range traversing both Calabrias, and terminating in the promontory of Aspromonti. It is this same branch which, entering the sea, reappears in Sicily. The Corsican and Sardinian mountains appear to be a collateral branch connected with the same central system.

Italy is naturally divided, by its variety of surface and climate, into four distinct zones or regions, which are thus distinguished. The first, comprising the whole of Lombardy and a part of Romagna to the slopes of the Apennines on the side of Florence, is about 260 miles in length, and 150 at its greatest breadth, from the Alps to the Gulfs of

N.; and the length of the line, from Mont Ventoux in Dauphiny to Mount Kahlenberg in Austria, is 600 miles. That portion of the great range eastward of the Pennine, which extends from St. Plomb to St. Gothard, along the *Haut Valais*, and in which the Rhone and the Rhine have their sources, was anciently called the Lepontine Alps. The Rhetian or Tridentine Alps comprised the country of the Grisons, the Tyrol, and Trent; and the Julian, Carnic, or Venetian Alps designated the chain extending through Friuli, Lower Austria, and Istria.

Genoa and Venice, and the Apennines; lying between the parallels of $46^{\circ} 30'$ and $43^{\circ} 30'$. The cold in winter is here often very severe, the thermometer falling occasionally several degrees below the freezing point; and neither the olive-tree nor the orange-tree flourishes, except on the sheltered shores of Genoa, the borders of the lakes, and some other favoured spots. The second zone extends over Tuscany and the Papal dominions, from Florence to Terracina and the course of the Sangro; descending two degrees of latitude nearer the Equator. In this region, the winters are mild enough to allow the olive-tree and wild orange-tree to flourish; but the sweet orange and other delicate fruits cannot be brought to perfection in the open air. The summer heat, at Florence and Rome, often rises to 90° Fahr.; but in the former city, the winter is prolonged by the vicinity of the Apennines. The third climate, lying between the parallels of $41^{\circ} 30'$ and $39^{\circ} 30'$, comprehends the northern part of the kingdom of Naples. In this region, the Seville orange and the lemon thrive almost without culture and without shelter. Yet, in winter, frosts occur in places raised but little above the level of the sea; and at Naples, the thermometer occasionally descends a few degrees below the freezing point, while in summer it often rises to 96° . In the fourth region, that of the Further Calabria and Sicily, the thermometer very rarely sinks to the freezing point, and snow is seldom seen, except on the volcanic summits of Etna. The palm, the aloe, and the Indian fig-tree flourish in the open air, and the sugar-cane thrives in the low grounds. The vegetation resembles

that of the finest parts of Africa. The south wind is extremely disagreeable in this burning climate; but the *sirocco*, or south-east wind, is in the highest degree oppressive; vegetation droops and withers beneath its influence, and the human frame is afflicted with languor and dejection.*

The climate of Italy might, perhaps, be considered as, upon the whole, the finest in the world, were it not for the mysterious scourge which, during great part of the year, hangs over its most fertile plains, and which has converted large tracts of country, once cultivated and populous, into pastoral deserts. The origin of the *malaria* has hitherto escaped detection. In Lombardy, it infests the most improved and productive districts; chiefly, however, in the neighbourhood of the rice-grounds, where the nature of the cultivation seems to produce the same effect that has been attributed to the want of cultivation in other parts. Stagnant water, under certain latitudes, is always found to generate *miasmata*, when exposed to a high temperature of atmospheric heat, more especially when reduced by exhalation to the con-

* Malte Brun. Book 131. Ency. Metrop., art. Italy.—M. Chateaubvieux divides Italy into three regions, according to the systems of agriculture which prevail in them respectively. The difference of climate, of productions, and of rural manners, is, he says, so obvious, as to strike every traveller. The first is that of Lombardy, where a rich soil admits of a regular rotation of crops in constant succession. The second extends over all the southern declivities of the Apennines, from the frontiers of Provence to the borders of Calabria: this is designated as the region of olive-trees, or of the Canaanean cultivation. The third, extending along the Mediterranean from Pisa to Terracina, is entirely pastoral, and is the region of *malaria*.

sistence of mud. Consequently, the alluvial soil deposited by the inundations of level plains, must be particularly liable to send forth these pestilent exhalations.* The high mountains which overlook all Lombardy, pour down an immense number of streams, which art has not yet completely controlled, but which, by an infinite number of canals of irrigation, are conveyed in all directions, so that there are scarcely any farms or meadows which have not the benefit of a canal and a sluice.† These mountain-rivers, when swelled by the rains, rush down with destructive fury, charged with sand or clay; and the wide inundations which periodically take place, are continually extending the marshes further into the sea, by the formation of new land. The course of the Po lies, for the most part, through a soft, calcareous soil; and by the deposits which it has brought down, the bed of the river towards its mouth has been astonishingly raised. Since the year 1604, when strenuous attempts were made to confine the river within dikes, it has accumulated so much *debris* within its channel, that, in its lowest part, the surface of the water is higher than the roofs of the houses at Ferrara.‡

* See Sir G. Blane's Select Dissertations, p. 99. Speaking of the islands of Zealand, which appear to be entirely formed by the *detritus* carried down by the Rhine and the Scheldt, Sir Gilbert remarks, that 'there is a poison in the exhalations from such soils, the nature of which is entirely unknown. Water in a state of stagnation, without any ascertainable principle of contamination, seems to generate these *miasmata*, particularly after it has undergone exhalation, so as to be brought to the consistence of mud.'

† Chateaufieux by Rigby, pp. 14, 15.

‡ The ancient port of Adria is now eight leagues from

The tract extending from Ferrara to Bologna is, perhaps, the most unhealthy in all Italy.

The *malaria* is found to prevail to an equal degree in the great plains to the west of the Apennines. The most extensive of these *maremme* reaches from Leghorn to Terracina, a distance of 192 geographical miles, with a breadth of forty miles in the *Campagna di Roma*. Throughout this region, there is nothing in the face of nature that betrays the dangerous character of the climate. The sky is as clear and the fields as verdant as elsewhere; but the few inhabitants who remain in these tracts, are sickly and emaciated; and those who visit the plains in the summer, during the temporary labours of harvest, frequently fall victims to the distemper, or have their constitutions injured for life. The number who perish from *malaria* in the whole extent of the insalubrious tract, is reckoned, Mr. Simond says, at between fifty and sixty thousand a year.* The shepherds who keep the flocks in the *Campagna di Roma*, are obliged, during the summer season, to repair every night to the city, to take shelter within its walls: to sleep in the country, would be fatal. To travel at night through the Pontine marshes, is, at that season, highly dangerous; and to doze in the

the sea; and it has been calculated, that, from the earth carried down by the Po, the land gains annually on the sea a distance of 230 feet. The Brenta threatens Venice with the fate which Adria has suffered from the deposits of the Po.

* Simond, p. 354. In one autumn, Mr. Forsyth says, four thousand persons died victims to it in the Roman hospitals.—Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 3.

carriage, heightens the peril. The *Campagna* of Naples is also subject to *malaria*. The low and sheltered hollows near Pozzuoli and Baiae are unhealthy in the extreme; and the plains of Pæstum have been rendered a desert by the same cause.

The climate of these regions was always subject to endemic fevers; and the numerous temples raised to Esculapius or to Hygeia, of which the ruins are still to be seen, attest the fears of the ancients. But, under the empire, the public ways to the sea-ports were lined with houses; and districts were populous, which it were now death to inhabit. Various causes have been assigned in explanation of this change, and of the continual advance of the *malaria* upon the habitable region. The destruction of the forests may be considered as one main cause. 'In ancient times,' remarks Mr. Simond, 'Latium was shady and comparatively healthy: it is now bare and unhealthy.* To the destruction of the woods of Latium, the increase of solstitial fevers has been clearly traced.'

It seems to be when the moist earth is directly exposed to the fiery beams of the summer sun, that it acquires the high temperature which becomes, under such circumstances, from the rapidity of evaporation, a source of disease. But for the abundance of moisture, the tracts thus laid bare, would have been long since converted into sandy

* The valley of the Po, which, in the time of Polybius, was a marshy country shaded by forests, the haunt of wild boars, does not now furnish timber sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants.

deserts. The destruction of the woods, which, by a wise policy, were held sacred in ancient times, has been prejudicial in other respects. They formed, in many instances, a rampart or shelter against the advance of the mephitic vapour; and it is probable that they might not merely arrest, but absorb or consume it, in some measure, in the process of vegetable respiration.*

Another cause of the increase of *malaria*, is that sandy ridge gradually thrown up by the sea along the coast, for many leagues above and below the Tyber. Various outlets, natural and artificial, have by this means been choked up; and the Pontine marshes, formerly confined to a narrow space near the promontory of Monte Circello, now extend, under different names, all along the coast. 'Possibly,' says Mr. Simond, 'the very efforts made to drain those marshes, have increased the evil; first, by leaving bare and exposed to the action of the sun, those parts of the surface which were before under water, and therefore less liable to the production of noxious

* 'By clearing the woods of Nettuno, in the Campagna,' says Mr. Forsyth, 'which the ancients wisely held sacred, Government has lately removed one defence against the sea-vapours, which now, mixing freely with those of the land, render them doubly noxious.'—Forsyth, ii. 3. That the mephitic air, being heavy and low, may be stopped by low hills, woods, and even buildings, seems well ascertained; but that the winds blowing from the sea, bring noxious vapours with them, is a notion, ancient indeed, but probably erroneous. M. Chateaucieux asserts, that 'the air is equally deleterious on the mountains and in the middle of woods.' p. 256. But he stands alone in this assertion.

miasmata; secondly, by too quickly drawing off and discharging into the sea, those waters which, like the stream of the Tyber, carry a great deal of earth. If suffered to overflow occasionally, they would, in process of time, have covered with a new and wholesome *stratum*, the volcanic soil of the Pontine marshes, which is believed to be deleterious *per se*; and at any rate, would have raised and regulated their general level.* The Tyber is supposed to carry out to sea a greater quantity of earth, in proportion to its volume and length of course, than any other river. Were its waters spread over the surface by artificial inundations, and detained upon the land till they were clear, not only would the marshes be prevented from spreading further into the sea, but the alluvial soil thus obtained would serve to elevate and drain them.

Whether the soil be in itself deleterious, may be questioned;† but both the form of the surface

* Simond, p. 358.—The *Val di Chiana* in Tuscany, once a pestilential marsh sixty miles in length and three in breadth, has been drained upon this principle, which was first suggested by Torricelli, the learned successor of Galileo. The general level has been raised about eight feet, by this occasional ‘*folding of water*,’ in the course of about three centuries; and the whole accumulation is estimated at 867,000 cubic metres of earth. Fossombrone, who for many years successfully directed these works, was of opinion, that the Pontine marshes might be thus drained by elevating the surface, in the short period of five years.—Simond, p. 129.

† M. Chateaufvieux asserts, that the soil of the *Maremma* ‘is nothing but mere clay, the whiteness of which is a little changed by the mixture of sulphur.’ ‘Since they have ceased to produce vegetables for the use of man, some

and the composition of it promote the stagnation of water. 'In the variety of earths peculiar to volcanic ground,' Mr. Forsyth remarks, 'some subterranean pools have found a hard *stratum* for their bed, and a loose one for their cover. Thus retired from his reach, these invisible enemies attack man with exhalations which he cannot resist.' It is well known to persons acquainted with the shores of the Mediterranean, that concealed water, lurking as it were beneath the surface, is the enemy most to be dreaded as the source of fatal *miasmata*. High grounds are in general safe; but this is because they are generally dry.* When water has been conveyed to them by artificial means, and afterwards suffered to stagnate and soak into the earth, or whenever

chemical phenomena have been going on within the soil. The consequence is, an immense accumulation of sulphur, salt, and alum.' Unlike the Pontine marshes, the *maremme* of Tuscany and Rome, he says, include neither marsh nor stagnant water. 'I cannot help attributing this deterioration of the air to the chemical constitution of the soil itself, which it has gradually acquired in this land of volcanoes, in the course of nature, and from circumstances unknown to us. It is obvious, from the nature of the elements which compose it, that sulphurous hydrogen gas is evolved at the surface of the soil, independently of the constant presence of water.' pp. 100, 102, 108. We have not found these statements confirmed by any other traveller.

* Knolls and bluffs, in a marshy country, have often been found far more unhealthy situations, than the immediate margin of the river; but this must be because they are within reach of the *miasmata*. In the Pontine marshes, an elevation of 200 feet is barely sufficient to ensure safety. Frequently, the infected atmosphere does not rise higher than 100 feet, and rarely higher than 500; nor is it carried to any great distance by the wind.

there happens to be moisture in the soil from other causes, fevers are generated.

Gardens, in low situations, often become the source of *malaria*; and it may be partly for this reason, that, in the East, they have been excluded from the closely-built cities. Mr. Simond remarks, that, in the low but healthy parts of Rome, those houses which have a garden are not safe, while the neighbourhood without gardens, is safe. The outskirts of towns thus situated are always particularly unhealthy, while, within the walls, the inhabitants are secure. In the pine-barrens of South Carolina, where, during the sickly season, it is deemed hazardous to pass a night, there are some healthy spots where the overseers of plantations reside with impunity; but it is found that, in order to be safe, not a tree must be cut down, except to leave room for the house; and the smallest garden would entail some risk. Even broad streets, notwithstanding the apparent benefit of a freer ventilation, are neither a luxury nor an advantage in southern climates; and it is not without reason that Tacitus represents Nero as having spoiled Rome by widening the streets. Before his time, they were, in general, very narrow, and the wider ones were the least healthy. It is still found, that the heart of the modern city, where the houses are contiguous, notwithstanding the lowness of the ground, and how near soever to the river, is quite exempt from the *malaria* which reigns in the gardens and vineyards of the Seven Hills.

All these facts concur to prove, that the danger originates in laying bare the soil to the direct

action of the sun; and that, when shaded by either woods or buildings, the plague is stayed. Although moisture is necessary to generate these noxious exhalations, they arise not from the water, but from the soil. Consequently, tracts covered with water, but not reduced to marsh, are rendered harmless, although their immediate neighbourhood may be highly insalubrious. The exemption from endemic fever, which Venice enjoys, has been attributed to the salt water; but experience has taught the Indians of Venezuela to build their huts on piles amid their great fresh-water lake, in order to escape the noxious atmosphere which constantly envelops its borders.* It is the vapour of stagnant water only that is injurious, because it then becomes charged with vegetable or mineral effluvia. Ships, indeed, have been affected by noxious exhalations from swampy shores, at a considerable distance, in tropical climates;† but this must be owing to the wind setting in that direction. The exhalations of the soil extend further in proportion to their greater density and malignity; and these appear to be according to the greater intensity of atmospheric heat. Under the climate of Italy, the endemic pestilence is so strictly local, that an ascent of ten minutes will often place you above its reach, while a narrow street will sometimes divide the healthy from the infected district.

Notwithstanding this serious drawback, and

* Hence the name of Venezuela, or Little Venice, given by the Spaniards to the territory. See *Modern Traveller*, Vol. xvii. p. 211.

† Sir Gilbert Blane says, 3000 feet, and even further.

other circumstances unfavourable to the increase of population, Italy is still one of the most thickly inhabited countries of Europe; there being a population of twenty millions on a surface of 15,000 square marine leagues.* The average of health and strength, however, Mr. Simond remarks, is below what it is on the other side of the Alps.† Its ancient population must have been far more considerable. The millions of ancient Rome have dwindled down to less than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; the cities of the Etruscan League have left only their ruins; and the flourishing republics of the middle ages were situated in

* The following estimates furnished by Humboldt, (Pers. Narr., vol. vi. 339, 340,) will shew the comparative density of the population in different parts of the Continent.

	Inhabitants to the square marine league.
Europe (as far as the Oural)	639
Spain	763
Austrian monarchy	1324
Holland	1330
Italy	1333
Germany	1432
France with Corsica	1790
British Isles	2120

Humboldt, indeed, rates the population of Italy as high as 1967 to the square league, which would make it to be more thickly inhabited than France; a calculation which carries inaccuracy on the face of it. The fact is, that he has under-rated the superficial extent of Italy by one-third.—See p. 24. :

† It has been calculated from ancient documents, that the mean term of life among the Romans was thirty years; and at Florence, on the whole population, the mean is not higher in the present day. Among the *easy* classes at Paris, the mean term is forty-two; in England, fifty years.—Hawkins's 'Medical Statistics.'

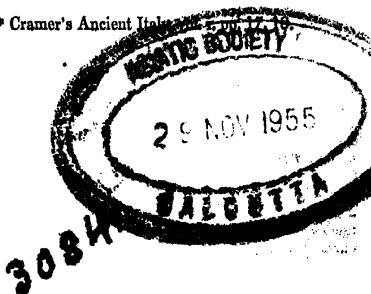
districts now depopulated and uninhabitable from the *malaria*. In the midst of the deserted plains of the *Maremma*, are the sites of towns which once contained from seven to eight thousand inhabitants, and which now serve only as the retreat of wolves and wild boars.* Pisa, which is said to have numbered one hundred and fifty thousand citizens in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, contains at present only about twenty thousand inhabitants. Massa, which once contained from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand, now affords shelter, in summer, to no more than three or four hundred, and, in winter, to about two thousand. Volterra and Grosseto have experienced a similar decay; and the depopulation of the plains since the fall of the Republics, has been still greater. The whole of Tuscany, a territory of more than ten thousand square miles, does not contain a population equal to that of London; and the States of the Church, extending over twice that surface, contain only about two millions and a half, being about one hundred and thirty to the square mile.

Italy, in the middle ages, was divided into

* 'Populonia and Vetulonia, of which the ruins are still visible, were built in the most pestilential site of the *Maremma*. Luna, in the *Lunigiana*, was in an equally unfavourable situation. Volterra and Pisa, though enjoying a more wholesome air, were in the midst of a country not less insalubrious. Yet they were then populous, rich, and flourishing cities: under the emperors, they disappeared.'—Sismondi, *Agric. Tosc.*, p. 289. M. Chateaufieux states, that 'the inhabitants of the *Maremma* date their decline about the time of the plague in the sixteenth century, which destroyed a great part of the population. From that period, it became unable to oppose the influence of the foul air.'—Chateaufieux, p. 99.

Upper, Middle, and Lower Italy. The first comprised all the states situated in the basin of the Po; the last corresponded to the kingdom of Naples; and the intervening territory formed the remaining division. This natural partition has become in great measure lost in the political subdivisions of the country; but, as it corresponds so nearly to that physical distribution into distinct regions, which has already been described, it may be considered as still existing in fact, and as sufficiently accurate for familiar use. The ancient divisions were more complicated, and the different names bestowed upon the same territory have contributed to involve the classical geography of Italy in some obscurity. Augustus, after he had extended the Roman frontier to the Maritime Alps and the river Arsia, divided the country into eleven regions; but this division has been disregarded by the geographers in favour of an arrangement more convenient for the purposes of history.* We shall exhibit both in the following Table.

* Cramer's Ancient Italy, vol. i. pp. 17, 18.



<i>Early Names.</i>	<i>Roman Divisions.</i>	<i>Under Augustus.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
	I. Liguria.	I. Liguria.	Piedmont.
	II. Gallia Cisalpina.	II. Flaminia.*	{ States of the Church, Modena, &c.
	III. Venetia, including the Carni and Histria.	III. Transpadana.	Government of Milan.
	IV. Etruria.	IV. Venetia, with Istria, &c.	Govern't. of Venice.
Tyrrhenia.	V. Umbria and Picenum.	V. Etruria.	Tuscany.
Umbria.	VI. The Sabini, Æqui, Marsi, Peligni, Vestini, and Marrucini.	VI. Picenum.	{ States of the Church.
	VII. Roma.	VII. Umbria.	
	VIII. Latium.	VIII. Samnium.	
Ausonia.	IX. Campania.	IX. Campania.	{ Kingdom of Naples.
Opica.	X. Samnium and the Fren- tani.	X. Apulia, including part of Samnium.	
Iapygia.	XI. Apulia, including Dau- nia and Messapia, or Iapygia.		
Enotria.	XII. Lucania.	XI. Lucania and Bruttium.	{
Italia.	XIII. Bruttii.		

* *Flaminia* extended from the Apennines to the Po, and *Transpadana* comprehended what remained

At present, Italy is politically divided into nine independent States,* which are unconnected by any tie of alliance or confederation; viz., the three Kingdoms of Sardinia, Lombardy, and Naples, the Papal dominions, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the three Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Lucca, and the little Republic of San Marino. The last four are, however, too inconsiderable to be regarded as primary geographical divisions; nor can they pretend to any thing more than the name and forms of political independence. In the following statistical Tables, therefore, they are exhibited as mere provincial subdivisions.

TABLE A.

I. CONTINENTAL ITALY,

i. SARDINIAN ITALY.

		ancient Names
Division of Savoy.		<i>Gallia Narbonensis.</i>
"	Aosta.	<i>Gallia Cisalpina.</i>
"	Novara.	
"	Alessandria.	
"	Turin or Torino.	<i>Liguria.</i>
"	Coni or Cuneo.	
"	Nice or Nizza.	
"	Genoa.	
Principality of Monaco.		

ii. AUSTRIAN ITALY.

Lombard-Venetian Kingdom.	1. Government of Milan.	<i>Gallia</i>
	(Lombardy.)	<i>Cisalpina.</i>
Independent.	2. " Venice.	<i>Venetia.</i>
	3. Duchy of Parma. †	<i>Gallia</i>
	4. " Modena. †	<i>Cisalpina.</i>

* The duchy of Massa forms at present a tenth, but is ultimately to be annexed to Modena.

† The states of Parma consist of the duchy of that name

II. PENINSULAR ITALY.

i. TUSCANY.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| 1. Province of Florence. | |
| 2. " Pisa. | |
| 3. " Sienna. | ETRURIA. |
| 4. " Arezzo. | |
| 5. " Grosseto. | |
| 6. Dutchy of Lucca. * | |
| 7. " Massa. † | |

ii. STATES OF THE CHURCH. †

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Province of Bologna. | } <i>Gallia
Cisalpina,
or Flaminia.</i> |
| 2. " Ferrara. | |
| 3. " Ravenna. | |
| 4. " Forli. | |
| 5. " Pesaro and Urbino. | <i>Umbria.</i> |
| 6. " Macerato and Ca- | } <i>Picenum.</i> |
| " merino. | |
| 7. " Fermo and Ascoli. | <i>Picenum.</i> |
| 8. " Spoleto and Rieti. | } <i>Umbria
and Sabine
Country.</i> |

and the territories of Placentia and Guastalla. They have the Po for their northern boundary, and must therefore be considered as belonging geographically to Lombardy or the basin of the Po.

† Modena, which has belonged at different periods to the Emperors, the Popes, the Venetians, the Dukes of Mantua, and the House of Este, is now a fief of the Austrian empire.

* Lucca was granted to the ducal house of Parma in 1815, but was to be eventually annexed to the Grand Dutchy of Tuscany, by which it is almost surrounded.

† The dutchy of Massa does not exceed fifteen square leagues in superficial extent. It formerly depended on Modena, and is to revert to that ducal house; but it is geographically connected with Lucca and the Sardinian States, extending along the Mediterranean.

† The States of the Church were divided into eighteen

- | | | |
|---|---|-----------------|
| 9. Province of Viterbo and Civita Vecchia.* | } | <i>Etruria.</i> |
| 10. " Ancona. | | <i>Picenum.</i> |
| 11. " Perugia. | | <i>Umbria.</i> |
| 12. " Fronzinone and Ponte Corvo. | } | <i>Latium.</i> |
| 13. " Benevento. | | <i>Samnium.</i> |
| 14. Republic of San Marino. † | | |

iii. KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1. Province of Napoli. | } | <i>Campania.</i> |
| 2. Terra di Lavoro. | | |
| 3. Principato Citerior, or Lower Principality. | } | <i>Campania and Lucania.</i> |
| 4. " Ulterior, or Upper Principality. | | <i>Samnium and Apulia.</i> |
| 5. Abruzzo Ulterior (Primo and Secondo). | } | <i>Country of the Marsi, Peligni, &c.</i> |
| 6. " Citerior. | | <i>Vestini and Marrusini.</i> |
| 7. Samnio or Molise. | | <i>Samnium.</i> |
| 8. Capitanata. | } | <i>Daunia.</i> |
| 9. Terra di Bari. | | <i>Peucetia.</i> |
| 10. Otranto. | | <i>Messapia.</i> |
| 11. Basilicata. | | <i>Lucania.</i> |
| 12. Calabria Citerior, or Lower Calabria. | } | <i>Lucania and Bruttium.</i> |
| 13. " Ulterior (Primo and Secondo), or Upper Calabria. | | <i>Bruttium.</i> |

provinces in 1824, but, by a subsequent arrangement, they are now reduced to thirteen 'delegations.'

* This delegation comprehends the city and territory of Rome.

† This insignificant republic, inclosed by the States of the Church, is now under the protection of the Pope.

III. ITALIAN ISLANDS.

i. SICILY.*		SICILIA.
1. Intendancy of Palermo.		<i>Panormus.</i>
2. " Trapani.		<i>Drepanum.</i>
3. " Girgenti.		<i>Agrigentum</i>
4. " Caltanissetta.		<i>Enna.</i>
5. " Syracuse.		<i>Syracusæ.</i>
6. " Catania.		<i>Catana.</i>
7. " Messina.		<i>Messana.</i>
ii. SARDINIA.†		
Capo di Sotto, or Province of Cagliari.	1. Prefecture of Cagliari.	
	2. " Busachi.	
	3. " Iglesias.	
	4. " Isili.	
	5. " Lanusci.	
Capo di Sopra, or Province of Sassari.	6. " Nuoro.]	
	7. " Sassari.	
	8. " Alghero.	
	9. " Cagliari.	
	10. " Ozieri.	
iii. CORSICA.		<i>Corsica.</i>
iv. ELBA.		<i>Iva.</i>
v. MALTA.		<i>Melita.</i>

* In the Sicilian Intendancies are included the ten adjacent islands of Alicudi, Baliluzzo, Felicudi, Lampeduza, Lipari, Panaria, Pantellenia, Salina, Stromboli, and Ustica; the whole of which are generally included under the name of the Lipari Islands.

† Sardinia is divided, by an irregular line, into two provinces, the Northern or *Capo di Sopra*, and the Southern or *Capo di Sotto*, having for their respective head towns, Sassari and Cagliari. Each province comprises two of the ancient judicatures: the *Capo di Sopra*, those of Torres and Gallura; the *Capo di Sotto*, those of Arborea and Cagliari. They were formerly subdivided into fifteen prefectures, which, in 1821, were reduced to ten.—Smyth's 'Sardinia,'

TABLE B.

		<i>Square Leagues.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
I. AUSTRIAN ITALY.			
1. Government of Milan.	}	2370 {	2,280,063*
2. " Venice.			1,957,238
3. Dutchy of Parma.		288	440,000
4. " Modena.		260	350,000

II. KINGDOM OF SARDINIA,

1. Piedmont and Savoy.	2635	3,406,100†
2. Sardinia.	1100	490,087

p. 66. Besides these various divisions, there is a distinct ecclesiastical distribution into the eleven dioceses of Cagliari (archbishopric), Ogliastro, Sassari, Iglesias, Gastello and Nuoro, Alghero, Bosa, Bisarcio, Ales, Oristano (archbishopric), and Ampurias and Civita.—M. Brun. vol. vii. p. 759.

* The population of Austrian Italy, divided according to the origin of the inhabitants, is stated as follows: the census is that of 1825.

Italians	4,163,700
Germans	66,500
Jews	5,600
Greeks	700
Armenians	500
	<hr/>
	4,237,000

† The population of the Sardinian States, classed according to their origin, is as follows:

Piedmontese	3,010,000
Savoyards	386,000
Sardinians	490,000
Jews	3,700
	<hr/>
	3,889,700

Of the above, 3,864,000 are rated as Roman Catholics, and 22,000 as Vaudois.

	<i>Square Leagues.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
III. TUSCANY (with Lucca and } Massa).	1164	1,447,000
IV. PAPAL DOMINIONS.	2260	2,597,000
V. KINGDOM OF THE TWO SI- CILIES.		
1. Continental Provinces.	3910	5,690,000
2. Sicily and the Islands.	1610	1,730,000
VI. CORSICA.	300?	175,000
VII. ELBA.		14,000
	<hr/> 15,897* <hr/>	<hr/> 20,576,488 <hr/>

Thus divided into kingdoms and principalities of the second and third order, Italy is without any central point, nor can any of its cities be regarded as the capital. The short-lived kingdom of Italy was an abortive attempt to unite under one crown, a country which, though it may be brought for a time to acknowledge a common master, seems to oppose physical obstacles almost insurmountable, to such a political consolidation. Although, in religion, language, and manners, the people of Italy appear as one nation, they have never been united by the bond of a common national feeling. The name of Italian is lost in the civic or provincial appellatives by which the natives are distinguished and severed from each

* These measurements are taken from Malte Brun, vol. vii. b. 136. Humboldt estimates the surface of Italy at only 10,240 square marine leagues; a vast difference, if he means to include the islands.

other. Italy may possibly recover its independence, but it can scarcely ever again become one kingdom. It might, indeed, in the former event, be united in a federative republic,—the favourite idea of some political writers; and Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Cagliari, and Palermo might then, M. Malte Brun supposes, be the six principal towns in the United Italian States. Hitherto, however, the experience of mankind affords little reason to hope, that such a system of government, if established, would bid fair for perpetuity: how far it is capable of uniting the liberty of a small commonwealth with the safety of a powerful empire, has never yet been ascertained by a satisfactory experiment. The history of the Italian Republics, as well as that of the Grecian States, is altogether opposed to such a conclusion; and the question must be regarded as still open, ‘whether America may triumph in having solved the problem that has defeated the ingenuity of other statesmen and the virtues of other nations.’*

To a foreign traveller, the territorial divisions of the country are matters of little interest; nor does he concern himself with other boundaries than such as intersect the lines of route. To his imagination, the chief cities become, as centres of attraction, the basis of a new distribution of territory, in which, as in ancient times, each capital stands for a kingdom or community. Were we to divide Italy according to this imaginary arrangement, the table would stand as follows:

* The language of Chancellor Kent. See *Mod. Trav.* vol. xxiv. p. 117.

NORTHERN ITALY.

Turin.
Genoa.
Milan.
Venice. ¹

CENTRAL ITALY.

Florence.
Pisa.
Lucca.
Bologna.
Rome.

SOUTHERN ITALY.

Naples.
Palermo.
Catania.
Messina.

This topographical arrangement will serve at least as a general table of contents to the ensuing description of the country ; in which it will not be so much our object to take a statistical or scientific survey of the whole region, as to supply the tourist with a better itinerary than the common guide-books, and to furnish the reader who may not be disposed to undertake the passage of the Alps or the voyage to Genoa, a correct delineation of the characteristic features, the natural curiosities, historic sites and scenes, time-hallowed monuments, and living manners of Italy.

CHAPTER II.

Physical Geography of Savoy—Chambery—Aix—Route of M. Cenis—Route of M. Genève—Route of the Little St. Bernard—Annecy—Chamounix—Mont Blanc.

It is not till he has passed the Alpine barrier which encircles Piedmont and Lombardy, that the traveller from northern or western Europe feels himself to be in Italy. But the transalpine territories of the House of Savoy, which extend westward to the Rhone, and northward to the Lake of Lausanne, must now be considered as an Italian province. The rugged highlands of Savoy form, in fact, a border country, the character of which is neither French, Swiss, nor Italian, but, like the *patois* of the natives, partakes of all. The *Allobroges*, its ancient inhabitants, were a Celtic race; and when subjugated by the Romans, in the reign of Augustus, their country was annexed to the province of *Gallia Narbonensis*. From the Romans, it passed under the dominion of the Burgundians in the beginning of the fifth century; and it formed part of the kingdom of Upper Burgundy, which, in the tenth century, became subject to the German Emperor.* The present

* The name of *Sapaudia* or *Sabaudia*, of which Savoy appears to be a corruption, first occurs in Ammianus Marcellinus, a writer of the fifth century, as comprehending the country which has retained the name, with some of the neighbouring districts. Cadell's 'Carniola,' vol. ii. 161. The

royal family of Sardinia trace their genealogy to a prince of the House of Saxony, who was viceroy of the kingdom of Arles, under the emperor Henry II. Amadeus II. in 1108, was the first count of Savoy. In the early part of the fifteenth century, the reigning count acceded to the principality of Piedmont, with the title of duke of Savoy. The duchy of Montferrat was added to the possessions of the house of Savoy, in 1631. The political importance of this State was much increased by the contest between France and Austria, for the north of Italy, in the latter part of the same century, and the beginning of the eighteenth; and the eventual successes of the allies put the reigning duke (Victor Amadeus II.) in possession of the island of Sicily, in 1713. In 1720, he exchanged it for Sardinia, and assumed the royal title.

Savoy, having been conquered by the French Republic in 1792, was made a department of France, under the name of Mont Blanc; and the possession of it was confirmed to France by the treaty of Paris, in 1814. But in the following year, the King of Sardinia, having taken part with the allies, obtained its re-annexation to his dominions, with the exception of the small *commune* of St. Julien, ceded to the Swiss canton of Geneva. The Genoese territory was added to the Sardinian possessions by the congress of Vienna, in 1815; and the present King is sovereign, therefore, of Sardinia, Savoy, Piedmont, and Genoa.

name, however, is, we suspect, derived from the Saone (Sapo or Savo), and if so, might originally designate the province of Upper Burgundy.

The surface of Savoy is, for the most part, rugged and mountainous; but, within its snow-covered boundaries, are embraced many a beautiful valley and romantic region rarely visited by strangers, who, for the most part, hurry through its most barren district, the valley of Maurienne, in their way to or from Mont Cenis. The most interesting part of the duchy is the province of Tarentaise, consisting chiefly of the long valley watered by the upper part of the Isère. This fine stream has its source in the glaciers of Mont Iseran, not far from those of its tributary, the Arco, which flows through the Maurienne; and their waters, uniting at Montmelian, fall into the Rhone near Valence. Excepting when swelled by the melting of the snows, the Isère is, however, a much smaller river than might be expected, when it is known, that it ultimately receives 'all the waters that flow northward or westward, from the west of Mont Joli and the Col de Bon Homme, the Little St. Bernard, Mont Iseran, Mont Cenis, and the mountains west of the Maurienne, along a waving line of 120 miles, comprising all the higher Alps in the south of Savoy. 'When standing on the bridge at Montmelian,' says Mr. Bakewell, 'we may see all the waters of the south of Savoy, comprising an extent of 2000 square miles of the highest Alpine land in Europe, pass under our feet in a stream not broader than the Thames at Richmond.'*

* Bakewell's Travels, vol. i. pp. 102, 3. 'If this fact were not sufficient to make us doubt the truth of the generally received opinion, that lofty mountains are essential to the formation of large rivers, we may also instance,' adds

The only other river of importance in the dutchy, is the Arve, which rises from the glaciers of Chamounix, and after receiving all the waters from the northern declivity of Mont Blanc and a number of lateral valleys, joins the Rhone about a mile below its issue from the Lake of Geneva. The whole of Savoy, therefore, may be considered as belonging to the basin of the Rhone. What is called the Great Valley of Savoy, extends fifty miles in a south-westerly direction, from the western side of the mountains near Sallanches to the frontiers of France. The river Arley runs along the upper part of the valley, and is joined in its course by the Doron from the district of Beaufort, and by the Isère from the Tarentaise. The junction with the latter river is at Conflans, where the Arley loses its name in that of the Isère.* L'Hôpital, on the northern bank of the Arley, is the chief town of Upper Savoy. The lower part of the valley of the Isère, is called Savoy Proper, in which the capital of the dutchy, Chambery is included. Annecy, the second city in Savoy, at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name, is the head town of the Genevois. The territory which forms the southern bank of the Lake of Geneva, and which is traversed by the Simplon road, is called the Chablais: it contains Thonon,

Mr. B., 'the Rhone as it enters France at the Fort d'Ecluse, after receiving all the waters from the *Haut Valais*, bounded by the highest Alps in Switzerland, the streams from the Pays de Vaud and the southern declivities of the Jura, and the waters of the Arve from Mont Blanc and the north of Savoy; yet, these united currents form a river scarcely wider than the Severn at Worcester.'

* Bakewell, vol. i. p. 95.

the third town in point of population. The upper part of the valley of the Arve is the province of Faucigny, which has Bonneville for its chief town; and St. Julien is the head town of the district of Carouge.*

The duchy of Savoy extends, from north to south, about eighty-five miles, lying between the parallels of 45° and $46^{\circ} 21'$, and its average breadth is from fifty to sixty miles. No part of it can be called a level country; but, on the western side, some of the valleys open out to the breadth of several miles. There are other valleys so entirely bounded and closed in by mountains, as to be insulated by nature from the world, having no outlet except a deep gorge or chasm, through which the waters have forced a channel, but which was too narrow to admit of an entrance, until the labour of man had widened the passage. As the mountains recede from the central chain of the Alps, their summits come below the line of perpetual snow; the fir grows nearly to their highest points, and the intermediate declivities, though too elevated for culture, afford a summer pasture. The lowest hills and slopes, and the bottoms of the valleys, are the only parts that can be cultivated by the plough or the spade. In the Maurienne and the Tarentaise, two of the most Alpine districts of Savoy, the proportion covered by bare rocks, stones, and glaciers, is equal to one half of the

* Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 757. The latest and most complete description of Savoy is the '*Viaggio in Savoya, per Davide Bertolotti*,' 2 vols. 8vo. Turin, 1828. See a brief notice of this work in For. Quart. Review, No. x. p. 712.

surface capable of cultivation.* Had Savoy been placed under the same latitude as England, Mr. Bakewell remarks, nearly the whole country would, on account of its elevation, have been doomed to eternal sterility, as the lowest valleys are more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and an increase of 1° north corresponds in temperature to about 300 feet in elevation.† The Tarentaise is especially rich in mineral productions.

The whole population of Savoy was estimated, in 1826, at 467,080 souls, of whom about a fourth were concentrated in Savoy Proper. Since then, it has been on the increase. The people bear, in general, the character of being honest, industrious, and more civil and sociable than the blunter Swiss. As in many other parts of Europe, the women take almost as large a share in the labour of husbandry as the men. The inhabitants of the mountains are richer and more industrious than those of the plains, being chiefly proprietors of the soil they cultivate. Though the peasantry are very poor, yet, their condition is by no means abject or miserable. In the neighbourhood of towns, Mr. Bakewell says, their situation is worse than at a distance; and not far from Chambery, a few families may be seen, that might almost vie with the poor of Ireland in squalid misery; but their

* Bakewell, vol. i. p. 7.

† *Id.* In Savoy, the line of trees extends to the height of 6700 above the level of the sea, and that of shrubs to 8500 feet. Vines will grow at the height of 2380 feet; the oak, at 3518; barley, 4180; the larch, 6000; the *pinus cembra*, 6600; the rhododendron, 7400; some plants, on a granitic soil, 10,600 feet; above which are a few lichens up to 11,000.

general appearance is respectable. They are certainly, he elsewhere says, 'the greatest talkers in Europe.' French is very generally spoken, and what is remarkable, with greater correctness by most of the Savoyards than it is by the peasantry of France. The mountaineers of the Alpine districts are in the practice of annually migrating, at the fall of the leaf, to Piedmont, France, or even Germany, where they pursue their respective trades, and in the spring return to attend to the labours of husbandry.

The principal routes which traverse Savoy, are, 1. the great road from Lyons to Chambery, and thence through the Maurienne to Mount Cenis; 2. the routes from Geneva to Chambery and to L'Hôpital; 3. the route from Grenoble to the pass of the Little St. Bernard; and 4. the Simplon road, which runs along the northern extremity of Savoy, by the side of the Lake of Geneva. The first of these routes, which passes through the heart of Savoy, will first claim our attention.

Savoy is divided from France by a prolongation of the Jura chain, which, until the opening of the 'Road of the Grotto,' presented an almost insurmountable barrier. In former times, travellers generally reached Chambery by a considerable *detour*, either from Geneva or by Grenoble. There were, however, three paths across the mountains, practicable for mules: two passed over the mountain de l'Epine, *viz.* from Pont Beauvoisin by Aigue-bellette, and by St. Genix and Novalesse; and the third crossed the *Mont du Chat*, at the northern extremity of the range, from Yenne to Bourget. The former two were the most direct,

but were extremely difficult. The latter must certainly have been known to the Romans, as the remains of a temple and inscriptions have been found on this passage over the mountains. The Authors of the 'Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal across the Alps,' have adduced strong reason for concluding that the *Mont du Chat* was the first Alps at which he arrived, and the spot on which he encountered the Allobroges.

At Pont de Beauvoisin, on *Le Guierre* (or *Guiers vif*), a mountain stream which forms the boundary line between France and the Sardinian territory, the *douaniers* of the respective Governments are stationed. The road from Lyons to the frontier lies over a high and wide-spread plain, richly wooded, and bearing all the peculiar character of France.* But, after crossing the bridge, the road ascends the right bank of the river, and, at the end of about six miles, enters abruptly the defile of La Caille (La Chaille or Echelles). Here,

* Mr. Brockedon, in his very interesting 'Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps,' recommends, as the best route to Lyons, that which leads from Paris by Dijon, the Côte d'Or, and Chalons sur Saone, and thence to Lyons by the *coche d'eau*. The road from Lyons through Bourjois, as far as Tour du Pin, he represents as dull and uninteresting. Mr. John Bell, who took this route in 1817, describes the country between Lyons and Tour du Pin as a pleasing succession of rich plains, and woods, and cultivated grounds, interspersed with rural villages. 'But France,' he says, 'is like a maritime country, broad, flat, and unprotected; the soil is comparatively barren; the sky cloudless; and there are no mountains to have effect on the landscape or influence on the air...no mountains to attract clouds, no valleys to give currents of air and changeable variety to enliven the landscape.'—Bell's Observations, pp. 43, 4.

the traveller should turn to enjoy the last view of *la belle France*. The road ascends the mountain side, and then enters a ravine at a considerable height above the stream, which foams beneath in its narrow and often concealed bed. The route thence leads to the little town of Les Echelles, which derives its name from the terrific stair or ladder which was formerly the only path over the mountain. The traveller had to ascend by this means the perpendicular face of the rock to the height of a hundred feet. He then entered a cavern, and after climbing more than eighty feet through it, regained the day in a deep cleft of the mountain; whence a path, of which some vestiges remain, like a Roman pavement, conducted him with comparative ease and safety to the summit of this extraordinary passage. This was not only a dangerous undertaking to the unskilful, but it was only at certain seasons that it was practicable; for the cavern was the *embouchure* of the waters from the ravine above, and had evidently been formed by the melted snow and torrents which often occupied the channel.

When the policy of a more intimate intercourse with France suggested itself to the enterprising mind of Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, he determined to make a road here practicable for carriages; and the most celebrated act of his reign was the accomplishment of this great undertaking, which was called the Route of the Grotto. By lowering the cleft in the mountain, and terracing a descent to Les Echelles, he made a road which was long considered as one of the most extraordinary achievements of human effort. A monument in

the road bears the remains of an inscription commemorative of the construction of this road, which, though narrow, steep, and difficult, did honour to its founder, and served its purpose above a hundred and fifty years. In 1805, this road was condemned, however, by the French engineers; and Napoleon, by one of the most extraordinary of his great works, superseded the old road, and left it, with its monumental record and the old cavern of Les Echelles, to be visited only as curiosities.

The present road, which avoids altogether the direction of the old one, sweeps round the little valley above the village of Les Echelles, rising by a gradual ascent to the level of the road formerly attained by the route of the Grotto; it then enters at once the perpendicular face of the limestone rock, and a magnificent gallery, twenty-five feet in height and the same in width, proceeds a thousand feet through the rock.* The entrance to this gallery presents an extraordinary appearance from below. On the face of the vast rocks which rise abruptly from the valley, a speck is seen to terminate the line of the road; and the traveller can scarcely persuade himself that this is the only exit, so small does the opening appear from the magnitude of the surrounding objects. This gallery was begun in 1803, and was opened to travellers in 1807. Many interruptions occurred from its commencement; and after the work had been repeatedly suspended and renewed by the French, the Sardinian Government had the honour of com-

* Mr. Brockedon says, 27 feet in height and breadth, and 960 feet in length.

pleting it. To a traveller from Savoy, the scene which presents itself on emerging from the gallery, must be particularly striking. 'Travellers who visit the passage of *Les Echelles* for the scenery,' says Mr. Bakewell, 'should approach it from Chambery, not from the western side. On the one side, you emerge from the earth to behold a sudden vision of glory; on the other, you leave a splendid valley, to plunge into a cave that opens only on barren rocks. . . The galleries cut through the rocks on the Simplon route, produce no surprise, for, before entering them, you discover what the scene will be when you are passed through. But the traveller who arrives at the passage of *Les Echelles* from Chambery, sees nothing on his approach, but barren precipices, that seem the confines of the habitable world; when, after a few minutes of gloomy twilight, villages, churches, corn-fields, vineyards, and forests, are all before him, bounded by a range of mountains, whose sides are covered with verdure, though their summits are capped with perpendicular walls and turrets of limestone of amazing height.'*

Mr. John Bell, who entered Savoy by the *Pas-*

* Bakewell's 'Travels,' vol. i., p. 169—172. We may refer our readers to these volumes for an interesting account of the geological structure of the singular valley of *Les Echelles*, and of the adjacent country. The key to these phenomena is, that the limestone rocks rest upon an immense sandstone formation, and are interstratified with it. The valleys, instead of being excavated by the waters, appear to have been formed, at least in some instances, by the subsidence of the ground, and the disintegration of the softer strata.

sage de la Grotte in 1817, gives the following description of the extraordinary scene.

‘The road formed by Emmanuel,* mounts by a steep and difficult ascent. On the left, a low parapet guards it from the deep precipice which overhangs the river, while on the right, the mountain rises perpendicular as a wall. After a little space, which yet, from the labour of the mules, seems long, you strike all at once into the rock, the entrance to which gives you the impression of the gateway into some strong and almost inaccessible fort. A few steps further in this deep pass, which lies before you in a long and gloomy line, you look back on a view truly magnificent. In the centre of the opening, and dividing the entrance, stands a huge mass of rock, as if designed for the sculptured form of a giant. On the right, but on a level considerably lower, is a portion of rock resembling a tomb-stone, bearing an inscription in memory of the founder, Prince Emmanuel; and on the left, the mountain rises in stupendous basaltic pillars, straight as the stem of a cathedral column. On either side, you look down from a vast perpendicular height, as from the walls of a fortress, on a smiling country, rich, varied, and of great extent, in which the village of Echelles forms a picturesque feature.† Climbing upon the

* When this gentleman travelled, the new road seems not to have been completed, and his description applies only to the road made by Duke Charles Emmanuel.

† Beyond the village and valley of Les Echelles, may be seen the mountains of the Grande Chartreuse. An excursion to the Grande Chartreuse can be accomplished easily in a few hours from Les Echelles; and it is the best point to start from, on a visit to that secluded spot.

natural parapet of the great central stone, and again looking down from the dizzy height, you see, far beneath, the steps of the Echelles entering the mountain, through a vast arched chasm of nearly 300 feet in height. Turning from this prospect, and proceeding onwards, you continue to traverse a channel more than half a mile in length, and so narrow as to oblige the passenger, on entering, to ascertain by loud hallooing, that no returning carriage impedes the way. It is difficult to divest yourself of the first impression received on entering it, of its being a great fortress: its causewayed path, the hollow echoes from the horses' hoofs, its walls of dark, gloomy, and dripping rocks, rising perpendicularly to such a height as greatly to impede the light, combine to give it the aspect of an inclosed building. On the left, where the rock seems to bear an elevation of about 200 feet, you pass the mouth of the chasm where the Echelles (or stairs) formerly opened. On emerging from the pass, we looked down on the Guierre, so lately seen dashing from rock to rock, now gently gliding in a full and quiet stream through a rural plain, its waters giving motion to several mills romantically situated on its banks. We continued to travel along a beautiful road bordered by pine-trees, occasionally deepening into thick woods, and traversed a bridge which crosses the Orbanne, a broad, rapid, and powerful river. From this bridge, a steep ascent leads to an elevated summit; and here, the eye rests on most enchanting scenery. The mountains of the pass which you have just left, stand high and dark in the outline, forming an imposing background to the small, richly-cultivated valley spread

out below ; while the bridge, far beneath, lies in one long, flat line, crossing the river, which is now seen winding its way in various bends, and gathering its tributary waters from the adjacent rocks.*

The country through which the remainder of the road to Chambery lies, is sterile and uninteresting ; but near that city, it opens and improves. Chambery stands in a fertile and well cultivated plain, near the confluence of the Orbanne (Albano, or D'Albans) with the Aysse (or L'Eysse,) which, rising in the high mountains to the west and south-west of Chambery, flows northward into the lake of Bourget. The rapid melting of the snows on those mountains, has frequently occasioned such violent and sudden inundations of the river, as nearly to destroy the city.† To protect it against these floods, an immense stone embankment has been built, extending several miles, till it joins a low range of rock that projects into the valley.

Chambery is supposed to represent the *Lemincum* of the Romans : a little village a few miles from the city, still bears the name of Lémenc. Another village, a mile and a half to the northward, is called Vieux Chambery. The present capital of the Dutchy, is of no very high antiquity. Mr. Simond describes it as ' a small town, not old, not ugly, and rather clean, which is saying a

* Bell's ' Observations on Italy,' pp. 27—30.

† Eight great inundations are on record, between the years 1348 and 1808. The most formidable occurred in 1530 and 1551, when the hospital of St. Francis and a great portion of the city walls were thrown down.

great deal, in a country where neither the works of man nor man himself are distinguished by outward advantages.' The population was estimated, in 1820, at about 10,000; it has since increased, and is now rated at upwards of 12,000. The walls of the town have been removed, and the space they occupied is laid out in gardens. The streets are gloomy and crowded, Mr. Bakewell says;* and none of the public buildings are worthy of notice, except the hospital of *L'Hôtel Dieu*, the *Caserne*, or barracks, and the manufactory for silk gauzes, for which Chambery has long been celebrated. The palace is an old castle in no way remarkable. The churches exhibit an approach to the Italian or Spanish style of gaudy decoration; and here, the Protestant traveller is first met with the repulsive spectacle of the Virgin decked out in embroidered taffeta, with paste necklace and crown of roses. The church near the castle contains some good painted glass.

Viewed from the hills on the side of Aix, Chambery appears to great advantage, almost environed with gentle eminences, covered with vineyards, pastures, and wood, while in the background are seen extensive forests and lowering Alps. In the neighbourhood of the city is *Les Charmettes*, once the residence of Madame de Warens and J. J. Rousseau. The house is the last in a retired and beautiful valley, which bears a striking resemblance, Mr. Bakewell says, to some of the wooded glens in Hertfordshire: the lofty mountains in the neighbourhood are not seen

* 'Broad, handsome, and lively,' says Mr. Pennington. Journey, &c. vol. i. p. 245.

in ascending the valley, and the character is truly English. Another object of interest in the neighbourhood of Chambery, is the cascade called *Le Bout du Monde*, formed by the Doria,* one of the branches of the Aysse, at the termination of a valley which has no outlet, being closed by a perpendicular wall of rock, over which the river throws itself. Were it in a more favourable situation, it would be a very striking object. Besides the grand cascade, the water has penetrated the horizontal strata of the rock, and formed numerous *jets d'eau*, which appear like the work of art.

The mountains above the *Bout du Monde*, form part of the almost impassable barrier which separates from the rest of Savoy the district of Bauges, (formerly *Boviles*, i. e., the district of cattle,) containing thirteen *communes*, and about 10,000 inhabitants. Surrounded with a wall of calcareous mountains, it is accessible only through certain *cols* or mountain passes, which at certain seasons are entirely closed. The inhabitants are chiefly occupied with pastoral labours. Oats, barley, rice, and potatoes, however, are cultivated: they export a considerable quantity of butter and cheese.

About five miles S. of Chambery, there is a very remarkable scene of physical ruin, called, *Les Abymes de Myans*, occasioned by one of those tremendous catastrophes to which, from the structure of the rocks, this region is exposed. In the year 1248, a part of Mont Grenier, (a mountain belonging to the range which extends from *Les*

* Doria, a name common to many streams, is the Celtic *dur*, water, answering to the Greek *δαῖς*.

Echelles to Aix,) fell down, and entirely buried five parishes and the town and church of St. André.* The ruins extend over a surface of about nine square miles, and present a singular scene of desolation. 'The catastrophe,' Mr. Bakewell remarks, 'must have been most awful, when seen from the vicinity; for Mont Grenier is almost isolated, advancing into a broad plain, which extends to the valley of the Isère. It is several miles in length, and is connected with the mountains of the Grande Chartreuse; but it is very narrow. Its longitudinal direction is from E. to W. Near the middle, it makes a bend towards the north, forming a kind of bay or concavity on the southern side; and there is a corresponding convexity or projection on the northern side. It has been generally believed, that the part of the mountain which fell down, was from the middle, and that the *éboulement* formed the concavity on the southern side; but the direction of the ruins, and the form of the mountain, indicate that it was the south-eastern side which fell.

'Mont Grenier rises very abruptly upwards of 4000 feet above the plain. Like the mountains of *Les Echelles*, with which it is connected, it is capped with an immense mass of limestone strata, not less than 600 feet in thickness, which presents on every side the appearance of a wall. The strata dip gently to the side which fell into the plain. This mass of limestone rests on a foundation of softer strata, probably *molasse* (soft sandstone). Under

* The ancient chronicles do not inform, us whether the fall of the mountain was preceded by any forewarnings which allowed the inhabitants time to escape.

this are distinctly seen thin strata, probably of limestone, alternating with soft strata. There can be little doubt, that the catastrophe was caused by the gradual erosion of the soft strata, which undermined the limestone above, and projected it into the plain. It is also probable, that the part which fell, had for some time been nearly detached from the mountain by a shrinking of the southern side; as there is at present, a rent at this end, upwards of 2000 feet deep, which seems to have cut off a large section from the eastern end, that now

‘ Hangs in doubtful ruins o’er its base,’

as if prepared to renew the catastrophe of 1248.

‘ The *Abymes de Myans* are hills (or rather *monticules*) of a conical shape, varying in height from twenty to thirty feet. Each of these *monticules* may be considered as a detached heap of ruins, composed of fragments of calcareous strata, some of which are of immense size. They have been projected to the distance of three and four miles from the mountain. The largest masses have evidently fallen from the upper bed of limestone with which Mont Grenier is capped. The velocity they would acquire by falling from so great a height, could not be less than 300 feet per second; and the projectile force they gained by striking against the base of the mountain, or against each other, has spread them far into the plain. In the course of years, the rains, or currents of water from dissolving snows, have furrowed channels between the larger masses of stone, and, washing away part of the loose earth, have left the immense number of conical hills which are

seen at present. The devastation stopped a little short of the church at Myans, dedicated to the Virgin; hence that church acquired great celebrity. But it may be seen, that the elevation of the ground assisted the efforts of the Virgin in arresting the calamity. St. Andrew could obtain no favour for his church or town, though it was one of great note in those days, being the ancient seat of the deanery of Savoy. Pilgrimages are now made to the church of *N. Dame de Myans*; and on the day of the festival of the Virgin, her shrine is visited by several thousand persons from distant parts of Savoy.

Notwithstanding that a great part of the *Abymes de Myans* is planted with vines, they still present a most impressive scene of wide spreading ruin, far exceeding in magnitude any of the *éboulements* that I saw elsewhere in Switzerland or Savoy. To form some idea of the quantity of matter that fell, if we calculate only what covered the part now called *Les Abymes de Myans*, the average depth of which cannot be estimated at less than six yards, spread over an extent of nearly nine square miles, this would amount to upwards of 150,000,000 cubic yards; and we may suppose an equal quantity of earth and smaller stones to have fallen near the foot of the mountain: these, together, would be more than 400,000,000 tons in weight. Such an immense quantity of matter precipitated from the height of three quarters of a mile into the plain, must have produced a shock inconceivably vast and awful.*

* Bakewell, vol. i. pp. 195—202.—Mr. Simond mentions a mountain *éboulement* which has covered a couple of miles,

Between nine and ten miles from Chambéry, on the Geneva route, are the mineral waters of Aix les Bains, the *Aquæ Allobrogum* and *Aquæ Gratiæ* of the Romans. The road passes along the fertile valley of the river Aysse, which is the principal feeder of the Lake of Bourget; having on the west, the narrow and lofty ridge of the *Montagne du Chat*, and on the east, the steep *escarpement* of the calcareous mountain called Chaparillon. The lake in front is concealed from view by a low range of wooded hills. Mr. Simond describes the ride from Chambéry to Aix, as passing through one of the most beautiful countries he ever saw.* The town of Aix has nothing but its baths to recommend it. It is built in a bottom, under a calcareous mountain (between 3000 and 4000 feet high), at the foot of which, two abundant sources of hot water spring up; and the place in summer is extremely close and hot, owing to its injudicious situation, and the quantity of warm water constantly running through the streets. Aix was formerly a walled town with three gates, but is now mean and inconsiderable.

over which the road passes soon after leaving S. Thibault de Cour, in a delightful little valley. 'This accident,' he says, 'happened about forty years ago.' (He travelled in 1817.) 'A stupendous waterfall of very great beauty, detaches itself from that part of the mountain whence the *éboulement* took place; and may very probably have had some agency in it.'—Simond's Switzerland, vol. i. p. 227.

* From Mr. Simond's account, as compared with Mr. Bakewell's, there would appear to be two roads from Chambéry to Aix. The former Traveller describes the road he took, as running along 'an elevated ridge, through a sort of open grove of chestnut and walnut trees, sloping down on both sides towards valleys flanked with mountains.'

Excepting *La Grande Place*, the streets are very narrow, and the houses are small. Mr. Bakewell estimates the number of inhabitants in 1820; at only 1600. The town has repeatedly suffered from conflagrations, (the last occurred in 1739,) owing to which, most of its archives, with the vestiges of its high antiquity, have been lost or destroyed. The ancient remains entitled to notice, consist of a Roman archway, called the Arch of Campanus, behind the church; a square building; the supposed remains of a temple of Venus, (or of Diana,) adjoining the ruins of the *chateau* of the Marquis of Aix;* and the remains of the *vaporarium* or subterranean vapour-baths erected by the Emperor Gratian. These have been built of brick, faced with marble, but are now used merely as cellars.

The two thermal springs rise within 300 yards of each other. 'The upper spring, or *Source de St. Paul*, improperly called the Alum spring (*Eau d'Alun*), gushes from the rock beneath an antique archway. It flows in a stream sufficiently large to turn a mill, and supplies a large bath or reservoir below, now used for the purpose of *douching* horses that have the lumbago or stiffness of the joints. The poor animals stand very quietly under the stream, which falls from a considerable height, and the warmth of the water is evidently grateful to them. The lower spring is called the Sulphur Bath (*Bain de l'Eau de Souffre*). The source is very abundant; its

* Part of this chateau was occupied as a convent by the Sisters of St. Joseph, previously to the dissolution of that community.

temperature is from 37° to 38° Reaumur, or 117° Fahrenheit; but, in rainy seasons, by an admixture with the surface-waters or cold springs, it is lowered to about 35° R., or 111° Fahr. The water is nearly tasteless, and emits the smell of sulphur, not that of sulphuretted hydrogen.*

Till the year 1772, the sulphur bath was merely a large cave cut in the rock, and divided by a wall into two apartments, one for the men, the other for the women, with an iron balustrade in front. At that period, the King of Sardinia caused the present handsome building to be erected and fitted up expressly for the operation of *douching*. The apartments for *douching*, to the number of fifteen, are placed in a semi-circular corridor; and in a lower story are two other rooms, into which the water falls with greater force. On the south side is the large bath intended for the royal family, with dressing-rooms

* Mr. Simond says, the smell is like that of Harrowgate water. The water of the upper spring, which has nearly the same temperature, is sometimes taken by the patients as an aperient. According to an analysis published in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Turin, for 1784, 5, in 28 lbs. of the water of each spring were found;

Sulphur Spring.	Grains.	Alum Spring.	Grains.
Sulphate of soda .	9	Sulphate of soda . . .	6
— magnesia	19	— magnesia . . .	6
— lime . . .	11	— lime . . .	18
Muriate of magnesia	4	Muriate of magnesia	4
Carbonate of lime	30½	Carbonate of lime . .	32
Iron	1	Muriate of lime . . .	12
		Iron	2

Hepatic gas, with a small portion of carbonic acid gas, about one-third of the water.

A particular kind of hepatic gas, combined with sulphurous acid gas, about one-third,

round it. There are also apartments where the poor are *douched gratis*.*

To a person taking the *douche* for the first time, the process is somewhat formidable. He is introduced into a dark cell or arched vault, about thirteen feet by eleven, and twenty-two feet high, where he finds himself involved in dense vapour and sulphurous odours. Two silent and nearly naked figures then step forward, and conduct him to a flight of steps, leading down to the *douching* place. The water descends in columns as large as the arm, from the height of from eight to ten feet, and is made to pass through long, jointed, tin tubes, which are fixed on the two apertures through which the stream enters. Each *doucher* takes one of these tubes, which he directs to different parts of the body with one hand, while with the other he rubs or *champooes* the part on which the water falls. The operation is continued, at first, for only five minutes, and is lengthened each succeeding morning, as the patient becomes better able to endure it: it is somewhat painful and very exhausting; and when the water is at its highest temperature, it is not uncommon for the patient to faint away. The *douching* being finished, the performers set up a yell as a signal for the porters to enter, by whom the patient is wound round in a linen sheet and thick woollen wrapper, and borne home with great rapidity in a chair, closely covered up with a cotton hood and curtains. The bed being previously warmed, the woollen wrapper is taken off the patient, and he is lifted into bed in

* Bakewell, vol. i. p. 117—120.

the wet sheet, where he undergoes a profuse perspiration.

The season for taking the *douches* is from the middle of June to the latter end of September. Before or after that time, it is deemed dangerous, as the mornings and evenings are frequently cold. The annual number of patients at Aix, varies from 1500 to 1800 ; and as the baths belong to Government, it is calculated, that the King of Sardinia derives from them a clear revenue of about 1500% a year.*

There is no place in Europe, Mr. Bakewell says, where *douching* can be practised with so much advantage. At Aix la Chapelle, the water is too hot, and the temperature must be reduced before it is used. Here, it is not only of the proper temperature, but so abundant, that, were the upper source employed in the same manner as the lower spring, there would be sufficient to *douche* a thousand persons a day.

At the distance of one or two miles from the baths, other warm springs issue from the ground, which require only to be separated from the surface water, to be of as high a temperature as the springs now in use ; but the Government will not

* The whole expense, including the porters, is thirty *sous* French money, out of which the *douchers* and porters have only a *sou* each, and the remainder goes to the King. Ladies are of course attended by female operators, who are called *doucheuses*. The same *champooing* is practised when the patient is only steamed. There are no conveniences at the baths for mere bathing, but chamber baths are kept at the lodging-houses for the use of invalids, which are filled with water brought from the hot-springs, and left for about two hours to cool.

permit other baths to be opened. The springs of Aix are the hottest of all the thermal waters of Savoy ; but those of Leuk, in the Valais, have a still higher temperature, varying from 117° to 126° Fahr.

The number of hot springs that break out at the foot of the central range of the Alps, in a line of seventy miles, is a highly remarkable phenomenon. Mr. Bakewell, who visited almost all the principal springs, supposes that they must derive their heat from one common source, placed at a great depth below the surface, and extending from N. E. to S. W. Nearly in this line are found the hot springs recently discovered near Grenoble ; and he conceives it to be not improbable, that the thermal waters which rise at the foot of the Pyrenees, are connected with the same common source of heat. All these waters rise near the bottom of the great calcareous formation which covers the northern side of the Alps, near its junction with the mica or talc-slate that rests upon the granite ; and it is inferred, that they do not rise in the upper strata, but spring out of the lower and primitive formation which arches over the subterranean furnace. 'It seems most unreasonable to doubt,' remarks this scientific Traveller, 'that the hot springs in the Alps owe their temperature to subterranean fire, as much as those near Naples, or in Auvergne, or the Geysers in Iceland, although the earth may no where have thrown out lava in the vicinity.' The districts in which these hot springs are found, have, indeed, been subject to great and frequent convulsions, which can be ascribed to no other origin ; parti-

cularly the Haut Valais, where the water is of the highest temperature. In the winter of 1755, at Brieg, Naters, and Leuk, earthquakes were felt every day, from the 1st of November to the 27th of February; during which many of the springs were dried up, and the waters of the Rhone were observed to boil.* The rocks above the Baths of Naters, at that time opened, and threw out a considerable quantity of hot water. Several of the secluded valleys of Piedmont, at the foot of the central range, have also been subject to these convulsions. Mr. Bakewell supposes, that all these thermal waters suffer a reduction of temperature from an intermixture with cold springs or surface water; and it is where the primary rocks, in which they have their source, are protected more or less from the surface waters by a great thickness of secondary strata, that they are found at the highest degree of heat. The following table exhibits the temperature of the principal hot springs of this region.*

Leuk, in the Haut Valais	from 117° to 120° Fahr.
Aix les Bains, in Savoy Proper	112° — 117°
Moutiers in the Tarentaise	101°
St. Gervaise, in Faucigny	94° — 98°
Brida, in the Tarentaise	97°
St. Didier, near Cormayeur, in Piedmont	94°
Naters, in Valais, (much intermixed and variable)	86°

* Bakewell, vol. i. pp. 344—352. The hottest springs in the world are those of Urijino in Japan; and next to them, the sulphurous springs of La Trinchera, three leagues to the north of Valencia in Venezuela, which give rise to the *Rio de Agua Calientes*. Eggs are boiled in this spring in less than four minutes. See MOD. TRAV. vol. xxvii. p. 197.

The drives and walks in the neighbourhood of Aix are very beautiful. The rising ground a little above the town, commands a beautiful view of the Lake of Bourget and the opposite mountains. A small country-house in this situation was occupied by the ex-empress Maria Louisa, when she visited Aix for the benefit of her health. The valley in which Aix is situated, is extremely fertile, producing wheat, fruit, the vine, and silk-worms. Including the breadth of the lake, it varies from two to five miles in width. The Lake of Bourget is about ten miles in length from N. N. W. to S. S. E.; its breadth varying from two to three miles. At the northern end, its waters flow into the Rhone by a channel about six miles in length, called *La Savière*. As the Rhone is here navigable, the lake has a direct communication with Lyons and the Mediterranean; and a canal might with the greatest ease be carried from the lake to Chambéry. The channel for commerce thus opened with all the southern and midland parts of France, might be turned to great advantage, were the trade between France and Savoy left free; but at present, the navigation of the Rhone is of little use to the Savoyards, except that coal is brought up the river from Lyons, for the use of the blacksmiths, and landed on the eastern bank of the lake. When the Rhone is much swelled, it rises above the level of the lake, and pours its own waters into it, by the short channel through which, at other seasons, those of the lake have their outlet; occasioning, at such seasons, inundations at the upper end. This part of the valley appears to have been gained from the water at no

very distant period, being still a rushy swamp; and Mr. Bakewell thinks, there cannot be a doubt that the lake once extended as far south as Chambéry, covering the plain in which that city is built. The low range of hills in the valley on which the village of Tresserve stands, was then, most probably, an island. The lake is still diminishing, at the southern end, in consequence of the *debris* brought down by the Aysse, and on the eastern side, by the *debris* from smaller rivers which flow into it. Its level is, according to Saussure, seventy-six toises lower than the Lake of Geneva, or only 740 feet above the Mediterranean. Its greatest depth is on the western side, where the *Montagne du Chat* dips into the lake at an angle of 60° , affording no space for a road or even a landing-place, except at one or two points: its depth is there 254 feet near the shore. Its waters abound with excellent fish, particularly the *ombre chevalier* (*salmo umbla*), the lavaret, a species nearly allied to the trout, but of richer flavour, and trout and pike of fine size.

Bourget, from which the lake takes its name, is a town of some antiquity, and is supposed to occupy the site of the town of the *Allobroges*, upon which Hannibal descended in passing over the *Mont du Chat*. After crossing the Pyrenees at Bellegarde, it appears that he proceeded through Perpignan, Narbonne, and Montpellier, to Nismes, as nearly as possible in the exact track of the great Roman road. From Nismes, he marched to the Rhone, which he is supposed to have crossed at Roquemaure, and then to have ascended the left bank to Vienne, or a little higher. Thence march-

ing across the flat country of Dauphiny, he rejoined the river at St. Genis d'Aouste (*Augusta Allobrogum*), and then crossed the *Mont du Chat* by the Chevelu pass. It is impossible to turn the mountain at the northern end, where the lake has its outlet, because it descends so perpendicularly to the lake, that, from Haute-combe to Bourdeaux, there is not a foot-path nor a landing-place for a boat. The Chevelu pass is much lower than any other part of the mountain, which here bends inwards to the east; and the road rises very gradually to the top, ascending the course of a small stream which rises out of a little lake about half way up. From the village of Chevelu, which is at the foot of the steepest part of the ascent, it is about two miles to the top. A little beyond the village are remains of a fort. On the summit is a flat of about 300 yards. The passage is divided by an immense rock, about 200 yards in length, and nearly half that space in breadth. The great road runs to the south of it, and is by no means bad. The Austrians passed over it in force, in 1815, with baggage and artillery. The road on the top is covered with stones, which have formed part of a temple: the foundation may still be easily traced. The stones are well cut, and several cornices are perfect. From numerous inscriptions found here, it appears to have been dedicated to Mercury. The view from the summit is very fine: the Lake de Bourget is at your feet, and the rich valley of Chambéry is seen, backed by the magnificent chain of mountains that inclose the Isère. On the other side, Lyons may be seen from the summit of the *Mont du Chat*, though not from

the pass. The road descends in zig-zags upon the village of Bourdeaux and the lake, the mountain being in that part rocky and precipitous. From thence to the town of Bourget, a distance of about four miles and a half, the mountain slopes gradually downwards from its top to within about 200 yards of the lake ; after which, it becomes rocky, and plunges in many parts perpendicularly into the water. The modern road runs at the foot of the slope, which is itself very steep. At Bourget, it quits the mountain, and crosses the plain to Chambéry. The King of Sardinia is now completing a very fine road by the *Mont du Chat* ; and if a bridge were thrown over the Rhone near Yenne, there would be a direct communication with Port d'Ain and Macon, through the country of Bresse, which would greatly shorten the road from Paris to Chambéry.*

On the borders of the lake are remains of several ancient castles. On a hill at the northern end, nearly opposite to Aix and Chantillon, are the ruins of Chateau Bourdeaux, near which several cascades fall into the lake. But the most remarkable object is the fine Abbey of Haute-combe, founded by Amadeus III. in 1125, near Bourget. It stands on a rocky eminence, at the edge of the lake, on the north-western side, where the *Mont du Chat* retires, and leaves a sheltered recess, surmounted with forests of chestnut and walnut trees, beneath which are vineyards, corn-fields, and orchards. The appearance of the abbey is that of a large modern mansion, rather than of an ancient

* Wickham and Cramer, p. 66—77.

religious establishment. The church was formerly the burial-place of the counts and dukes of Savoy, who built here two magnificent Gothic chapels, ornamented with gilding, pictures, and bas-reliefs in the taste of the thirteenth century. During the wars with the French Republic, it was greatly injured, being for some time converted into a manufactory for china and earthen ware, which, however, did not succeed. When Mr. Bakewell was there, the furnaces, with some broken pots and pans, still remained. Among the monuments destroyed in 1793, was one of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury in the thirteenth century, a Savoyard by birth. In the church and sacristy were formerly many curious paintings, relics incased in gold and silver, and other treasures of great value. The ancient chronicles of Savoy were also deposited here. All have disappeared.* The gardens of the monastery have been kept in good order; and part of the building was, in 1820, occupied as a dwelling-house by the proprietor. Since then, we learn from M. Bertolotti, the present King has had the abbey repaired and restored to its original state.

About half a mile behind the abbey, ascending through some beautiful fields, is a small plain, on which there is a circular grove with seats, under

* A few paintings, however, of high antiquity remained in 1820. One of these, which was on the ground, leaning against the wall, represented a saint standing at a desk, in the act of writing a book, but with his head directed upwards, and his mouth open to receive a stream of milk adroitly squirted into his mouth from the breast of the Virgin, who is affectionately leaning over him in the clouds!

the shade of which the fathers were wont to solace themselves during the heats of summer. Close by, at the foot of the mountain which rises from this elevated plain, is *La Fontaine de Merveilles*, an intermitting spring. Mr. Bakewell was fortunate enough to witness this hydraulic phenomenon. It was a bright, but sultry day in July; and the party, having brought provisions, had retired to take their repast in the grove, leaving a boy to watch the fountain. Scarcely were they seated, when they heard the signal, and running to the place, saw that the water was just beginning to flow. In a short time it ran with considerable force and noise, filling the reservoir: it then abated, and the water in the reservoir began to sink again. The whole process lasted about twenty minutes. About an hour afterwards, they had the gratification of witnessing a repetition of the performance. In rainy seasons, the spring flows repeatedly in the course of an hour; at other times, only once or twice in the course of the day, so that some travellers who have visited the spring, after waiting in vain for some hours, have been obliged to return without witnessing the phenomenon. The explanation of the apparent marvel, is easy. The natural basin into which the water flows, has an irregular stony bottom, and will permanently retain water only to a certain height; but, when the spring flows, it fills faster than the waters are carried off, and the water rises several feet, overflowing at the surface. The stratification and structure of the mountain, present, Mr. Bakewell says, one of the simplest cases imaginable of a natural syphon formed in the seams of the strata.

In rainy weather, the water of course filters more rapidly into the cavernous interstice, with which the spring is connected by a transverse seam or channel, and thus produces more frequent intermissions. A deep, rolling sound, like distant thunder, was heard from the mountain immediately before the water began to flow.*

No person, says Mr. Bakewell, can form an adequate idea of the great beauty of the Lake of Bourget, by merely seeing it from the shore near Aix, with the bare back of the *Montagne du Chat* in front. It is only from near the middle of the lake, or at its southern end, that the variety and magnificence of the scenery present themselves with their full effect. A fine view is then obtained of the rich scenery on the eastern shore, and of the mountains south of Chambéry, beyond which the snowy pinnacles of the Cottian Alps bound the horizon.

At Grisey, a small village four miles from Aix, on the high road to Geneva,† there is a cascade which would be celebrated in other regions, although only of the second class in this country. The river has excavated a deep ravine in the hard marble rock. In rainy seasons, before falling into

* Bakewell, vol. i. p. 142—146. This phenomenon is a mere toy of nature, in comparison of the intermitting rivers of Guatemala. There is one which is stated to flow and remain dry alternately during a period of three years. See *MOD. TRAV.* vol. xxvi. p. 267.

† Aix lies on the post-road from Geneva to Chambéry. The next town is Rumilly, at the junction of the Cheran (or Seran), and the Fiève (or Nephe), two rivulets which fall into the Rhone. From this place, the distance to Geneva is seven posts.—Starke, p. 508.

the ravine, the water spreads over a broad floor of this limestone; but, when the river is not so full, it pours along a number of deep, narrow channels, and is seen at a great depth, boiling, foaming, and lashing the rocks, before it unites in one stream to bound into the abyss below. The sides of the surrounding rocks are richly clothed with wood; and other streams falling from the heights above, greatly increase the picturesque effect. A small monument, recording the fate of a young lady in the suite of the ex-queen of Holland, who was drowned in attempting to cross the cataract on a plank, adds a feature of melancholy interest to the scene. A solid bridge has since been thrown across, to obviate similar accidents.

The common people of Aix struck Mr. Bakewell as having less simplicity of manners, and more obtrusiveness, than the inhabitants in the south of Savoy, or on the borders of the Lake of Annecy. He found them, however, obliging and honest, but their garrulity was in full activity from four o'clock in the morning till eleven at night. Talking parties more especially occupy the bakers' shops, which in Savoy, like the tavern in other European countries, or the well in the East, serve as the rendezvous of the labouring classes. Their 'clamorous, restless, and bustling manners, their antiquated and ragged dress, their diminutive stature and ill-favoured countenances,' strongly recalled to Mr. Simond the population of France, as he remembered it under the old *régime*. One remarkable trait is the very prevalent dislike among the Savoyards towards the Genevese, which this Traveller ascribes to ignorance stimulated by envy,

and a jealousy of superiority of all kinds.* It is probable, however, that a difference of religion has some share in producing it, together with the traditional ecclesiastical feud between the reformed and papal parties. The archbishop of Chambery still styles himself bishop of Geneva also in all his proclamations.

The road from Chambery to the pass over Mont Cenis leads in a southward direction, gently ascending over a well-cultivated tract to Montmelian on the Isère, where it strikes the route leading from Grenoble to the Tarentaise. Soon after leaving Chambery, the mountains are seen, which divide Savoy from the department of the *Hautes Alpes*; and their picturesque effect relieves the tedium of travelling through the avenues of tall poplars which extend nearly to the Isère. The road passes under the ruined castle of Montmelian, built on a rocky eminence, and formerly considered as one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.† It was demolished by the French in 1703, and has never been restored. Montmelian, before the destruction of its castle, was a considerable town, and

* Simond, vol. i. p. 293. Bakewell, vol. i. p. 128 150.—The latter Traveller mentions the terms he paid at L'Hotel de la Poste at Aix;—for dinner, supper, wine, apartments, and linen, with a basin of *bouillon* for breakfast, six francs per day. The terms are nearly the same at the boarding-houses.

† The treachery of the governor gave it into the possession of Henry the Fourth of France in 1600, not before he had narrowly escaped being killed by a cannon-shot during the siege. His son, Louis XIII., after having invested it for fifteen months, was compelled to raise the siege. It was at length taken by Louis XIV., and dismantled.

formed the western bulwark against the French. At present, it contains only about 1200 inhabitants, and though placed on the high road to Mont Cenis, is without a tolerable inn. Below the town is a handsome stone bridge of five arches over the Isère. The vineyards in the neighbourhood produce the finest wines of Savoy. The white wine of Montmelian is much esteemed, although *bien capiteux*. White mulberry-trees, for rearing silk-worms, also abound, which supply the silk-manufactories of Chambéry. A better style of culture, and more of the appearance of wealth and comfort, are observable here, than in most parts of Savoy.

After crossing the Isère, the road to Mont Cenis continues up the left bank. The view, looking back from near the village of La Planèse upon the town and fortress of Montmelian, and the valley of the Isère, environed with lofty and rugged rocks, is one of the most beautiful scenes between Lyons and Turin. Soon afterwards, the road becomes uninteresting, till the traveller reaches the neat little town of Aigue-belle (*Aquæ-bellæ*), at the entrance of the valley of the Arc, about five miles above its confluence with the Isère. The opening into the Maurienne (as the valley is called*) is very grand. The town itself has an insignificant appearance below the vast mountain-masses that

* So called from the blackness of the soil, which resembles the surface of coal-mines. It is supposed to have been part of the territory of the ancient *Garoceli* or *Graioceli*; and in old writings, the name of St. Jean de Maurienne appears as *Stictus Johannes Garocelius*.—Wickham and Cramer, p. 21.

bound the valley. Of these, the lower region is richly wooded with chestnut and walnut trees; above them is a belt of dark pines; and the whole is surmounted with the snowy summits of the mountains of the Maurienne. The deep and narrow valley is ascended by a good road, constructed by Napoleon; it is almost a continued causey along the banks of the river, which struggles through its deep and rocky bed. Each of the torrents that fall into the river, is received into a stone reservoir by the road side, and conducted into an aqueduct beneath. Facing one of the bridges by which the river is repeatedly crossed, a rivulet of petrifying quality has formed for itself a natural aqueduct. The noise of the waters dashing and brawling down the deep ravines, and echoed from the rocks, is, in some places, almost stunning. The rocks are chiefly pure limestone and chalk; sometimes they consist of a coarse white marble tinged with red, sometimes of a micaceous and calcareous rock, in which quartz is mingled, or of a dark blue micaceous schist. Evident marks are observable of the continual decomposition of the mountains. Enormous rocks have tumbled from the adjacent heights, and the bed of the river is filled with them. The few patches of land which the steep sides of the valley offer to the peasant, are carefully cultivated, but the produce is small. In some places, low vines are trained by the river side, while on the very brow of the mountains are perched little cabins, which appear scarcely accessible except to the chamois, and which are inhabited only three months in the year,

by the persons who gather the scanty vintage, fruits, or grain, produced in the Maurienne.

The poverty of the inhabitants of this valley was formerly aggravated by its insalubrity. *Cretins* were to be seen at nearly every door, and goitres were almost universal. Napoleon, to secure his new road, drained the marshes, and confined within their proper channel the destructive torrents which continually flooded the valley. By these means, we are told, in terms of pardonable exaggeration, he changed a 'glen of misery into a line of prosperous towns and hamlets.' Soon after passing the dirty village of La Chambre, the traveller arrives at the 'episcopal city' of St. Jean de Maurienne. This little capital has a somewhat imposing appearance from a distance; but it is ill built, with narrow streets, and contains nothing worthy of detaining the traveller. A curious public notice forbids the bringing of any carriage drawn by more than one horse into the city, on pain of three days' labour! * Several *cols*, on the southern side, lead from St. Jean, by mountain paths, into Dauphiny.

Before arriving at the town of St. Michel (which is about half way between Lyons and Turin), the valley of the Arc narrows to a defile; but it opens again into a little plain, in which that town is situated. Travellers usually pass through the suburbs only; but it is worth the trouble of ascending through the narrow streets of the town, Mr.

* *Shepherd's Letters*, p. 41. 'The political events of the Maurienne,' Mr. Brockedon remarks, 'are almost forgotten with its *comtes*. The bears and the avalanches are now the only disturbers of the tranquillity of these valleys.'

Brockedon says, to attain the site of an old tower, and look over the little plain and the course of the Arc below.

Soon after passing St. Michel, the valley becomes so steep as to require additional horses ; and beyond Modane, it rises high above the bed of the river, to skirt the mountain of Bramante, under a dense forest of pines. The scenery here assumes a savage wildness. The road is terraced over a gulf of frightful depth ; on the opposite brink of which, overhanging the ravine, the fort of Les-scillon rises in a formidable succession of ramparts which command the passage : some defensive works are also constructed on the road side. A little beyond, the fort communicates with the high road, by a bridge thrown across the gulf at a fearful height above the torrent. Beyond Bramante, the country becomes more sterile, and the stunted corn scarcely repays the labour of the husbandman. At Termignon,* the straight valley through which the Aisse descends from its source in the Vanoise, is abruptly left ; and the road continues, by a zig-zag ascent on the right bank of the Arc, through a glen which extends from Termignon to Lans-le-bourg, the last town in Savoy, at the foot of the passage over Mont Cenis.

The inhabitants of Lans-le-bourg, from time immemorial, were innkeepers, muleteers, and carriers, whose entire occupation it was, to convey passengers and merchandise across the mountain, under the regulation of a syndic appointed by the

* Near La Verney (before the traveller reaches Termignon), a short distance from the road, is the double cascade of St. Benoit, 'one of the finest waterfalls in the Alps.'

Government. Carriages were here taken to pieces, and conveyed to La Novalesse on the backs of mules, while the traveller proceeded thither in a *chaise à porteur*,—a sort of sedan, borne by eight porters: the passage occupied about four hours. Their occupation is now gone, the fine new road having rendered their services unnecessary. Some of them, however, still find occasional employment as *cantonniers*, to assist those who are regularly appointed by the Sardinian Government to keep the road in order by removing the new-fallen snow. Near the *Hotel Royal* (an excellent inn built by order of Napoleon) a barrack has been built, capable of accommodating 3000 men. This, together with the appointments on the plain of the Cenis, gives to the pass a military character. A bridge, close to the *Caserne*, is thrown over the Arc; and the road, leaving that stream,* winds up the mountain by a succession of finely-constructed ramparts or galleries. The traveller ascends with ease at a rapid pace, as the road from Lans-le-bourg to the summit of the pass, rises at the rate of only one foot in fifteen; and it is not till he has proceeded about two miles, that he reaches a point where he suddenly perceives that he has ascended a complete precipice.

* The course of the river Arc is, from Mont Iseran, where it rises; and at the foot of Mont Cenis, Mr. Brockedon says, in the valley of the Arc, there is nothing to indicate a passage over this mountain. Mr. Bell, on leaving Lans-le-bourg, 'crossed the Soliglla on a low bridge, and proceeded by the course of this stream, rapid and furious as the Arco,' passing through 'a sweet, romantic village.' The floods seem to have rendered this *detour* from the direct road necessary. The Soliglla is not mentioned by Mr. Brockedon.

Not far from the highest point, is a place called *La Ramasse*, from which, during the winter, before the new road was made, venturous travellers coming from Piedmont were accustomed to slide directly down the snow-covered steep to Lans-le-bourg, in a sledge guided by a mountaineer; performing the distance of two leagues in seven minutes. The practice of descending *en traineau*, is still in use in winter; but the velocity of the descent over the new road is of course considerably less; and with the danger, the zest of the fearful amusement is proportionably diminished.*

The highest point of the pass is 678 metres (about 2250 feet) above Lans-le-bourg, and 2100 metres (6773 feet) above the level of the sea.† From this elevation, the road descends to the plain of the Cenis, which extends two leagues in length, encircled with the loftiest peaks of Cenis, covered with perpetual snow. In the centre of the plain expands a broad lake, reported to be unfathomable, and famed for its delicious trout. This lake is 6280 feet above the sea, while the highest summit of Mont Cenis (Rock St. Michel) attains an elevation of 11,460 feet. During six months of the year, the lake is frozen, and the

* They tell a story of an Englishman who staid eight days at Lans-le-bourg, for the express purpose of risking his neck three times a day in this amusement, or, as they express it, of being *ramassé tous les jours*. The slide down the *Cuesta de Conchal* in the cordillera of the Andes, is performed by the peons with the help of only their staff. See Brand's *Voyage to Peru*, p. 96—161.

† M. Brun, vol. vi. p. 29. Bell, p. 37. Bruckton, p. 8. The elevation above the sea is stated by Mr. Bell to be 1077 toises; Mrs. Starke says, 5898 feet.

peasants drive their herds across it. On its margin are seen small, low huts, of fifteen feet square, erected to shelter the traveller who may be so unfortunate as to be overtaken by fog or a snow-storm in traversing this plain, when he might otherwise perish in the snow, or be driven by the furious blasts into the depths below. Not a bush or tuft, or even thistle, grows on this desolate spot. Posts (in the form of crosses, to prevent their being stolen for firewood) are placed at intervals, to indicate the road in the winter snows. The numerous buildings on the plain suggest the idea of a larger community than is actually to be found there, and somewhat relieve the extreme dreariness of the scene. Besides these houses of refuge, are seen the post-house, the inn, the *hospice* with its church, the barracks, and a station for the carabineers who examine the passports. These establishments are abundantly provided with excellent wines, bread, and meat, with fish from the lake, and, during the season, grouse from the mountain. The intercourse with the plains of Piedmont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn. Persons being encouraged to reside on the mountain by exemption from the taxes, it is anticipated that the inhabitants of Cenis will become as numerous as those of Lans-le-bourg. Already the buildings form a little hamlet fronting the lake, to which has been given the name of *Tavernettes*, as most of the houses receive travellers.

From the Grand Croix at the extremity of the plain of the Cenis, the road winds down in terraces to the little plain of S. Nicolo, in the middle of

which is the barrier of Piedmont, where a custom-house is established. Formerly, the road, after crossing a torrent, skirted the mountains on the southern side of the plain, and passed through a gallery cut in the rock. There was also a covered way, strongly built, to guard the traveller against the avalanches which frequently fall from the mountain on this side, and which have actually worn it smooth. But against these, the power of man could provide no effectual security. Dreadful accidents occurred; the avalanches crushed the covered way; and it was at length determined to form the present line of road, which is perfectly exempt from danger with respect to the avalanches, but lies close to the brink of precipices, and is therefore not safe, either in the dark or after heavy snow-storms, without a guide. The bridge across the torrent, which led to the gallery, has been destroyed, lest travellers should be tempted to take that as the shortest route. The difficulty of constructing the carriage road, was much greater on the Piedmontese side; and in several places, it has been necessary to excavate the galleries in the hard and almost precipitous granite rock. On the Savoy side, the road runs over a soft limestone.

Soon after entering Piedmont, the road winds round the side of the mountain which overhangs the deep valley of Nèvalese; and near a turn leading to the hamlet of Bart, the traveller looks down upon the miserable village of La Ferrière. The old route must have been a fearful one, judging from the ruggedness and steepness of the declivity. The new road descends gradually, follow-

ing the sinuosities of the mountain. From La Molaret (or Molaretto), the view of the valley is very striking from its extent, although not of a picturesque character. The line of the old road may be traced from La Ferrière to Susa; and on the opposite side of the valley, the enormous mountain of Roche Melon shuts out from view the plains of Italy.* Soon after leaving La Molaret, however, near St. Martin's, the valley of the Doria opens, and the scene terminates in the plains beyond Turin. From St. Martin's, the route winds along the borders of a precipice with a descent so gentle, and over a road so admirably constructed and defended by parapets, that the traveller proceeds without any sense of danger. A part of the road above the village of Venaus, is exposed to avalanches; but accidents can scarcely happen, unless the traveller is imprudently venturesome.

Before arriving at Susa, even in the *combe* of

* 'The vast mountain called the *Roche Melon*, which bounds the eastern side of the valley of Novalesse, rises 9500 feet above Susa, and formerly had on its summit the little chapel of *Notre Dame des Neiges*, which contained an image of the Virgin held in great veneration, to which a pilgrimage was annually made in the month of August, from Susa and its environs. But the path which led to this chapel was so dangerous, that fatal accidents frequently happened, and the lives of many were sacrificed to their devotion. Unable to breathe in an air so rare, they fell over such dreadful precipices, that, to use the language of the Rector of Mont Cenis to Saussure, "*Ceux qui tomboient là étoient tellement brisés, que l'oreille étoit la plus grande pièce de leurs corps qui demeurât dans son entier!*" These dangerous pilgrimages are now discontinued; and the revered image, the object of this devotion in high places, has been transferred to Susa.'—Brockedon's Illustrations.

Giaglione, the traveller is sensible of his approach to Italy. Beneath him lie the valley of the Doria and the plains of Piedmont; and the fore-ground of this beautiful landscape is rich with the foliage of chestnut and walnut trees, vines, and other productions of a fertile soil. The road is lined with fine aged trees; and at every turn, the little city of Susa, with its surrounding rocks and ancient castle, is presented anew through arches of far-spreading boughs. The Doria-Riparia (the *Duria Minor* of Strabo), which has its source on Mount Genèvre, comes dashing and foaming among the rocks, and, passing through Susa, seeks its way along the plains below. The approach to the city is by a narrow gorge. Upon a hill which commands it, stands the castle called Fort La Brunette; once considered as one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and guarding both the roads to the Cenis and the Genèvre.* It was dismantled by the French, but has been again put in repair by the present King. Below this, through an opening in the rocks, you enter by a military gate, where your passport is required, and your baggage exposed to annoying search.

Susa, the ancient Segusio, the capital of Piedmont under its marquesses, was formerly called the Key of Italy; and the possession of this frontier town was deemed of great importance under the old military tactics. In 1704, it was taken by

* It was in failing to attain this post, that the celebrated Mareschal de Belleisle, in 1747, met with so many disasters. In its days of power, it was so cautiously watched, that a stranger, on being observed to stop and look at it for a moment, was ordered to pass on.

the Duke de Feuilleade, who demolished the citadel with its other fortifications. It is a small, clean-looking town, containing about 4000 inhabitants, who consist chiefly of priests, soldiers, and beggars. The houses are adorned with balconies in the Spanish fashion; and the walls even of the meanest buildings are adorned with pious frescoes, some of them ancient and not ill executed. Altogether, the place has a striking appearance; and its situation, surrounded with noble crags, is highly romantic.* The cathedral is an old building, raised upon the ruins of some vast Roman edifice. Among the vestiges of its ancient importance, is the triumphal arch raised by Cottius in honour of Augustus, on the route leading to Mont Genève.† It stands in the garden belong-

* In the mountains on one side, is found the famous marble called *Vert de Suse*.

† Cottius was an Alpine chieftain, who held a kind of sovereignty over several valleys in these mountains. It appears to have been hereditary, as we hear also of king Donnus, his father. Cottius is represented as lurking in the fastnesses of his Alps, and even defying the power of Rome, till Augustus thought it worth while to conciliate him with the title of prefect. Claudius, however, restored to him the title of king. Under Nero, the Cottian Alps became a Roman province. The extent of the territory which Cottius possessed, cannot now be easily defined; for, though all the people which composed his dominions are enumerated in the inscription of the arch at Susa, many of them remain unknown. Enough, however, of them is known to make it appear, that the territory of Cottius extended much further on the side of Gaul, than that of Italy. In Gaul, he seems to have held under him all the eastern part of Dauphiné, and the north-eastern portion of Provence. The great road over the *Alpis Cottia* (Mount Genève), which finally became the most frequented passage between those two countries, was

ing to the governor of the city, and is in a perfect state, having been recently repaired. By the gate of Savoy is a very antique tower, which was also, probably, built by the Romans. On leaving Susa, the road crosses the Cenisella, a stream which descends from the Cenis, and flows into the Doria. That river is passed at Busolino, whence it flows to the left of the road, until it reaches the Po below Turin.

Among the feudal remains which the traveller passes in the valley of the Doria below Susa, are those of the picturesque chateau of St. Jorio (Georgio?). But the most extraordinary ruins are those of the magnificent monastery of San Michel, perched on the *Monte Pirchiriano*, above St. Ambrogio. This singular hill, rising in the narrowest part of the valley, its pinnacle crowned with the monastery, forms a very striking feature in the landscape from the pass above Susa. The difficulty of erecting such an edifice in such a situation, must have been very great. It requires an hour and a half to reach its site. When attained, the mass of ruins appears enormous. There are many ancient tombs of the monks. Some of them are open, and the bodies are seen in a dry state, like the mummies of the Guanches. On one of its towers, there was, till lately, a telegraph belonging to a series which communicated between Paris and Milan. The view it commands, is described as

principally constructed by Cottius, and led through the heart of his principality, the valleys of the Doria and the Burance. Segusio (Susa) was his capital, if we may judge from the inscription, and from the circumstance of his being buried there.—Cramer's *Ancient Italy*, vol. I, pp. 33, 4.

magnificent, extending from the vast ramparts of the Cenis, through the lower valley of the Doria, which winds beneath the monastery, to Turin, the *Monte Superga*, and the extensive plains which, beyond them, melt into the horizon. The founder of this once splendid establishment was a certain Hugues de Décousu, who, to expiate some crime he had committed, performed a pilgrimage to Rome, obtained absolution of the Pope, and, on his return, built this edifice in fulfilment of his vow of gratitude. Privileges were conferred upon the new establishment by Pope Sylvester (Silverius?); and it soon became, under the rules of St. Benedict, so celebrated for its splendour and power, that its abbots boasted of having founded or restored 140 churches and rich abbeys in France and Italy.*

From Ambrogio, the road passes through Avigliana to Rivoli, finely situated on a hill at the opening of the great valley of the Po, and commanding a most magnificent prospect in both directions. Here is a chateau belonging to his Sardinian Majesty, the only grandeur of which, however, is derived from its noble situation. Mr. Bell describes it as 'a coarse, bulky brick house, as like a cotton-mill as a palace.'† A splendid avenue two leagues in length, extends in a direct

* Mr. Brockedon, from whom we borrow these details, has given a view of the monastery as seen from St. Ambrogio. Saussure and Millin both describe their visit to the ruins; and the latter has given an interesting sketch of its history.

† 'Partly unfinished and partly in ruins,' says Lady Morgan, 'it epitomises Italian villas royal and noble, being vast, desolate, dreary, and neglected.'

line from Rivoli to Turin. Before, however, we enter this 'charming little city,' we must notice the other passes which have been referred to, as leading from Savoy into Piedmont; premising a few observations respecting the grand pass of Mont Cenis, which has now been traced.

Although this has been, for ages, the most frequented passage of the Alps between France and Italy, there is no certain evidence that it was known to the ancient Romans. Neither in the 'Antonine Itinerary,' nor in the 'Theodosian Tables,' is there any mention of the Cenis; and those writers who have represented the passage of the Cenis as the route of a Roman army, have confounded this pass with that over Mont Genève, which meets it at Susa, terminating at the arch of Cottius. The historians of Charlemagne are the first writers who name the Cenis; and they relate, that Pepin crossed this mountain, to attack Astolphus, king of the Lombards, and to assist Pope Stephen III. Charlemagne often crossed the Cenis during his wars with the Lombards; and his son, Louis le Debonnaire, is reported to have been the founder of the *hospice* on its summit. From this period, the pass appears to have become the usual route for travellers from France into Italy; and frequent mention is made of it in the military annals of Piedmont. That it should not have been so early known or adopted as that over the Cottian Alps, admits of satisfactory explanation. 'In seeking a passage across the Alps,' Mr. Brockedon remarks, 'the general and most obvious course seems to have been, to ascend the valleys and courses of rivers on

one side, and descend by the nearest valley on the other. The Cenis, on the side of Lans-le-bourg, offers no valley to explore; for the course of the river Arc is from Mont Iseran. There is no doubt that the pass of the little Mont Cenis, from Bramante to Exilles, and that of the *Col de la Rue*, from Modane to Baidonneche and Oulx, were known very long before the present pass of the Cenis; but both those passes have valleys descending to the Arc, which would tempt the traveller to explore them. The latter, *Mons Rudus*, seems to have been one of the routes adopted by Julius Cæsar, when he crossed the Alps to suppress the inroad of the *Helvetii*; and troops often crossed by these passes during the wars of France and Savoy. It may be said, that the ascent to the Mont Cenis might have been made by the course of the river Cenisella, which offers on the Italian side the usual appearance of a passage. It must be considered, (however,) that the Alps were not explored by the Italians, but by their invaders, the Gauls, who poured their hordes into the fertile country of Italy; to luxuriate in a soil which claimed from them less labour as a recompense for its enjoyment.*

But it was reserved for the Emperor Napoleon, to make the pass over Mont Cenis practi-

* Brockedon, N^o. iii. p. 14. From a passage cited from Simler's *De Alpibus Commentarius*, it appears, that the name of the mountain was written by some, *Cinismus*; by others, *Cæstrum*. That writer describes it under the name of Mount Dianysius, which name it derived, he says, from an idol of the Gauls, who was worshipped in the valley Marienna. The Italian name is *Monte Cenigio*.

cable at all seasons of the year, and with this road, as well as that of the Simplon, his name will ever be honourably associated. In 1802, the First Consul decided upon opening a communication by a grand route between the Maurienne and Piedmont; and after a careful survey of the different *cols* which lead from one of these countries to the other, that of the great Mont Cenis was chosen. In 1803, the works of the new road were begun; and they were so far completed in 1810, that, during that year, 2911 carriages, 14,037 carts and waggon, and 37,255 horses and mules traversed the mountain. Not more than five months of effective labour, could be accomplished in a year.* Generally, the works began about the middle of May, and ended in the beginning of October. The expense of these astonishing works has been estimated at 7,460,000 francs (nearly 300,000*l.* sterling). From Lans-le-bourg to Susa, about nine posts and a half, this magnificent road is everywhere thirty feet wide, and so easy of ascent on either side of the mountain, that, from Susa to the plain of the Cenis, the journey can be accomplished in four hours in a carriage, and from Lans-le-bourg to the Taver-nettes, in little more than half that time.† The establishment of the (twenty-six) houses of refuge.

* This statement will explain the marvellous story reported by Mrs. Starke, that the new route was formed in *five months*, by the aid of 3000 workmen.

† After heavy falls of snow, Mrs. Starke says, carriages are sometimes from six to seven hours in ascending on the Savoy side, and from four to five hours in descending on the side of Piedmont. But it has been crossed in eight hours, even in winter, by *traineaux*.

along the line of road, in the most elevated and exposed parts of the route, renders the passage safe even in winter. They are provided with bells, which, during the prevalence of fogs, are rung to guide the traveller from one refuge to another. These little inns are tenanted by the *cantonniers* whose business it is to keep the road in good condition. The number instituted by Napoleon has been reduced by the King of Sardinia; but there are still kept up two companies, amounting to about fifty men; and to defray the expense of the establishment, and of the *hospice*, a toll is levied upon every carriage, horse, or mule that passes over Cenis.*

The pass of the Mont Genève, which meets that of the Cenis at Susa, leads from Cesanne, the frontier village of Piedmont in that direction, to Briançon in Dauphiny. Prior to 1802, the only road was a mule-path. In that year, the present road was begun by the *communes* of the Briançonnais; and it was opened on the 12th of April, 1804. To commemorate the event, an obelisk sixty-five feet high was raised in 1807, on the highest point of the pass, on the line of demarcation between France and Piedmont, bearing inscriptions which were destroyed by the Austro-Sardinian army in 1817. This road was named by Napoleon, *la route d'Espagne en Italie*.

The col† of the Mont Genève is a plain of nearly two miles in length, and forms the lowest

* Brockedon. Starke, p. 510.

† The col (neck) is the highest traversable part of a mountain, or rather, that depression in the main ridge, which allows of a passage.

of all the passes across the Alps, its height being only 5850 feet above the Mediterranean. Had the only obstacle in the route been this ridge, Mr. Brockedon remarks, there can be little doubt that this would have been the main line of intercourse between France and Italy. But the secondary Alpine ranges of the Sestrière in Piedmont, and the Lautaret in France, are difficulties in the way of its becoming a great line of communication. The summit of the pass, which has a direction nearly E. and W., is much sheltered by the higher mountains which bound it, and it is cultivated with barley at the greatest elevation; the surrounding valleys are also fertile. Near the obelisk, and springing almost from a common source, the rivers Doria-Susana and Durance take their rise; the former flowing into the Po, and reaching the Adriatic, the latter, into the Rhone, which falls into the Mediterranean.

Briançon, which stands at the western foot of the pass, at the head of the rich valley of the Durance,* is a place of high antiquity, and being regarded, from its situation, as an important barrier fortress, has been rendered all but impregnable. Besides an old castle, there are two

* For the first part of the route from Grenoble, we must refer our readers to Mr. Brockedon's interesting work. The *route d'Espagne en Italie* runs from Grenoble to Gap and Embrun, and thence ascends the Durance; but a shorter road by forty-five miles, (practicable at present, however, only by mules,) lies through the Val Romanche and that of the Guisanne, passing over the Col de Lautaret, by which they are separated. This road was known to the Romans, and some vestiges of their works are still to be seen. It abounds with wild and magnificent scenery.

citadels, which command the pass. The fine road by which the town is approached, on the right bank of the Durance, is cut out of the rock that overhangs the deep ravine of the river; across which has been thrown a bridge of a single arch of 120 feet span. By this, the town communicates with the forts which rise above each other on the left bank, to the *Redoute de l'Infernet*, on the summit of a mountain. The whole presents a series of defences equal to the local, and surpassing the military strength of the Fenestrelles in the Val Pragelas. Viewed from the entrance to the valley of the Guisanne, the town and forts of Briançon, with the valley of the Durance spread out below the town, studded with woods and villages, and bounded by lofty mountains, is very beautiful. Not less magnificent is the landscape which presents itself on looking back from the plain of the Genèvre, when Briançon is seen deep and distant in the valley, with its numerous forts, and a back-ground of lofty mountains. The pass ascends by 'a grand *tournequet*,' or corkscrew road, thirty feet wide, through a forest of pines and larches. On the plain to which it leads, is a little village, Bourg Mont Genèvre, where fragments of Roman architecture and inscriptions have been found; and vestiges of Roman works may be traced on the pass. Cottius exerted himself to render this road practicable, and the troops of Agrippa were also employed upon it.* The

* In the Itinerary of Antoninus, this route is described as *Via de Italia in Gallias, per Alpes Cottius*; and in the Itinerary of Jerusalem, the stations are marked: *Matrona Monte* (M. Genèvre). *Gésadaonem* (Cesanno), v. *Ad Martem*

hospice was originally founded in 1340, by Humbert II., Prince of Briançon, but had fallen to ruin, when the French constructed the present road. A similar road winds down the steep side of the mountain to the wretched village of Césanne, at its eastern base, from which Susa is about twenty-two miles distant. A tolerable road leads to that place by the valley of the Doria-Susana, through Oulx and Salbertrand, and the pass of Exilles. The natural defences of this road have been strengthened by fortifications, which guard the valley at the base of the *Col d'Asiette*, near Exilles; a spot rendered memorable by the fate of the Comte de Belleisle, who fell there, in attempting to force the pass, July 19, 1747.

During the time that this part of the Sardinian territory was under the dominion of France, Napoleon ordered a road of the first class to be carried from Césanne over the *Col de Sestrière*. But it was never quite completed; and the Sardinian Government has suffered it to fall to decay, with a view, it is supposed, to discourage travellers from taking a route by which Turin may be avoided, and the journey to Genoa rendered much shorter. An admirably constructed road, but out of repair, leads up to the village of Champlas. The plain of the *Col* is about two miles long, and is rich in pasturage. On it are numerous *châlets*, where butter and cheese are made during the summer. The view from the *Col* is very fine. A winding road leads down to Traverse, at the eastern base;

(Oulx), ix. [*Seguionem* (Susa) xvi., &c. See Cramer. vol. i. p. 38.

but the next two miles of route, to Fenestrelles, consisting of a rapid, winding descent along the brink of a precipice, have become almost impassable through neglect. The road has been cut out of the side of the mountain, and passes immediately under the fort of Fenestrelles, which commands the valley of the Clusone. Seen from this side of the defile, it has an appearance of prodigious strength. Its white lines and parapets skirt the ridge of the mountain, and descend into the valley in an almost unbroken series of defences, apparently impregnable. It is now used as a state prison. The river Clusone is one of the boundaries of the Vaudois or Waldenses; and Fenestrelles was the ancient frontier of their country.* On the left bank of the river are two of their churches, St. Germain's and Pomaret: the latter is at the entrance of the valley of St. Martin, opposite Perouse. The Val Pragelas, through which the Clusone flows, is in some places very confined. Huge rocks overhang the road which shares a narrow way with the bed of the river, as it struggles through the gorges of the valley, to join the Po in the plains. Owing to neglect, the road is likely soon to become impassable for carriages. Near the entrance of the valley is the town of Pignerolo, the scene of frequent contests between France and Piedmont.

* The Author of 'Authentic Details of the Valdenses,' (London, 1817,) recommends to those travellers who wish to visit the valleys of the Vaudois, to take the route above described,—from Lyons to Grenoble, Briançon, Fenestrelles, Perouse, and Pignerolo. La Tour, the chief town, is fourteen miles from the latter place.

Its situation once rendered it a place of high importance, as masquing the *debouché* of several valleys which descend from the Alps. A route leads off to the southward to Saluzzo and Nice. An excellent, but uninteresting post-road over the plain, conducts the traveller in an opposite direction (N. by E.), through Noné, to Turin.

It was by the route we have now been tracing, according to tradition, that the Gauls first made their descent into the fertile plains of Italy, where, after driving out the Tuscans, the ancient possessors, they established themselves in the extensive tract known to the Romans as *Gallia Cisalpina*.* The earliest account we have of the acquaintance of the Romans with this route, is given by Cæsar, who, when he crossed the Alps, to check a formidable inroad of the *Helvetii* into Gaul, appears to have passed the Mont Genève with part of his army, by the route of the Val Pragelas and the *Col de Sestrière*. The main body, however, as has been already mentioned, are supposed to have passed over the *Col de la Rue* from the valley of Oulx to Modane in the Maurienne.† The dis-

* 'Livy, who has given us the most circumstantial account of these migrations of the Gauls, assigns to them as early a date as the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, that is, about 600 B.C.; and though there are some circumstances in the narrative of the Roman historian, which do not seem altogether correctly stated, the main facts themselves must subsist, as they are agreed upon by all ancient writers on the subject.' Cramer, vol. i. p. 40. Niebuhr, however, controverts this statement, and endeavours to explain how Livy was led to antedate the first appearance of the Gauls 200 years. Niebuhr (*Walter's Transl.*), vol. i. p. 261.

† Brockedon, D'Anville. See page 76.

trict of Cottius on the Italian side, terminated, according to Strabo, at *Ocellum* (now Uxeau), near Fenestrelles, in the valley of the Clusone.*

But the most interesting route, in an historical point of view, is the Pass of the Little St. Bernard, by which it may now be considered as pretty well ascertained, that Hannibal crossed the great Alpine barrier,†. The whole route from Grenoble to Aosta by this pass, presents to the traveller some of the most beautiful scenes of Dauphiny, the Tarentaise, and Piedmont.

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 34.

† A long catalogue might be formed of the numerous authors who have written upon this subject; and various are the routes which have been contended for. Strabo and Livy assert, that Hannibal went over the *Alpis Cottia* or *Mont Genève*; and their authority has prevailed with De Folard, D'Anville, and Letronne. Gibbon, misled by Cluverius, conceived that Polybius took Hannibal over the Great St. Bernard; and Mr. Whitaker has learnedly advocated this opinion in two large octavo volumes. The passage of Mont Cenis has been maintained to be the route of Hannibal, by Simler, Gresley, Count Stolberg, Abauzit, De Saussure, Albanis de Beaumont, Professor Mannert, Napoleon himself, and a recent French writer named Larousse. It is to General Melville, that the literary world are indebted for the suggestion, that the real route of Hannibal was by the pass of the Little St. Bernard; and this opinion, which best accords with the description given by Polybius, and is supported by the early authority of Cælius Antipater, has been so learnedly advocated and distinctly illustrated by M. De Luc, Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, and Mr. Brockedon, as to leave scarcely any room for further dispute. Another hypothesis, however, has been maintained by the Marquis de St. Simon, and more recently by a 'Member of the University of Cambridge,' which would take Hannibal over the Col de Viso. To this hypothesis, we shall advert hereafter.

At Montmelian, where the great road to the Cenis crosses the Isère, the traveller from Grenoble by Pont Charra falls in with the line of Hannibal's march, from the *Mont du Chat*. Along the fertile valley of the Isère, the Carthaginian army would naturally and almost of necessity proceed, as the barren and rocky defile of the Maurienne would have afforded no supplies; and this same track was at a later period followed by the great Roman road from Vienne to Aosta. The modern road, which is nearly the same, ascends the right bank of the Isère to L'Hôpital (*Ad Publicanos*), about eighteen miles from Montmelian; passing through the villages of Fretterive, Greisy, and St. Gilly. The Isère flows through a very broad bed, divided occasionally by numerous small islands. Nearly opposite to Fretterive, it receives the Arc from the Maurienne. At this place are several Roman inscriptions extremely perfect. The valley of the Isère, which is about two miles broad, is of a rich soil and well cultivated; but the inundations of the river have brought down immense quantities of stones, which have covered a large portion of land on each side of the river.* The country, where not under corn or vines, is covered with woods of walnut-tree and oak, and its picturesque character is occasionally heightened by

* More than 30,000 acres of the richest land, Mr. Bakewell says, have been by this means rendered entirely barren and useless, between Confians and Montmelian. The present king has, however, put into execution the long-projected embankment of the Isère, by which, it is hoped, these tracts will be restored to agriculture.

ruins of baronial castles. One of the most remarkable of these is the château Moilans, placed on a lofty escarpement of rock, under the mountains on the traveller's left, about six miles from Montmelian. This castle was purchased in 1523 by the reigning Duke of Savoy, and made the state prison of the duchy. It has been an extensive edifice, but is now in a ruinous state, and is surrounded with strong round towers that frown over the vale, the monuments of the oppression of feudal times.

L'Hôpital is a well built town on the north bank of the Arley, and nearly on a level with the river, which divides it from Conflans. Having been burned down by the Austrians, the houses are new, and the streets spacious; and there are some good inns. This town is rising into importance as a considerable thoroughfare,—being in the direct road from Chambery to the Tarentaise, and to the district of Beaufort, as well as from both Chambery and Annecy to the new baths at Brida. A fine stone bridge connects it with the gloomy old town of Conflans, situated on a commanding eminence just above the confluence from which it takes its name. Its ancient castles and monasteries, with the glittering domes and spires of its colleges and churches, give it, at a distance, a most imposing appearance; and with the river and bridge in the fore-ground, and the rocks and finely wooded mountains behind, the picture is most complete; but, on entering the town, the narrow, gloomy streets and dirty houses, and the general indications of decay, dissolve the charm. A fine

view, however, is obtained from the terrace behind the church, looking down the Isère.*

Turning now towards the S.S.E., the route enters the upper valley of the Isère, which, with its lateral valleys, forms the province of the Tarentaise; so named from the ancient *Darantasia*, the metropolis of the Graian and Pennine Alps, and subsequently the seat of one of the most ancient bishoprics in Europe. The mountains which form its western boundary, separate this province from the Maurienne, while those on the east divide it from the district of Beaufort, joining the central chain of the Alps at the Col de Bon Homme and the Little St. Bernard. A horse road leads up the valley of the Arley to Sallenches; but it is stony and seldom travelled.

Soon after entering the valley of the upper Isère, the road seems to wind in a labyrinth among impassable mountains, having the river on the right, which forces its passage impetuously among the rocks, 'black and turbid as the fabled Acheron.' The declivities are, to a considerable height, clothed with forests, among which pinnacles of dark schistous rock rise out bare and threatening. In the deep gorges on each side of the valley, many an impetuous cataract is seen bounding from precipice to precipice in its course to the Isère. Two of these are of considerable magnitude, and, in other regions, would be thought worth a day's journey to visit.

* One of the mountains behind L'Hôpital, seen from either the church or the bridge, presents, in the evening light, a curious resemblance of the profile of Gibbon the historian. Bakewell, vol. i., p. 100.

‘In the whole of this valley, but particularly in the higher part,’ says Mr. Bakewell, ‘there is an air of gloomy grandeur, and a sombre, imposing solemnity, that I have never observed elsewhere. The blackness of the river, and the occasional deep roarings of the numerous waterfalls, greatly heighten the effect. The genius of Salvator could not imagine finer subjects for the pencil, than the wild and awful scenery which presents itself on each side as you advance; sometimes rendered more interesting by a lofty castle in ruins, or by mountain villages and churches. Of the castles, now in ruins, but which once defended the passes on each side the river, no history remains. The wider parts of the valley are well cultivated; and the numerous country houses, surrounded with vineyards and corn-fields, indicate the prosperity and fertility of this part of Savoy. These houses are the summer abodes of the landed proprietors, who come here, during the vintage and harvest, to receive their rents in produce. In many parts of the valley, there is scarcely sufficient width for the road; but, having cleared these passes, the valley opens again, and presents a cultivated country on each side, surrounded with impending mountains, with here and there the remains of vast *éboulements* scattered at their feet. There are also four extraordinary gorges, which seem almost impassable with an army, if any determined resistance were made. These gorges are formed by the (calcareous) rocks advancing on each side, and compelling the river to pass between them, through a narrow chasm several hundred feet in length. The road is either cut out of the rock by

the side of the precipice, or is carried over it at a distance from the river. One of these gorges occurs on this side of Moutiers; the others are between Moutiers and the foot of the Little St. Bernard.

‘About two miles before arriving at Moutiers, we passed Aigue Blanche, a neat town (or village), with one principal street. The bottom of the valley is here formed of dark calcareous tufa, which is quarried for building-stone: it is light and durable. A little beyond Aigue Blanche, the rocks advance and close up the valley, leaving only a deep chasm not many yards wide, through which the river rushes: the road is carried along the side of the precipice, but is secured by a parapet. This is the first of the great gorges: it may be said entirely to cut off the lower part of the valley from the upper. You might imagine that it formed the termination of the route, as the river turns suddenly, and appears lost. After passing this gorge, we descended to Moutiers, situated in a small plain surrounded with such precipitous mountains, that a stranger who should arrive there in the dark, would, the next morning, find it difficult to conjecture by what way he had entered, or how he was to escape.’*

Moutiers, the capital of the Tarentaise, is a town containing about 2500 inhabitants. Down to the French revolution, it was the seat of an archbishop, whose palace still remains; but the fine cathedral was destroyed, when the French took possession of Moutiers in 1793, all but the eastern window. There are some very ancient

* Bakewell, vol. i., p. 207—215.

churches in the town, and a few handsome houses. Two stone bridges have been thrown over the Isère.

At what period Moutiers became the capital of the province, is not known. Of the ancient Darantasia, Mr. Bakewell says, no vestige remains. Its supposed site has been fixed at the old town of Salins, now almost deserted, a little to the south of Moutiers.* The Ostrogoths in the seventh century, and the Saracens in the ninth, having penetrated into this part of the Alps, completely devastated the Tarentaise, massacring or putting to flight all the inhabitants; and the destruction of the ancient city may, probably, be dated from the last incursion. In the year 996, the temporal sovereignty of the Tarentaise was made over, by a deed of donation, on the part of Rodolphus, third duke of Burgundy, to the archbishop of the Graian Alps; but, after Savoy became a dukedom, the archbishop was compelled to cede his dominion to the reigning duke, by treaty.

Moutiers is badly supplied with water, as that of the Isère, which the inhabitants are obliged to make use of, passing over gypsum and limestone, is turbid and impure. The only springs in the neighbourhood are saline; and of these advantage has been taken to construct salt-works, which are, perhaps, Mr. Bakewell says, as regards economy, the best conducted in Europe. Nearly 3,000,000 pounds of salt are extracted annually from a

* Wickham and Cramer, p. 83. Some persons have placed Darantasia at Centron, higher up the Isère, but without evidence or probability.

source of water which would scarcely be noticed in any other country; unless for its medicinal properties.* The springs rise at the bottom of a nearly perpendicular limestone rock, on the south side of a deep gorge, through which the Doron runs before it enters the Isère.* The water rises with considerable force, emitting much gas; chiefly carbonic, but with a mixture of sulphuretted hydrogen. The temperature of the strongest spring is 99° of Fahr., and it contains 1.83 *per cent.* of saline matter. The second spring has the temperature of 95° , and contains 1.75 of saline matter. Other sources have been discovered, that have only 1.50 of salt. Besides common salt, there are small proportions of sulphate of lime, sulphate of soda, and sulphate and muriate of magnesia, with oxyd of iron. Much of the gypsum in this part of the Tarentaise being intermixed with rock salt, there can be no doubt as to the source whence the water derives its saline impregnation. But Mr. Bakewell supposes, that the water derives its high temperature from an intermixture of boiling water rising up from immense depths.† During the great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1756, the salines at Moutiers ceased to flow for forty-

* It must be obvious, that water so weakly impregnated with salt as to contain only one pound and a half in every thirteen gallons, could not repay the expense of evaporation by fuel, in any country. The ingenious process by which it is concentrated by natural evaporation, before it is carried to the boiler, is described by Mr. Bakewell at length. Only one sixteenth of the fuel is consumed, that would otherwise be requisite.

† It makes somewhat against this supposition, however, that the warmest spring contains the largest proportion of salt.

eight hours ; and when they flowed again, their quantity was increased, but the saline impregnation was weaker. A similar effect was produced on the hot springs at Toplitz in Bohemia. In some of the mountains are mines of rock salt, which were formerly worked, the salt being separated from the gypsum by solution, and subsequently evaporated by fire. So great was the consumption of wood in these works, that it has denuded many of the higher mountains of the Tarentaise, and, by exposing them to the action of the atmosphere, occasioned vast *éboulements*. These have obliged the Government at length to abandon the mines, and to undertake the manufacture of salt at the Salines ; and the greatest attention has lately been paid to the preservation of the wood, it being well ascertained, that forests are of the greatest utility in preserving precipitous mountains from disintegration.* The places where the rock salt is found, are now closed up and strictly guarded by order of Government. Mention is made of these mines by the Roman historians.

During the time that the French had possession of Savoy, the Government instituted a school of mines and mineralogy at Moutiers, which has been re-established by the present King. Three professors are attached to this useful institution, which comprises a rich collection of minerals, a library, and a laboratory. A foundry has also been established at Conflans ; and the lead-mines and works afford employment to about 600 work-

* The fuel now used, is partly wood, and partly the species of coal called anthracite, from the neighbouring mountains.

men. The principal mines are those of Pespy, which were first discovered by the English in 1714, and were worked by an English company from the year 1742 to 1760, when they were claimed by the chamber of the Counts of Turin, and transferred to a company of Savoyards.* They are found on a mountain to the right of the road in ascending the valley of the Doron, near the foot of a glacier, upwards of 5000 feet above the level of the sea. From their great elevation, and the severity of the climate in winter, they can be worked only in the summer months. The ore is a fine-grained sulphuret of lead, with a small proportion of silver, antimony, and manganese. There are, in various parts of the Tarentaise, veins of sulphuret of antimony and sulphuret of copper, and also of grey, argentiiferous copper ore; but none of these appear to have been extensively worked. Several mines of anthracite occur in the valley of the Doron; also near Villette, is a brecciated marble, once much esteemed under the name of *Brèche de Tarentaise*, and near Longfroy, a species of cipoline or white marble, with veins of serpentine; but the quarries are not worked at present. A mine of gold-coloured, fibrous rutile has also been found in the rocks above the Doron.

A few miles from Moutiers, in the valley of the Upper Doron, are the Baths of Brida, situated among the most remarkable mountains in the Graian Alps, and in an atmosphere particularly

* These mines yielded at one time, annually, about 4000 marcs of silver, and from 30,000 to 40,000 quintals of lead, but have latterly been less productive.

bracing and salubrious. These mineral waters are noticed, under the name of the springs of La Perrière, in the ancient records of Savoy; but the old spring was covered by a sudden inundation of the Doron, and lost. In the summer of 1819, the fall of the side of a glacier produced another inundation, which, by the immense quantity of *debris* that it brought down, compelled the river to form a new channel further to the east; and by this means the present spring was laid open, which soon acquired celebrity for its efficacy in scorbutic and rheumatic disorders. The waters taste like a mixture of the Harrowgate and Cheltenham, with a temperature approaching that of the Bath springs, varying from 93° to 97° . The principal salts are sulphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, and sulphate and carbonate of lime, with a small quantity of sulphate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, and a trace of aluminic and silex. The quantity of gas they contain is very considerable, and there is a portion of petroleum floating on the waters.

Mr. Bakewell was the second Englishman that had visited these baths, which were at that time scarcely known out of Savoy. The only road was narrow and dangerous, along the side of a precipice, but it was in contemplation to open a road along the bottom. About a mile from Mou-tiers, he passed the ruins of the ancient residence of the archbishops of the Tarentaise, at which the first printing-press introduced into Savoy, is said to have been established. After ascending the valley for about two miles, the road turns to the S. W., and the most magnificent scenery begins to open

on the view. 'The bottom of the valley is extremely narrow, there being scarcely any flat or meadow land in its whole course. The Doron rushes along it in a rapid descent of about fifteen miles. The lowest slopes are covered with vineyards; above these, corn-fields and pastures, mixed with forest-trees, villages, and *châteaux*, rise to a great height, and give a very cheerful appearance to the country. But the most striking features are the snow-clad mountains by which the valley is closed. They rise several thousand feet above the lower line of eternal snow, and are seen towering over a perpendicular wall of black, frowning rock, which contrasts finely with the dazzling whiteness of the snow. In the centre, the summit of the Plancy overtops the rest, like the dome of an august temple. Nearer, on the right, is the fantastic spire of the *Aiguille de Vanoise*, a taper pyramid of rock, at least 8000 feet in height. More advanced in the valley is the *Pan de Sucre*, a mountain of gypsum in the form of a compressed and truncated cone. Before arriving at the Baths, the road descends to the bottom of the valley, and crosses the Doron by a wooden bridge.*

Above Brida, the road passes over an immense *éboulement*, which has covered some hundred acres; and for three miles, it continues gradually to ascend. Several villages are placed at a great elevation on each side of the valley; some of them, as nearly as they could be estimated by the eye, from 2000 to 3000 feet above the river, and consequently from 4000 to 5000 feet above the

* Bakewell, vol. i. pp. 255, 6.

sea.* Potatoes and barley can be cultivated at the height of 4500 feet; and these, with cheese and milk, and a little maize for porridge, are the principal food of the peasantry. Several of these mountain-villages form, with the white spires of their churches, pleasing objects in the landscape; but, on entering them, the charm vanishes. Nothing can exceed the dirtiness and want of comfort which they present, except the cabins of the Irish. Yet, a habit and a feeling of independence, which the mountain-peasant enjoys under almost every form of government, makes him disregard the inconveniences of his situation and abode. The mountain pastures, situated above the line of cultivation, are the property of rich individuals in the valley, or belong to whole parishes or communes. In the former case, the proprietor has *chalets* on the mountains for his servants, who go there with the cattle soon after the snow is melted, and remain on these elevated situations during the summer months. The proprietors visit them occasionally, to examine the state of their cattle and dairies.†

About six miles from Brida, the road descends to the river, and crossing it by a bridge, leads to Boshel, a large town, the seat of a court of judi-

* The reason of building large villages in such lofty situations, may not be obvious at first view; but the practice is explained, when it is recollected, that it would take a mountaineer four hours in each day to ascend to these pastures, and return in the evening to the valley. The richer peasants remove to the valleys in winter. An interesting chapter 'on the Agriculture of Savoy' will be found in Mr. Bakewell's first volume.

† Bakewell, vol. i. pp. 271, 2.

ature, but more celebrated for its wonder-working image of the Virgin, called *Notre Dame de Boshel*. The image, which is resident in a chapel attached to a large church, is made of wax, larger than life, dressed in the old court fashion, with powdered hair, hooped petticoat, and silk gown richly bedizened with gold tinsel, and is inclosed in a glass case over the altar. To childless matrons, she is believed to award the favour anciently sought of the *Venus Genitrix* of the Romans; and every year, nearly two thousand women perform pilgrimage to Boshel to implore her aid.

From Boshel, Mr. Bakewell ascended the northern bank of the river as far as a village called Villard Goitrou, where the road divides, and is no longer practicable for a char. A mule road on the left, passes over the mountains into the valley of the Isère: that on the right leads over the *Col de Vanoisse* to Termignon on the great Cenis route. A considerable torrent runs down each branch of the valley, and their united waters form the Doron. That on the right is called the *Gorge de Bellentre*. The river, rushing down from the mountain, bounds between overhanging rocks into a chasm two hundred feet deep, with a noise equal to the loudest thunder, and which makes the ground shake beneath the spectator. The descent from the first fall to the bottom of the chasm, is about 400 feet. Villard Goitrou owes its distinguishing appellation to the goitres with which the inhabitants are affected. Mr. Bakewell supposes, there can scarcely be a village in the Alps where so large a proportion are either deformed by this complaint, or are cretins. There seems little room

to doubt that the former disease is primarily induced by the quality of the water. Cretinism, when once generated, appears to be hereditary. Its external characteristics are not always attended by idiocy, nor have all cretins goitres. It would seem, however, to be in some way allied to the same derangement of the vascular system; and a scanty or unwholesome diet, combined with want of cleanliness and a deficiency of fuel, may be assigned as the apparent causes of the debility in which it originates.

We now return to Moutiers, to follow the valley of the Upper Isère, which, near that town, makes a sudden bend towards the N. E. For a short distance, the ascent is rapid, through a ravine; then, leaving the Isère, the road passes by the village of St. Marcel, and again approaches the river, where it is seen forcing its passage through the great gorge called *Le Saut de la Pucelle*. The road is carried over the rocks, at the height of 300 feet above the river, to enter the valley of Centron. Here, although the vine is still cultivated, and the valley is studded with villages, the country assumes a comparatively sterile appearance; and the mountain side, which descends abruptly to the river, is clothed with pines. The summits of the Little St. Bernard close the vista. The little village of Centron, which has been partly destroyed by *éboulements* and inundations, is about five miles from Moutiers. Its name is evidently derived from the ancient inhabitants of the valley; but it has no remains of antiquities, and does not appear to have been an ancient site. The old town of Ayme, however, near the middle of the valley, is

rich in Roman inscriptions and other traces of its ancient importance, which identify it with the *Oppidum Centronum*, afterwards called *Forum Claudii*, and lastly *Axuma*. It is situated on the side of a steep hill, and has repeatedly suffered from the inundations of a small river which passes by it, and turns several saw-mills in its way to the Isère. Here the female costume is first seen, which is common to the people of the upper part of the Maurienne and those of the Tarentaise above Ayme. The head-dress consists of a tiara placed over the forehead, the hair being closely turned back: it is composed of stripes of silk and gold lace, and has rather a graceful appearance. The hair behind is turned up, and put through a sort of coronet, heart-shaped, made of rolls of riband, and ornamented with large silver pins, which is fixed on the crown of the head. This dress is worn by the women both at home and when at work in the fields, and is probably of high antiquity. Ayme exhibits an appearance of great industry and prosperity. Mr. Bakewell estimates the population at about 800 souls.

At Bourg St. Maurice (*Bergintrum*), the last market-town in the Tarentaise (about sixteen miles from Moutiers), all persons must sleep who intend to cross the Little St. Bernard. A few miles before reaching this place, the valley of the Isère again expands into a large plain, which extends beyond Scez. At the latter village, the road to the pass, leaving the larger head-stream of the Isère, which flows from Mount Iseran, turns to the N. E., and ascends the lateral valley of the Reclus, by an ill-paved and worse preser

on the left bank. This stony tract conducts the traveller, in about an hour, by *Notre Dame des Neiges* and Villars, to the *Roche Blanche*, at the foot of which the ravine is crossed by a good bridge, and a tolerable mule-path winds up the mountain to St. Germain's, the last village in the Tarentaise.

The *Roche Blanche* is a vast mass of 'granular, crystalline gypsum,' protruding like a head-land from the Little St. Bernard, at the upper end of the little plain of Villars, its summit crowned with pines. It appears to close the valley of the Reclus, which struggles among the rocks at its steep base; and its occupation would secure the defence of the pass. It forms a remarkable feature of the passage, not only from its singular geological character, but from its supposed historical connexion with the invasion of Italy by the great Carthaginian.* There seems little room to doubt that this is the *White Rock* mentioned by Polybius, where Hannibal took up his position to repel the assaults of the *Centrones*.† The old

* The name by which this remarkable rock is universally known, renders it an important topographical feature, and answers precisely to the *λευκόπετρον* of Polybius. What is remarkable, it does not now present any considerable white surface to view. May not this *Craig* have given its name to the *Alpis Graia*?

† On the tradition among the inhabitants, that a great battle had been fought at the foot of it, little stress can be laid; as this has probably originated in the statements of antiquaries and travellers, or it may refer to recent events. But a more remarkable fact is mentioned by Messrs. Wickham and Cramer. Our guide, a very respectable inhabitant of Villars, talked, as a matter of every-day conversation, of Hannibal, and of his march through the country at the

Roman road over the Graian Alps, passed to the right of the *Roche Blanche*. At present, a modern path on the other side, through St. Germain's, conducts, by an easy ascent above the village, to the *hospice* which is placed on the brink of the *Col*, towards the Tarentaise. It would take about three hours to walk from the *Roche Blanche* to the summit of the pass. About half way up, the view of the valley of Centron, backed by the beautiful forms of Mount Iseran, is very striking.

The *hospice* was formerly tenanted by some monks from the Great St. Bernard; but their cells and little chapel are in ruins, having never been rebuilt since they were destroyed in a daring attack upon the pass, by a division of the French army under General Dumas, in April 1794. In 1824, the *hospice* was occupied by a man and his family, stationed there throughout the year, by the Sardinian Government, with directions to assist and relieve the poorer traveller *gratis*. Bread, butter, cheese, sometimes meat, and always wine, may be had there.

The plain on the summit, from the *hospice* to the commencement of the descent to La Tuille, is above two miles in length, and about a mile in width, affording a very sufficient extent for the

time of the Saracens. He assured us also, that he had himself seen and handled very large bones of beasts, which had been taken out of the little stream that flows through the ravine up which the Roman road passed. These bones, he said, were much larger than oxen; and when the little stream overflowed and washed away the soil, some of these bones were sometimes found. He himself made no mention of elephants, and seemed ignorant what the bones were.—Wickham and Cramer, p. 94.

temporary encampment of 25,000 men, to about which number the army of Hannibal was reduced. The Lake of Vernai, the source of the Doria-Baltea, does not occupy any part of the plain, but is situated far below, at the base of the mountains which form the north-west boundary of the Col. About 1200 yards N. E. of the *hospice*, stands a broken column of *cipolino* marble,* nearly twenty feet high and three feet in diameter, the supposed remains of a temple, of which the plan may with some difficulty be traced: it is now called the *Colonne de Joux*,† and probably owes its preservation to the small iron cross which has been placed upon it. About 300 yards N. E. of this column is a large circle of stones, eighty yards in diameter, called by the people of the Tarentaise the *Cirque d'Annibal*; and the tradition is, that Hannibal held a council of war on that spot. It is found on the highest ground of the plain, and is composed of irregular blocks of the stone found there, chiefly compact gneiss and clay-slate, varying in weight from about 300 to 600 lbs., and placed about ten feet apart; the whole circle measuring nearly 250 yards. It is not improbable that this circle was formed by the Carthaginians, either as a rude memorial of their passage, or for the purpose of some religious rites propitiatory of their deities.

From the middle to the north-eastern extremity of the plain, Mont Blanc presents a magnificent

* This marble abounds in the upper part of a neighbouring mountain, the Cramont.

† A corruption of *Columna Joux*; but it is supposed to have belonged to a temple of Hercules.

object, towering over the Cramont and the range S. E. of the *Allée Blanche*. The traveller who would enjoy one of the finest scenes in the Alps, is recommended by Mr. Brockedon to ascend the Belvidere, one of the mountains which bound the *Col* of the Little St. Bernard. After an hour's ascent from the *hospice*, which may be accomplished on a mule, an unrivalled Alpine panorama extends before, beneath, and around him. Mont Blanc, with its grand glaciers of the Miage and the Brenva, which appear to stream from its sides, the Great St. Bernard, the high summits of the Cervin and Mount Rosa, the immense glacier of the Rutor, extending sixteen leagues, Mont Iseran, and a thousand intermediate peaks, present themselves in magnificent succession.*

From no part of the passage of the Little Bernard, however, can a view be obtained of those fertile plains watered by the Po, which Hannibal is stated to have pointed out to his army, to reanimate them after their disheartening fatigues and perils. And this circumstance must be allowed to throw some difficulty in the way of those learned writers who contend that this was the route of Hannibal. But then, the only pass which would allow of such a view, is that of the *Col de Viso*; and the insurmountable difficulties which the Carthaginian army must have encountered by that pass, as well as the want of agreement with the

* A similar scene may be observed from the Valaisan; but this is more difficult of access. The *Belle-face*, on the north-west of the Hospice, is still more difficult to climb; and Mont Blanc is there concealed from view by the mountain of the Bottomless Lake.

description of Polybius in every other respect, are thought to preclude the supposition that Hannibal took that route.*

Soon after leaving the *Cirque d'Annibal*, the ruins of a large building are passed, which appears to have been destroyed by fire, probably during the war of 1794. A little beyond, the plain terminates, and the scene opens into the valley of La Tuille, to which a rugged path descends as far as Pont Serrant.† Here, it is supposed, occurred the heavy losses which Hannibal sustained in the first attempt to descend from the mountain. Before

* Hannibal is stated by Polybius to have pointed out also the situation of Rome. Now it would have been as possible, from any part of the Alps, to point out that of Athens. It is therefore concluded, that the direction and bearings of the places, and the descent of the waters towards the plains of Italy, are all that is meant. See Wickham and Cramer, p. 100—105.

† The account given of Hannibal's dissolving the rocks by vinegar, in his passage over the Alps, has been treated, in modern times, as an enigma or a fable. Mr. Bakewell ingeniously suggests, that the ancients might very possibly be acquainted with the expansive force of vapour. 'By boring hard calcareous rocks, and filling the cavity with concentrated vinegar, and plugging up the aperture, they might, by the evolution of gas, obtain an effect similar to the explosion of gunpowder, or the expansion of steam. This effect might be increased by making a large fire against the rock. A small degree of expansive force would rend large masses of rock, as they split with great facility along the cross seams.' It is difficult to conceive, he remarks, how such a story as that of dissolving the Alps with vinegar, could have originated without some foundation in fact; and the difficulty vanishes, if we suppose that Hannibal employed vinegar, not as a chemical agent, but to act mechanically on the heated rocks, in rending them by the expansion of vapour.—Bakewell, vol. i. p. 210—214.

any road was made, says Mr. Brockedon, the difficulties and dangers of this precipitous route must have been very great; especially at Pont Serrant, where the river, flowing from the lake of the Little St. Bernard, rushes across the path, through a frightful gorge, and falls, on the right, into the valley leading to La Tuille. This gorge is about 200 feet deep, yet, so narrow, that it is crossed by a wooden bridge twenty-three paces in length, of which only twelve are actually clear of the rocks at the top; nor can it be seen until the traveller is within 100 feet of the brink.

A descent of three quarters of an hour from Pont Serrant, conducts to La Tuille (*Artolicam*); and about a quarter of a mile below this village, the Doria, joined by a torrent from the vast glaciers of Mont Rutor, forces its way through a deep ravine. Before arriving at this defile, the river is crossed by a wooden bridge, and a safe road winds up and round the corner of a limestone rock. This road was cut, about fifty years ago, to avoid the dangers of the old road, which passed on the other side of the torrent, and which was almost annually destroyed by the avalanches which fell into this gulf from the south-eastern base of the Cramont. It sometimes happens, that the snow accumulates in this ravine in so great a quantity, that it remains unmelted during the year.* This unusual circumstance seems to have occurred in the season of Hannibal's passage; and it occasioned a day's delay and great loss to

* Mr. Brockedon, in his first visit to the Little St. Bernard, in 1824, saw no snow in this ravine; but he found a large mass there at the end of August 1826,

the army. Polybius states, that the beasts of burden, when they endeavoured to rise from their fall, broke through the surface of the snow, and remained wedged in with their loads; a circumstance, Mr. Brockedon remarks, which could scarcely have happened, except 'in a situation where, as in this ravine, the water had *sub-melted* the snow, as it passed beneath, so that, as the feet found no support, the beasts could not extricate themselves.' The road from this ravine continues high above the torrent, until it descends rapidly by a tourniquet, and crosses the river near La Balme. Below this place, the valley widens a little; but near the descent to the Baths of St. Didier, the stream sinks into a deep abyss, and forces its way, almost in darkness, through a tremendous rift in the mountain, whence it escapes into the Val d'Aosta. The road on the left bank leaves the river so far beneath, that its struggles are only heard. Fearful accidents have happened there, although the road is good, and there is no appearance of danger. Several crosses are passed, the chronicles of death, bearing the initials of the unfortunate sufferer, with the date of the accident, preceded by P. I., or, as it is sometimes carved at length, *Perit ici*.

Few scenes in the Alps are more magnificent than the range of Mont Blanc, seen from this descent to Pré St. Didier.* The warm, ferrugi-

* 'The finest *effect* under which the Author ever saw it, was by moonlight. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the "monarch of mountains" and his vast attendant, seen under her illumination. The snow, in shadow,

nous springs at that place (the ancient *Arbri-gium*), are frequented by the Piedmontese during the season; but the visitors are not so numerous or so respectable as those who establish themselves for the summer at the mineral springs of Courmayeur, a town about a league distant, at the head of the Val d'Aosta. The river which descends from the Little St. Bernard, gushes from the deep ravine at the base of the *Mont des Bains*, and soon afterwards falls into the great mass of water which has its source in the *Lac de Combal*, and which, having collected tribute from all the eastern glaciers of Mont Blanc, pursues its way through the Val d'Aosta, to join the Po in the plain. It is accompanied by a carriage road through the valley, from Courmayeur to Ivrea.

A good road from Prè St. Didier joins that of the Val d'Aosta, after crossing the Doria by an excellent bridge. Thence, a rapid descent for a league, conducts the traveller through the town of Morges, and an hour lower down the valley, to that of La Salle. This part of the valley abounds with fine scenery, and the picturesque effect is greatly aided by the grand and massive forms of the chestnut-trees, whether seen in near groupes or in distant forests clothing the declivities. Below La Salle, the valley closes into a deep

was so near the colour of the sky, that its form could not be distinguished; whilst the part which was lit by the moon, was sharply seen against the dark sky, of an indescribably pale whiteness, apparently suspended in air; for, below the snow, the mountains could not be perceived in the haze and darkness.—Brockedon's Illustrations.

defile; and the road, cut out of the rock, is carried high on the right bank by Fort Roc; a place admirably adapted for the defence of the pass. Deep chasms are left, covered only by platforms, which may be readily removed, and the road would thus be rendered impassable. At present, strong railings or walls obviate the danger of falling over the precipices. The scenes in this part of the valley are very wild and grand, particularly on looking up the deep ravine towards Mont Blanc, which forms a magnificent back-ground. From Fort Roc, the road rapidly descends to Ivrogne, beyond which the valley widens. The road continues through it to Villeneuve, and at the end of about twenty miles from Pré St. Didier, leads to the city of Aosta. There are numerous castles in the vale, and some of them are finely situated on the bold projections from the rocky chains on each side. The hamlets which occur, have also a picturesque appearance, although composed of desolate and forbidding habitations, which strikingly contrast, to a traveller from the north, with the clean-built, roomy habitations of a Swiss village.

It must appear extraordinary to any person travelling by this route, Mr. Brockedon remarks, that this pass should have been allowed to remain a mule-road from Bourg St. Maurice to Pré St. Didier. The *col* of the Little St. Bernard is not much higher than that of either the Cenis or the Simplon;* while the natural facilities offered by

* The plain of the Little St. Bernard is 7194 feet above the sea. That of the Cenis, as already stated, is about 1000

this route to the engineer, are considerably greater than those found on either of Bonaparte's roads into Italy. In the time of the Romans, it was made a carriage road by Augustus;* and though few vestiges of the old road remain, yet, the ease with which it might be reconstructed, may be inferred from the fact, that a column of 6000 Austrians crossed it with ten pieces of cannon in 1815. Mr. Brockedon himself had a light cabriolet taken over it in 1824, without dismounting. M. Sausure speaks of it as one of the easiest passages of the Alps that he was acquainted with; a representation confirmed by the Author of the 'Illustrations,' who asserts, that 'it is already the easiest of the unmade passes of the Alps.' The French had actually surveyed the pass with the intention of making such a road, which would confer an important benefit on the inhabitants of the Tarentaise and the duchy of Aosta, and would greatly add to the influx of strangers into Piedmont. But this benefit is withheld by the present Government, from the fear, it is alleged, of a possible invasion by that road from France. In whatever state the road may remain, the beauty and historic interest of the pass, and the almost unrivalled scenery of the valleys of the Isère and the Aosta, will furnish a strong inducement to travellers to enter Italy by this route. Both the summit of the mountain and

feet lower; and the road across the Simplon is nearly 200 feet lower still, viz. 6579 feet above the sea. The summit of the Little St. Bernard rises to 9594 feet; that of the Great St. Bernard, to 10,769, and the pass across it, to 7966.

* See Cramer, vol. i. p. 104. This road led from Milan to Vienné, the capital of the Allobroges.

its approaches are free from all danger of avalanches; and there are already excellent roads from Chambery to St. Maurice, and from Courmayeur to Turin.

Aosta, the ancient *Augusta Prætoria*, is most beautifully situated on the bank of the Doria-Baltea, under the shade of a finely formed and elevated groupe of mountains to the south. Westward, the eye traces the fertile vale towards the mountains and glaciers south of Mont Blanc. The first object of striking interest, is the remains of a Roman triumphal arch, near the ruins of the Amphitheatre. They are in tolerable preservation, built of a dark-coloured stone, which was probably cased with marble. It is of the date of Augustus. There are also the fragments of a bridge of white marble at some distance below the town, and other tokens of the flourishing state of the place under the Romans. The town is by no means regularly built, although Italian architecture is always picturesque. Aosta was the birth-place of the notorious St. Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury. It was made an episcopal see early in the seventh century, and is the capital of the duchy to which it gives name.

According to Pliny, *Augusta Prætoria* was the extreme northern point of Italy. The territory on which it stands, was that of the hardy and warlike *Salassi*, who long carried on a predatory warfare against the Romans, and even ventured to plunder the baggage and military chest of Julius Cæsar. Augustus at length caused their country to be permanently occupied by a large force under Terentius Varro. A great many of the *Salassi* perished in this last war, and the remainder, to the number

of 36,000, were reduced to slavery. A city was built on the ground occupied by Varro's camp; and Augustus honoured the rising colony by giving it the name of which its present appellation is a corruption. Another Roman colony had been previously established in the country of the *Salassi*, for the purpose of checking their incursions into the plain; the municipal city of *Eporedium*, now corrupted into Ivrea, is situated at the southern extremity of the modern duchy of Aosta.

The Roman routes over the Graian and Pennino Alps met, as do the present roads, at Aosta, whence a road ran through Ivrea (*Eporedium*) to Vercelli (*Vercellas*), where it met the road leading from Turin (*Augusta Taurinorum*) to Milan. The first part of the modern route is of course the same; but, from Ivrea, it runs directly southward to Chivasso, where it falls into the Milan road.

From Aosta to Chatillon, the road lies through a most beautiful part of the valley, abounding with magnificent woods and old chateaux in romantic situations. There are few of these castellated ruins which will not repay the traveller for the trouble of attaining them, their situations are so commanding and beautiful. Many of the chestnut-trees are of great age, and approach in size to those of Mount Etna. The valley, which is very wide, swarms with farm-houses and small villages,* and

* Persons afflicted with goitre, and *cretins*, are no where seen in greater numbers and deformity, Mr. Brockedon says, than in this beautiful valley. Yet, the inhabitants of the deep valley of Anzasca, which is nearly parallel with it, are entirely free from these afflictions; owing, as this Traveller thinks, to their superior and remarkable cleanliness.

the roads are excellent. Fine springs gush from the rocks on either side, and the luxuriance of the vegetation indicates that the traveller has reached Italy. Soon after leaving Chatillon, a town surrounded with the most magnificent scenery, the traveller passes through the village of St. Vincent, near which there is a mineral spring; and below it, a bridge of singular form, called the *Pont de Sarrasins*, has been thrown over a gorge, whence the view of the valley towards Chatillon and Chateau d'Usselle, is very fine. A little beyond the bridge, the valley narrows to a defile, formed by the base of Mont Jovet. The road, which here turns abruptly to the right, is cut like a lateral furrow out of the rock, which in many places overhangs the road. Towards the ravine, it is guarded by a wall, beneath which the torrent of the Doria rushes at a frightful depth. Above the road, on the left, is the *chateau* of St. Germain's. This road was an early work of the Romans, but was subsequently widened and improved by the monks of St. Bernard, at a great expense, to facilitate the communications with their mountains, and the access to the mineral springs in the valley. An inscription cut in the rock, records this service. About a league and a half below the defile of Mont Jovet, is the town of Verres, whence the road continues along the banks of the river, amid scenes of great richness and beauty, to Fort Bard. Here, the valley narrows again rather suddenly, and the river rushes through a gorge, formed by vast rocks which almost close the valley. The fort is consequently a very strong military position; and the army of Italy under Bonaparte, on their way to

the field of Marengo, were here held in check by an Austrian garrison of 400 men; nor was the passage effected without great difficulty and severe loss.* A short, but steep descent, cut out of the rock, leads from Fort Bard to Donas; and an arch of rock that has been cut through near the latter place, remains as a monument of the Romans. An inscription on the side of this road, is stated by some early historians to have been formerly legible, which recorded that Hannibal passed this way.† From Donas, the road descends to St. Martin, a town surrounded with high rocks, where a bold and lofty arch crosses the torrent which descends from the Monte Rosa by the Val de Lys. Here, the valley of the Aosta may be

* This check, had it been effectual, would have proved fatal to the army; and Bonaparte's inquietude is said to have been excessive. An attempt to pass without silencing the batteries, would have been certain destruction. By incredible exertions, a party of 1500 men succeeded, though exposed to the fire of the fort, in dragging a four-pounder to the point of a rock on the mountain of Alvaredo, which commanded the fort, and by this means some check was given to the battery. Another party raised a gun into the belfry of a church which commanded one of the gates of the fort; and the Austrians, fearing an assault at that point, at length surrendered.

† Tradition assigns this very remarkable work to Hannibal; and this pass has been known for centuries, among the natives, as that of the Carthaginian army. Liutprand, of Pavia, a Lombard writer, and Paulus Jovius, have gone so far as to state, that an inscription recording his passage, was visible in the rock. But this opinion is refuted by the author of the *Theatrum Sabaudiae*. Though we searched for an inscription, we could discover none whatever. But the passage itself has always been called by the name of Hannibal.—Wickham and Cramer, p. 118.

said to terminate. The mountains lower; the hills slope down into the plain, which is here distinctly seen; and after passing through Setto Vittone, the traveller arrives at Ivrea, whence roads branch off to Milan and to Turin.

The pass of the Great St. Bernard, leading to Aosta from Martigny in the Valais, does not fairly come under our notice in the present work, as it belongs, together with that of Mont St. Gothard, to Switzerland. The great route of the Simplon, leading from Geneva to Milan, passes through the northern part of Savoy, before it enters the Valais, and afterwards intersects a corner of Piedmont. A description of this route will best connect itself with Austrian Italy; but, before we take a final leave of Savoy, we must notice that romantic portion of its northern districts which yet remains to be described.

Starting from Geneva, several different routes present themselves. That which leads through Rumilly to Aix and Chambery, has already been delineated. Another road leads to Annecy, situated at the northern extremity of the lake to which it gives name; from which place a good carriage road has lately been opened to L'Hôpital and Moutiers in the Tarentaise, so that travellers can now drive from Geneva to the foot of the Little St. Bernard. The route from Geneva to Annecy, crosses the Arve about a mile to the south of the former city, and passing through the town of Carouge, (formerly in Savoy, but now belonging to the Republic,) ascends gradually by the side of the Great Salève; a mountain that ranges on the left for about nine miles, pre-

senting a nearly perpendicular face of limestone, rising from 2500 to 3000 feet above the basin of the lake of Geneva. Immediately under the highest part, called the *Piton*, about seven miles from Geneva, stands the ancient monastery of Pommiers, founded in 1179. The monks of Pommiers were the first cultivators of this once savage country, which was one vast forest, extending along the foot of the Salève, to the extremity of Mount Sion, which, branching off from it nearly at right angles, connects the Salève with the Vuaches and the Jura chain on the other side of the valley. The formation of the present road is ascribed to the same meritorious fraternity, whose liberality procured for them the respect and protection of their powerful neighbours, long after the destruction of all the other religious houses by the Bernese; and it was not till 1793, that the monastery was broken up. The buildings and domain are now private property. A little beyond Pommiers is the village of Chable, first founded by the said monks, where a *douane* announces to the traveller, that he has entered the Sardinian territory.

In about three hours from Geneva, the traveller reaches the highest part of Mount Sion, an elevation of about 1500 feet. After passing the ridge, he loses sight of the Lake of Geneva, while the lofty mountains bordering on that of Annecy, begin to shew their fantastic turreted shapes. Enormous blocks of granite are scattered over the summit of Mount Sion, although no rock of that formation is known to occur *in situ* within the distance of fifty miles. Mr. Bakewell supposes, that the whole valley of which this mountain

forms the western barrier, was once a lake, and that the waters flowed over it, before the passage called *L'Ecluse* was opened, through which the Rhone escapes. On approaching Cruseilles, situated in a defile which commands this entrance into Savoy, its church forms a very picturesque object, placed upon a detached rock. From this place to Annecy, the descent is rapid, by numerous zigzags and windings. The valleys and ravines, being beautifully wooded, exhibit a variety of picturesque landscape. In about two hours and a half from Cruseilles, the traveller reaches the plain, and soon enters the city of Annecy, the capital of the Genevois.

Annecy ranks as the second city in Savoy in population, containing between 5000 and 6000 inhabitants. There are some considerable manufactures here, particularly of cotton. Before the revolution, there were seventeen churches and monasteries in this city, which was filled with ecclesiastics. Three only of the churches are now used for public worship, the others being converted into brew-houses, warehouses, and stables. An extensive castle, formerly the residence of the Dukes de Genevois Nemours, commands the city, and gives to it, at a distance, a very striking appearance. Annecy is, however, ill-built; the houses are high, and the streets narrow, with ranges of extremely low, heavy arcades on each side, which exclude the light from the ground-floors and shops. 'The architecture throughout Savoy,' Mr. Bakewell says, 'is in bad taste; and that of Annecy is, perhaps, the worst of all.'

This city contains the venerated relics of that

truly illustrious prelate, St. Francis de Sales, born in 1567, and canonized in 1665. Prior, however, to that event, his remains were so highly venerated by his countrymen, that when this city was taken by the French in 1630, one of the six articles stipulated, that the body of the venerable Francis de Sales should never be removed from the city. In the year 1806, his bones were translated with great pomp from the church where they were first deposited, to a chapel in the cathedral. De Sales was not merely a rigid disciplinarian, but an ardent patron of literature, and, in conjunction with his friend, Antonine Favre, established at Annecy, in 1607, the first literary academy in Savoy, called *L'Académie Florimontane*. The first public library in Savoy was established at Annecy, by a canon of the cathedral, Nicholas Dumase, who bequeathed to it his own collection.*

The northern end of the Lake of Annecy is the least interesting part, as it terminates in a marshy plain. There are two short channels called *Thioux*, by which it discharges itself into the river Sier, which falls into the Rhone at Scissel. The road to L'Hôpital passes along the western side of the lake, under a steep acclivity, which ranges like a wall for several miles, not far from the side of the road. It is not till the traveller reaches Château Duing, formerly the seat of the Marquis de Sales, that the most beautiful part of the lake becomes visible, with the magnificent amphitheatre of mountains that surround its upper end.

* For these details, as well as for the description of this part of Savoy, we are indebted to Mr. Bakewell.

'The Lake of Annecy,' Mr. Bakewell informs us, 'is about ten miles in length, and varies in breadth from one to two miles ; but the island or promontory on which Château Duing stands, advances so far into the lake as nearly to divide it into two equal parts. The lake is surrounded with steep calcareous mountains, which approach very close to it, except on the north. On the southern extremity, beyond Duing, there is a marshy flat, where the land is gaining upon the lake. The water has evidently once filled up the whole valley to the foot of the mountains. On the western side are several large meadows, which appear to have been gained from the lake at no very remote period.* In shape and length, the Lake of Annecy may be compared to Ulswater ; but it is much broader. There is also a greater resemblance between the scenery at the southern end of this lake, and that of Ulswater towards Paterdale, than in any other lakes I have seen on the Continent. No very considerable river runs into the lake. The largest is *La Rivière Morte*, so called (I suppose) from its broad, stony bed, which is nearly dry, except in rainy seasons, when the waters unite and form a mighty torrent. It rises beyond Faverge, and enters the lake at the southern end. There are also numerous rivulets and cascades, descending from the mountain valleys that decline to the lake. These, when the

* This diminution of the lake is owing, at least in part, to the *debris* brought down by the torrents, as is the case with the Lake of Bourget ; and the land has gained considerably on the head of the Lake of Geneva, by the same process.

snow is thawing in the surrounding mountains, become considerable streams. The banks of the lake are richly adorned with large walnut and chestnut trees; and there are several small villages, ancient castles, and farm-houses scattered round it, particularly on the western side. On the eastern side, the steep *escarpements*, sometimes projecting into the lake, then receding from it, form verdant amphitheatres, in which are vineyards and cottages that seem cut off from all access, except by water. The highest mountains are on this side.* The most peculiar features in the physical geography of this lake, are the numerous valleys that slope towards it at a considerable angle: they may be compared to funnels truncated at their summits. The fish which most abound in the lake, are trout, carp, pike, and lotte (*gadus lota*).†

Of the numerous ruined castles which are seen

* The Tournetts, opposite Château Duing, Mr. Bakewell found to rise about 5640 feet above the Lake, which is itself 1460 feet above the sea. This would make its absolute elevation about 1000 feet below the line of perpetual snow. The snow, however, remains near the summit till the beginning of July; and even in August, large masses were seen on the western side, in shaded situations. The Dent d'Alençon rises about 3840 feet above the lake. Its summit is composed of a perpendicular wall of limestone, from 400 to 500 feet in height, but very narrow; appearing, in this direction, like the turrets of a gigantic castle, on a detached, steep, and narrow slope, which is partially covered with verdure. Seen in other directions, the castellated summit changes to a vast broken column on an immense conc.

† Bakewell, vol. i., pp. 37—43. Lotte were not found in this lake till 1770, when some which a Savoyard gentleman had brought from Geneva, to stock his reservoir, escaped during an inundation into the lake, where they rapidly multiplied. The flavour somewhat resembles eel.

on the eminences commanding the road on each side, or in the *embouchures* of the valleys, the early history is lost in the obscurity of the feudal times. Château Duing is comparatively modern, with the exception of a massive tower at the southern end. On the opposite side of the road, frowns an hexagonal tower in the same style of architecture as Coningsburg Castle in Yorkshire. At the entrance of one of the valleys, about a mile from Château Duing, is Château d'Herie, a large castle resembling some of our Norman baronial structures, with four round towers and outworks. The gates, portcullis, and walls are entire; and some of the massive furniture still remains. On the side of the lake opposite to Château Duing, is the large village of Talloires, near which is a Benedictine priory, founded about the ninth century, but having nothing in its architecture to recommend it. A hermitage on the rocks above the village, is still visited in procession on certain festivals. The ascent up to this chapel, by a road cut in the rock, recalled to Mr. Bakewell the scenery of Matlock.

About two miles north of Talloires, is Château Menthon, interesting as having been the birth-place of the first St. Bernard,* who was heir to the noble family of Menthon. The castle is a lofty, irregular building in the Norman style, with massive gates and portcullis; but part of the front is more modern. The rooms are hung with tapestry. In the chapel, on the altar, is a small statue of St. Bernard holding several monsters enchained,—the giants, according to the current

* Born A.D. 924; died, 1008. The famous Abbot of Clairvaux was born in 1091.

legend, whom the Saint vanquished in the Alps. Mr. Bakewell interprets the groupe as representing the triumph he achieved over the pagan deities which were, in his time, still adored in some of the sequestered valleys of the Pennine and Graian Alps. In the castle is also shewn a portrait of the young lady to whom the Heir of Menthon was to have been married, in compliance with the ambitious arrangements of his parents; but, the evening before the day fixed for the nuptials, Bernard made his escape out of a window, and fled over the Alps to Aosta, where he obtained ordination as a priest, and rose to be archdeacon. As the picture of the fair lady, and also one of the saint, are in oils, they must be of a later date than the tenth century. There is, however, a portrait of St. Bernard, painted in distemper, with but little shading, which appears very ancient: it represents him as extremely handsome, with an expression of great dignity and benevolence. For two and forty years, he is stated to have laboured with the zeal of an apostle in converting the pagans of the Alpine regions; and after he had destroyed the remains of heathen superstition, he laid the foundation of the two *hospices*, from which the passes of the Pennine and Graian Alps derive their present appellation.*

Near the village of Menthon, in a meadow, are

* ' Tradition relates,' says Mr. Bakewell, ' that St. Bernard's parents, after having bewailed the unknown fate of their son for twenty-six years, discovered him at the newly-erected *hospice* on the Great St. Bernard.' If there is any truth in this legend, that *hospice* must have been built at a much earlier period of his labours. Indeed, there is historical evidence, that a monastery existed on the Great St.

some ruins which are said to be remains of ancient Roman baths. There is a sulphurous spring, which is still used by the inhabitants for the cure of scrophulous and glandular obstructions. Proceeding eastward from Château Menthon, round the flank of the *Dent d'Alençon*, a road leads down into the valley of Thônes, one of those secluded districts with which Savoy abounds, that seem cut off by nature from all intercourse with the rest of the world. It is surrounded on every side with steep mountains, and there is no natural opening, except the deep chasm or gorge through which the waters find a vent, and which was too narrow to allow a pathway till it was widened by the labour of man. The Romans first opened a road through this gorge, by cutting away the rock, and building a bridge over the torrent, which remained till the year 1794. The name of the Roman General who opened the passage, is cut in the rock. L. TINCIUS PACULUS PERVIUM FECIT. In ancient writings it is styled, *Clusæ Sancti Clari*; and it is still called the Passage of St. Claire.

Bernard before the year 851; and the original foundation of the *hospice* has been attributed to Louis the Debonnaire, or to Charlemagne, whose uncle Bernard, an illegitimate son of Charles Martel, led a division of the invading army of Charlemagne over the Great St. Bernard, when he went to attack Lombardy. From *this* Bernard, Saussure supposes the present name of the pass to be derived. But there was another Bernard, an illegitimate son of Pepin, to whom Charlemagne bequeathed the kingdom of Italy; and to him, Mr. Brockedon thinks, the original establishment of the monastery and the name of the pass may be more probably attributed. The present *hospices* on both the Great and the Little St. Bernard were, however, founded by the Arch-deacon of Aosta, whose name has come to supersede that of his predecessors.

Mr. Bakewell, who visited this valley, describes it as better cultivated than many other parts of Savoy; and the houses appeared better built and more respectable. It contains much good corn-land and pasturage; and a considerable quantity of flax is raised. From the narrowness of the valley, and the reflection of the sun from the rocks, it is sometimes extremely sultry; but its mean temperature is below that of Annecy, although it is on the same level. The valley spreads out in the upper part, and several lateral valleys open into it, which have no other outlet, each containing several villages and hamlets. The whole population of the canton amounts to about 12,000 persons. Thônes, the capital, is a handsome town for Savoy, containing above 2000 inhabitants, with a spacious market-place and a well-built church in the centre. There are tanneries, a glass-house, and various manufactures for the supply of the district; and fairs for cattle and cheese are held four times a year. Some mountain-lakes in the upper part of the valley, are represented as natural curiosities.

Two miles from the southern end of the Lake of Annecy, is the town of Favergé, which derived its ancient name, *Fabriciæ* (or *Fabricarum*), from its copper and iron forges. These are supposed to date from the time of the Romans, various coins and antiquities having been found in the neighbourhood.* Favergé contains at present about 2000 inhabitants. An ancient *château* above the town, formerly belonging to

* It has been conjectured to be the *Canaria* of the Antonine Itinerary.

the Dukes of Savoy, is now a considerable silk-manufactory. There is a foot-path across the mountains from Faverge to L'Hôpital, which is only about seven miles distant in a direct line. The carriage road makes a long *detour* round the mountain, so that it is a journey of six hours. About three miles from Faverge, it crosses a low col or pass, which divides the basin of the Lake of Annecy from that of the Isère. Near the village of Marlens, it winds through a valley covered, by an *éboulement*, with blocks of dark slate-rock. It then passes through the town of Ugine, beyond which it descends rapidly to the river Arley, which waters the upper part of the great Valley of Savoy. The vale of the Arley resembles, Mr. Bakewell says, the most picturesque valleys in Cumberland and Westmorland, but on a grander scale.

Of the peasantry in this part of Savoy, this Traveller, who passed some weeks at Château Duing, gives a favourable character. Though generally poor, yet, as the land is much divided, most of them possess a little plot of ground sufficient to supply their families with potatoes, which is their principal food. This gives them a feeling of equality and independence among themselves; and they are courteous and communicative to strangers, without being obtrusive, like the inhabitants of Chamounix, who have been spoiled by the influx of visitors, and who follow the stranger everywhere, begging, under the pretence of offering fruit, flowers, or milk.* The numerous little

* This is not peculiar to Chamounix. Begging has spread among the Swiss peasantry, whom Mr. Latrobe, in his

flocks and herds are tended chiefly by women or girls, who are always seen busily employed, either knitting, plaiting straw, or spinning wool or flax with the primitive distaff. Nothing can be more picturesque than the pastoral groupes which are seen winding down among the rocks, when they are conducting home the flocks in the evening. Almost every article of dress worn by the peasant, is of domestic manufacture. The wool of their sheep is dressed and spun by themselves, and woven by the village weaver. Black sheep are very common in Savoy, and, by mixing the black and white wool, a greyish-brown cloth is produced, which saves the expense of dyeing. The flax is also dressed and spun by themselves, and woven in the neighbourhood. Itinerant tailors and shoemakers make the clothes and shoes of the peasantry under their own roofs, as was the practice in some districts of England in the last century.

The walnut is the olive of the country, supplying the inhabitants with oil, not only for home consumption, but also for exportation to Geneva and France. The kernels are crushed by a mill, into a paste, which afterwards undergoes the operation of pressing, to extract the oil. The best oil, which is used for salads and cooking, is pressed cold; but an inferior oil, for lamps, is extracted by heating the paste. Sixty pounds of the paste yield

interesting sketches entitled 'The Alpenstock,' charges with 'abusing the beautiful flowers of their mountains, and the old and simple customs of their forefathers,' by making them 'the excuse for an idle life, and desire after the *batzen* of the stranger.'

about fifteen wine quarts of oil. The paste, after it is pressed, is dried in cakes, called *pain amer*, which is eaten by children and poor people. The walnut-shells are frugally burned for the ashes, which are used in washing; but the alkali is so caustic as frequently to injure the linen.

The Savoyards are far more devout than their neighbours the French; and 'if a Roman Catholic wished to shew his religion under its most attractive form,' Mr. Bakewell says, 'he should lead us to the remote villages of Savoy.' The influence and authority of the *curés*, are very considerable; and they are for the most part of exemplary character. The priest of the village is the only schoolmaster, and teaches the children of the peasantry to read without any remuneration. Though the church service is of course performed in Latin, the sermon and the examinations in the catechism are always in French, and are delivered in a familiar style, adapted to the capacities of the audience. Most of the congregation at Duing were able to read, and made use of French prayer-books. The men stood near the altar, and assisted in chanting, and in other parts of the service; the women sat on benches in the middle of the church; and all had the appearance of great seriousness and devotion. The Savoyard, before going to his labour, generally visits the church, if it be near, to offer up his orisons. And in short, if this Traveller's account be applicable to the general character of the people, their exemplary discharge of religious duties, condemns, and might shame, the professors of a purer worship and more enlightened creed. The natives of these

parts are at the same time lively, loquacious, and fond of noisy mirth. They are well made, and their features are frequently handsome and rather delicate; but, owing to poverty and deficient nourishment, they have a sallow complexion and a famished look; and as age advances, the poor become pitiable objects. The abolition of the monasteries has left them no refuge or resource.*

From Annecy, a new and very fine road leads to Bonneville, the capital of the Faucigny, through which the tourist must pass in his way to the far-famed Vale of Chamounix. There is a more direct road from Geneva to Bonneville, along the valley of the Arve. A description of this route will close our account of Savoy.

On leaving Geneva, Mont Blanc and some of the *Aiguilles* of Chamounix are seen towering over the intervening mountains; but they soon disappear, and are not seen again till the traveller reaches St. Martin, a distance of forty miles, after a drive of seven hours and a half. At the village of Chênc, half a league from* Geneva,† the traveller enters Savoy; and beyond the *Pont de Menage*, thrown over a torrent which rises at the base of the Voirons, and joins the Arve, the road approaches the latter river. An extensive view of its valley is obtained near the village of Contamine, bounded by the bare and broken summits of Mount Brezon. Beyond that village, the road passes near the towering ruins of the Castle of Faucigny, and at the end of four leagues over a beautiful

* Bakewell, vol. i. pp. 70—89.

† At this village, the accomplished Historian of the Italian Republics, M. Sismondi, has fixed his residence

country, enters Bonneville, by a fine avenue of elms. This town, situated in the midst of a wide and well cultivated plain, and containing about 1200 inhabitants, is much better built than most of the towns in Savoy. The market-place and main streets are very broad, and the houses in the environs are surrounded with gardens and plantations. The valley of the Arve continues wide till near the town of Cluse, where the dark limestone rocks advance upon the river, leaving but a narrow passage for the road. This little town is quite entombed in mountains. The defile beyond is narrow and winding, presenting some scenes of striking beauty. At length it widens, and spreads before the eye the picturesque beech-groves of Maghlans, scattered in some meadows of a broken or waving surface, edging the Arve, while enormous rocks of fantastic shape tower on all sides through the foliage. A waterfall called the *Nant d'Orli*,* showers down from one of the rocks. About three quarters of a league beyond Maghlans, on the left, is a fine cascade called the *Nant d'Arpenas*, more remarkable, however, for its height than for its beauty. It falls over a broad face of naked rock, very curiously stratified, 858 feet above the road. The Cavern of Balme is another object pointed out to the notice of travellers; but it will scarcely repay for the labour of the ascent, Mr. Bakewell says, any one who has seen the caverns in Derbyshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. In advancing towards Salanches, the road passes through the lower part of the great calcareous formations of Savoy, which

* *Nant* signifies a brook or rill, in Welsh.

consists of a vast thickness of a dark argillaceous limestone, alternating with thicker beds of grey limestone. Near St. Martin, beds of dark, bituminous and argillaceous schist make their appearance under the *Aiguille de Varens* on the left. The river here turns more westwardly, and the valley opens out to a great width, while Mont Blanc bursts upon the view, filling up a large space of the southern horizon.

At St. Martin, which is furnished with a good inn, (the *Hotel de Mont Blanc*,) travellers who are proceeding to Chamounix, usually sleep; and here they must leave their carriage and horses, as the remainder of the route can be accomplished only on foot, on a mule, or by a *char-à-banc*. Immediately opposite to St. Martin, is the town of Sallenches, seated near a noisy torrent, under an eminence called Mont Rosset, from which a fine view is obtained of the surrounding scenery. From Sallenches, a road leads along the valley of the Arve, leaving the river on the left, to the Baths of St. Gervaise, which have, within a few years, attracted strangers from distant parts of Europe, by the fame of their medicinal virtues. The town of St. Gervaise is situated on an eminence at the entrance of the mountain valley of Mont Joy or Jovet (anciently *Mons Jovis*), along which there is a mule path, that conducts over the Col de Bon Homme and the Col de Seigne, to Courmayeur in Piedmont, descending under the southern *escarpements* of Mont Blanc. The passage of the Col de Bon Homme and the valleys leading down to Séez in the Tarentaise, were in the line of march of Henri Arnaud and his 800 brethren, on their

bold and romantic return from the Pays de Vaud, for the 'glorious recovery' of their native valleys in the Cottian Alps, in August 1689.*

The Baths of St. Gervaise are situated in a deep ravine below the town, about half a mile in length, and 300 yards in width at its entrance; but it narrows as you advance, and terminates in the bed of an impetuous cataract. The baths are a little below the torrent, which, as it descends into the ravine, forms a cascade. On the rocks which overhang the ravine, are a few pine-trees, which rather add to the melancholy of the scene. The valley is constantly damp, from the vapour of the hot springs and the mist from the cataract, even in the middle of summer. A long, low wooden

* An adventurous pedestrian traveller, Mr. Latrobe, has given us a description of this route in his '*Alpenstock*.' After crossing the valley in which Séez lies, he entered a ravine running up for miles into the heart of the mountain, between vast and bare precipices of rock. In about four hours, he reached the little cluster of *châlets* that bears the name of Chapui. The last league and a half of this defile presents 'one of the most marked scenes of that awful and mingled devastation so common among these towering mountains, caused by the triple agency of avalanches, the fall of rocks, and torrents.' A mere track, often scarcely perceptible, led up from this *châlet* to the ridge, where a pole fixed in the rock announced to the traveller that he had gained the highest point of the Col de Bon Homme, 8030 feet above the sea. The descent of the mountain to the north, is craggy and broken, but not dangerous. After a succession of alternate plains and steep declivities, the Author reached the village of Contamines at the northern foot of the pass, whence he proceeded to Sallenche.—*Alpenstock*, pp. 294—301. Mr. Latrobe's narrative sufficiently exposes, however, the imprudence of venturing on these doubtful and perilous tracks, without a guide.

house, with small windows, facing the entrance of this gloomy ravine, its interior resembling the cabin of a man of war, is the only boarding-house. Health, and not pleasure, must be the inducement for remaining in such a place. The waters have all the qualities of the Harrowgate in full strength, with nearly the temperature of those of Bath. The spring issues from the bottom of the rock behind the house, and supplies five or six baths, but is not nearly so abundant as either of the springs at Aix.*

The mountains which tower on the traveller's left, from Cluse to St. Martin, terminate there towards the south, but extend eastward to Servoz, and thence to the mountain called the Buet. They vary in elevation from 7000 to 10,000 feet, and are capped with strata of limestone, which form mural precipices of vast height, resting upon a dark argillaceous schist. The Buet, a mountain nearly 1000 feet high, is said to command the finest view in Savoy; and its ascent is considerably shorter and less perilous than that of Mont Blanc. From St. Martin to Servoz, the road is rugged, being much cut up by torrents, and the aspect of the valley is wild and gloomy. A Roman paved road, considerably above the present one, was carried along the sides of the mountains, the remains of which are still to be seen. It led from the country of the *Centrones* in the Tarentaise, into the Valais. A village above the road, called Passy, is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient *Vatiscum*, mentioned by Pliny as in the country of the *Centrones*. Roman antiquities and

* Bakewell, vol. i., pp. 340—343.

votive inscriptions have been found there ; and among them, a large gold medal of Trajan. The hill on which Passy stands, is under the *Aiguille de Varens*. It slopes down to the south, and is planted with vines and fruit-trees, which, owing to their sheltered situation, flourish here even in the face of the eternal snows of Mont Blanc. These are nearly the last vines in the valley, which produce what the inhabitants call good wine. About three miles from St. Martin is 'the magnificent cascade of Chede,' which, Mr. Bakewell thinks, has been much too highly praised ; and the same may be said, he adds, of the small lake of Chede, a mile beyond. The most dangerous part of the road, which is here carried at a considerable height above the valley, is the passage of the wide and deep ravine of the *Nant Noir*, a dark mountain torrent. The ravine is partly filled up with masses of rock that have fallen from the mountains above, and this spot has been the scene of many fatal accidents. From this place, the road descends to Servoz, situated in a deep part of the valley, once covered by the lake of St. Michel, which took its name from the castle so called, built on an eminence to the left. According to tradition, this lake was suddenly emptied by the breaking down of a rock which formed its western barrier, at a place now called Pertrui. The ancient town of Diouza (*Dionysia*), which was situated in the plain below Passy, is stated to have been buried under a heap of sand and gravel by the inundation. The mountains on the north of Servoz, seem to menace the town and valley

with destruction. Frequent *éboulements*, indeed, have taken place; * and a deep excavation under one of the mural precipices above the valley, threatens the repetition of a similar catastrophe at no very distant period. The limestone rock here abounds in marine organic remains.

Servoz is a small village containing a solitary inn of humble pretensions, where, however, good honey, coffee, and eggs may be procured. A stream of the same name is crossed beyond the village; and for about ~~two~~ miles, to Pont Pelissier, the road lies along the deep valley of the Arve. The bridge called Pont Pelissier, crosses the river a little below the spot where it issues from one of the most striking gorges in the Alps. On the eastern side rise, to an amazing height, the nearly perpendicular faces of slate rocks, their base and summits ornamented with pines, while on the

* The most considerable on record is that of 1751. It commenced on a Sunday, when the inhabitants were at church, and continued many days, during which time the air was darkened with immense volumes of black dust, that was at first supposed to be smoke. This dust extended as far as the Priory of Chamouny, and is remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants. A continued succession of reports, like those of the loudest thunder, or peals of artillery, announced the constant falling of the rocks night and day; but the scene was obscured by the dust. The quantity of fragments which fell, was far less than what fell from Mont Grenier (see page 42); nor was the loss of cattle or of human lives great, considering the extent and duration of this *éboulement*.—Bakewell, vol. i., p. 356. This *éboulement* was in part witnessed by the Italian naturalist, Donati. Mr. Simond conceives it to have been like the sinking of the under-cliff on the south side of the Isle of Wight, but of much greater extent. The chaos of black slaty fragments extends for several miles.

western side is a granitic mountain, over which the road is carried. The river rushes below, a large and impetuous torrent. And towering over the whole, the snows of Mont Blanc are seen in dazzling whiteness, beautifully relieved by the dark-blue sky. Although a part only of that mountain is visible from Pont Pelissier, no where does it present, in the approach to Chamounix, a view comparable in grandeur or beauty to this.

The *montée* (rise) from this bridge, is very steep, and is generally ascended on foot. Boys with long mountain horns lie in wait to waken the echoes in the ravine, and elicit money from the pockets of travellers. The granitic rock of this ridge which separates the valley of Servoz from that of Chamounix, is a remarkable compound of rose-coloured quartz, with a yellowish white feldspar. The Arve passes through this ridge, and is heard raging at the bottom of an abyss. On the summit of the rocks which overhang the ravine on the east, are seen a few cottages, which, during winter, are cut off from all intercourse with any other villages; and the condition of the inhabitants can be, for the time, little better than that of the natives of Kamschatka. Their stock of fuel and provisions for themselves and cattle, are all brought under their roofs at the commencement of the cold weather. In summer, however, this is a sweet spot. In descending to the valley of Chamounix, a rivulet is passed, which in dry weather scarcely attracts notice; but a few hours rain converts it into a powerful stream; and in this torrent, the father of Dr. Pacard of Chamounix, who first ascended Mont Blanc, was drowned in

attempting to cross it to visit a patient. The road soon afterwards, turning to the east, enters the far-famed valley through which the Arve first escapes from the glaciers of Mont Blanc.

The Valley of Chamounix* is, according to Mr. Bakewell, twelve miles in length,† and in most parts, exceeds a mile in breadth at the bottom; but, owing to the vast height of the mountains which bound it on each side, the apparent dimensions are greatly reduced. Mr. Simond compares it to a street between the splendid edifices reared by Nature's hand on each side, of which, owing to the comparative narrowness of the interval, little more is seen than the ground-floor. The pines and larches which clothe the lower parts of the mountains, give a sombre appearance to the western end of the valley; and this effect is increased by the unvaried snows of Mont Blanc, which hang over it. But, after passing the Priory of Chamounix, the scene changes, and to this dreary magnificence succeeds a series of majestic pyramids, called *Aiguilles*, or needles, of astonishing height, and too steep to admit of the snows resting upon them at any season. The most pleasing as well as the most magnificent part of the valley, Mr. Bakewell says, lies between the Priory and the village of Argentière. It is no longer under the dreary and solemn shade of Mont Blanc; the valley, which becomes narrower,

* This name is said to be derived from the old Latin name, *Campus Munius*, *champ-muni*.

† By others, its length is stated at fifteen and eighteen miles. It contains three parishes,—St. Joire, Prisaire, and Argentière, with a population of about 1500 souls.

is richly ornamented with trees; and the Arve, rushing between finely clothed rocks and precipices, adds life and beauty to the scene. The little village of Argentière, with its church and glittering spire, and the two *Aiguilles* above it, together with the cheerful appearance of cultivation, form a landscape sublimely picturesque.

What constitutes the chief interest of Chamounix, however, are the numerous glaciers which descend from Mont Blanc and the mountains on the south, to the very bottom of the valley. No where else in the Alps are they of equal magnitude, or approach so far into the regions of cultivation. The glaciers in the Bernese Oberland are not to be compared with them. Description must fail to convey an adequate idea of these stupendous 'ice-falls'; but Mr. Bakewell has given the most distinct account that we have seen of these phenomena. 'Could we,' he says, 'suppose a torrent, nearly a mile in breadth, and several hundred feet in depth, to be descending down the side of a mountain, rolling waves over each other more than fifty feet in height, and the whole to be instantly consolidated and split into angular fragments on the surface, we might have a tolerably correct notion of a glacier; but, without seeing it, we should still have but a feeble conception of the impression that such an object would excite.' Coleridge has not less accurately described them, in his beautiful 'Hymn before sun-rise in the Vale of Chamouny.'

'Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain;—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents, silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen, full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue,* spread garlands at your feet ?
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ; and let the ice-plains echo, God !

These glaciers are principally formed in the high mountain ravines, the bottoms of which slope down towards the lower valleys. The ice is formed by the consolidation of the snow lodged in these high Alpine valleys. 'As the surface of the snow thaws and percolates through the mass, it is again frozen, and acts as a cement ; and, by a repetition of this process, the whole mass is converted into solid ice ; not so compact, however, as that of rivers or lakes, for it is full of air-bubbles, owing to the mode of its formation. As the ice descends from the higher into the lower valleys, there is a certain point at which the equilibrium between the two forces, heat and gravity, that act on the glacier, is established.' That is to say, the ice at the lower end of the glacier, which is exposed to a warm temperature, is dissolved as fast as it is pressed forward by the superincumbent weight of the ice above, which, resting upon an inclined plane, puts the whole mass in progressive motion. Thus, the lower termination generally remains nearly stationary. After a series of cold seasons, however, the glaciers enlarge and advance further into the valleys ; and after a series of warm summers,

* Within a few paces of the glaciers, the *Gentiana Major* grows in immense numbers, with its flowers 'of loveliest blue.'

they diminish and recede. But, on the average of a number of years, the quantity of ice and snow in the Alps remains the same.* In order to ascertain the rate of their progressive motion, marks have been fixed upon some of them. A block of granite that had fallen upon the *Mer de Glace*, had been observed to move about three quarters of a league in twenty years: hence, the progressive motion of that glacier appears to be about 180 yards in a year. By this motion, the ice is often rent with tremendous noise, into fissures of vast depth, many feet or yards in width; and the surface of the descending glacier is broken into irregular masses that project a great height above the surface. A newly made fissure may be known by the emerald colour of the ice.

As the glaciers are overhung by lofty precipices, masses of rock and stones are every year falling upon the surface of the ice, and are carried along by its progressive motion, till they approach the lower extremity, where they fall over. Thus, a heap of stones of vast height is formed at the feet of the glaciers. This is called the *moraine*. The *moraine* serves to mark the ancient limits and height of those glaciers that are diminishing; for, when the ice retires, it leaves the heap of stones which it had deposited at its feet; and these remain for centuries, incontestable proofs of the former extent of the ice. Where the bulk of the glacier is diminishing, the *moraine* which surrounds it is

* The constant evaporation from the surface of the snow, in regions so elevated, is sufficient to prevent any accumulation in the average of a series of years.

higher than the present surface of the ice; though the stones have originally fallen from it: we are therefore certain, that the height of the glacier must greatly have diminished since the period when the stones were deposited.*

The first glacier that descends low into the valley of Chamounix, is called the Glacier de Boissons. The ice of this glacier is more pure and unsullied by the fall of earth and stones from the mountains above, than that of any of the others. Among the singular forms of the ice upon its surface, Mr. Bakewell noticed one, about fifty feet in height, resembling the steeple of a church. The guide said, it had been observed fifteen months, but would probably fall in the ensuing summer. The glacier of Taconay is also passed on this side of the town of Chamounix. Beyond it are those of Montanvert, De Bois, d'Argentiére, and De la Tour. The glacier De Bois is the most considerable; it is a continuation of the one in the mountain valley above, which is called the *Mer de Glace*. Near the foot of it, the Arveiron has its source. This is a considerable stream issuing from a large cavern in the ice, the mouth of which is full sixty feet in height, and more than that in breadth, though it seems much smaller at a distance. The river carries off a great part of the lower water which runs from the glacier; and as the ice of the glacier is, in summer, continually melting at the bottom, the roof of the cavern would sink to the level of the river, were it not that large segments of ice detach themselves from the upper part of the arch, and

* Bakewell, vol. i. pp. 364—367.

enlarge the excavation as much as it is reduced by the dissolving of the ice. The cavern varies in size at different times of the year: in winter, it is very small.* It changes its position also, according as there is a greater or smaller quantity of ice dissolved in the course of the year. There is another very large ice-cavern at the bottom of the glacier d'Argentiére, which, Mr. Bakewell concludes, must have been formed since Saussure visited the Alps, as he describes that from which the Arveiron issues, as the only one of any magnitude in Chamounix.

The glacier de Bois is more than seven miles in length, and, in some parts, more than a mile in breadth. It divides into two branches above, and is connected with other glaciers. At its termination, Mr. Bakewell found it to be composed of three distinct beds of ice, with seams of earth between, comprising a total thickness of ice above the *moraine*, of about 200 feet in height: it ends in three perpendicular precipices, one behind the other, over which a very considerable waterfall was passing down into the valley. On the edge of the precipice of ice were several large masses of rock, partly projecting over it; one of which fell, with a crash like thunder, soon after this Traveller had withdrawn from the place where it fell. This glacier had been latterly advancing, and had covered an orchard in the valley the preceding spring. A pear-tree was growing almost in contact with the ice. From the upper part of this glacier, which is

* Mr. Sheppard states, that this vault is destroyed annually, and generally renewed by the month of August. The arch is at times 100 feet in height.

several thousand feet above the valley, avalanche are very frequent after a warm day in August.

In approaching the glacier de Bois from the inn at Chamounix, after passing through a wood of pines and larches, the glacier is seen stretching down into the valley from the *Mer de Glace*; while, over it, in the back-ground, rises the *Aiguille de Dru*, behind which is the *Aiguille Verte*. The former is, next to the glaciers, the most striking object in the valley. It is a taper spire of granite, apparently detached from all the surrounding mountains, shooting up to the height of 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. The upper part or spire terminates, apparently, almost in a point, and consists of a solid shaft of upwards of 4000 feet. It is utterly inaccessible, its sides being rounded and polished. No pinnacle of granite in the Alps, Mr. Bakewell says, can be compared with it for the elegance of its form or the length of its shaft. The *Géant*, it is true, is nearly equal to Mont Blanc in height, but it does not rise so far above its base as the *Aiguille de Dru*, and when seen at a distance, its form is like a bended finger. The *Aiguille Verte* also nearly rivals Mont Blanc in height, and presents a very striking *escarpement* of bare rock towards Chamounix, while its back, which is rounded, is covered with snow. When seen from Geneva, it appears a perfect pyramid.

Although the summit of Mont Blanc is seen from Chamounix, the appearance of this sovereign of the Alps is somewhat disappointing, its height being lost in its enormous bulk. To have a dis-

inct view of Mont Blanc as a whole, it is necessary to ascend some of the neighbouring mountains. The *Col de Balme*, at the eastern end of the valley, over which lies the direct passage into the Valais, affords a full and magnificent view of the whole gigantic groupe. Mr. Bakewell ascended to this *col*, which is upwards of 3000 feet above the valley, and he thus describes the view it commands. 'Looking to the west, Mont Blanc is seen in profile, from its summit to its base, and its different parts rise above each other in their just proportions. The summits of the principal *Aiguilles*, those of *Charmos*, the *Aiguille Verte*, the *Aiguille de Dru*, the *d'Argentière*, and *de la Tour*, are seen nearer, and in the same range. These peaks rise from 11,000 to 13,000 above the level of the sea, and would, in any other position, be regarded with astonishment; but the effect of their amazing height is diminished by the superior elevation and magnitude of Mont Blanc. On the north side of the valley are seen a lower range of mountains, which, from their red colour, are called the *Aiguilles Rouges*. Beyond these is Mont Breven; and nearer, on the north-west, rise the mountains of the Valorsine. The valley of Chamounix appears deep and narrow, and is seen from one end to the other, with the Arve winding along it. The Col de Balme, on which we stand, closes the eastern end of the valley; and a mountain called the *Vaudange*, closes the western extremity. The length of the valley is about fifteen miles. When viewed from hence, there can be little doubt of its having once formed a lake, before

the waters of the Arve escaped, as at present, through a lateral chasm, to Pont Pelissier.*

On the eastern side of the Col de Balme, the travellers saw below them, at a greater depth, the upper valley of the Rhone, and the mountains which border it as far as St. Gothard; but, owing to a slight haziness in the eastern horizon, the outline was not well defined. There is a hill above the pass, which commands a still more extended view of the Valais. The Col de Balme, which is only 3000 feet above the valley of Chamounix, is about 4700 feet above the upper valley of the Rhone at Martigny, which is only 1700 feet above the sea. The descent towards Martigny is very steep.†

The Priory of Chamounix is 3463 feet above the level of the sea: it is, therefore, as elevated as the summit of Seafell in Cumberland, the highest mountain in England. All the mountains on the southern side of Chamounix may be regarded as united, and forming one mass, from which detached pinnacles and summits rise as from an elevated plain. The average height of this mass is 5000 feet; and from the central part, which is granite, numerous pyramids and spires of granite shoot up to twice that height above the valley. The height of Mont Blanc above the level of the sea, according to barometrical and trigonometrical measurements, is

* This chasm, which extends upwards of four miles in length, from near Ouches to Pont Pelissier, has been worked by the waters in a rock of soft slate, near its junction with a very hard granite.

† Bakewell, vol. ii. pp. 9—13.

15,766 feet,* and consequently, upwards of 12,000 feet above the valley. Monte Rosa, in the same range, is only 400 feet below Mont Blanc. The *Allée Blanche* is at an elevation of 14,775 feet. Mont Cervin, or the Matterhorn, is nearly 14,000 feet above the sea. The Furca, in the St. Gothard groupe, some of the summits of the Helvetian chain between Bern and the Valais, and Monte Viso and some of its sister peaks in the Maritime Alps, approach nearly to the same height. The southern side of Mont Blanc, facing Italy, is a nearly perpendicular escarpement of bare rock; and on that side, consequently, no snow can rest. Perpetual ice commences at an elevation of between 7000 and 8000 feet, forming in the centre of the Alps, to use M. Malte Brun's expression, 'frozen seas like those at the poles.' The ice disappears at a height exceeding 10,800 feet, and the atmospheric vapour, congealed as it descends, covers the ground with eternal snow.†

Many ineffectual attempts had been made during the last century to scale the summit of Mont Blanc; but the first persons who succeeded in achieving the daring enterprise, were Dr. Pacard and Joseph Balma, in 1786. These resolute adventurers were followed by M. de Saussure, accompanied by an English gentleman, in the ensuing year; and his atmospheric observations have formed the basis of the calculations that have since been made respecting its height. In 1825, Dr. Edmund John Clark,

* Malte Brun, on the authority of Saussure, Tralles, and Pictet. Mr. Bakewell says, 15,680 feet.

† The thickness of the snow on the summit of Mont Blanc, was estimated by Saussure at 500 feet.

of London, in company with Captain Sherwell, succeeded in performing the perilous ascent, and brought off in triumph a bottle of snow from the utmost pinnacle of Europe.* He was followed, in 1817, by Mr. Fellowes, who discovered a new route to the summit; and in the same year, Mr. Auldjo achieved the same rash adventure. He found considerable difficulty, however, in procuring a sufficient number of guides, and had to sustain the bitter reproaches of their wives and relatives for tempting them to an enterprise of such complicated danger. Not longer ago than 1820, a party of thirteen were swept away by an avalanche, after passing the *Grand Plateau*, and three perished, the survivors escaping with great difficulty.† And Mr. Auldjo's expedition must have had a termination not less tragical, had not his guides taken advantage of the newly-discovered track to the east of the *Rocher Rouge*, by following which they escaped an avalanche that passed directly in the old line of ascent.‡ Altogether, there have been about sixteen successful, among a greater number of unsuccessful efforts to accomplish this unprofitable expedition.

Less venturous travellers content themselves

* An account of this ascent, as given in a lecture before the Royal Institution by Dr. Clark himself, will be found in the 'Quarterly Journal of Science and Literature,' No. x. pp. 385-9. The *Ausonia* butterfly was observed to fly over the very summit.

† This catastrophe is said to have been owing to the guides being induced to undertake the ascent against their own judgement.

‡ See 'Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc,' by John Auldjo, Esq. 4to. plates. London, 1828.

with climbing over the *Montanvert* to the *Mer de Glace*, or with ascending the *Chapeau*, an eminence opposite to *Montanvert*, from which a view is obtained of the smooth margin of the frozen sea, with the immense glacier descending from it. The *Mer de Glace* is eight leagues in length by about one in breadth. The waves of ice, which, from the top of *Montanvert*, look like furrows in a corn-field, are, in fact, hillocks from twenty to forty feet high. Tremendous crevices occur, which must sometimes be crossed by a narrow ledge of ice, or by a more treacherous bridge of snow. Ropes, six yards in length, connecting every two (or even three) individuals together, are found a necessary precaution in attempting to traverse the rugged and slippery surface; as, in case of falling, there is the greatest danger of gliding into some yawning crevice, or down an icy precipice, into the dark abyss. These clefts are of various dimensions, from twelve feet to eighty feet in width. The ice within them is of a deep clear blue, and their depth cannot be sounded. It is possible to proceed from the *Montanvert*, by first skirting the *Mer de Glace*, and then crossing it, to much higher and remote glaciers, among which is situated the *Jardin*, a green oasis in this frozen desert, which is covered in August with fine verdure and a variety of Alpine flowers.* But these efforts re-

* The *Jardin* is one of the loftiest patches of vegetation in Europe, upon an islet of rock in the midst of a wilderness of snow and ice. Dr. Clark brought home specimens of various plants collected here, chiefly varieties of saxifrage, ranunculus, azalea, alchemilla, &c. See 'Quart. Journal,' No. x. p. 386.

quire both strength and hardihood. Having surveyed the *Mer de Glace*, and trodden its frozen surface, travellers usually re-ascend the *Montanvert*, and take some refreshment, either at the *Hôpital de Blair*, built by an English gentleman of that name, or at *La Pierre des Anglais*,—an immense block of granite, so called because Messrs. Windham and Pocock made it their dinner-table, when, in 1741, they penetrated without a guide into this almost unknown region. The descent from this place to the source of the Arveiron, by a short but extremely steep and rugged path, called the *Chemin des Chèvres*, affords a beautiful variety of prospect, which repays the traveller for the toilsome march.

Up to the year 1741, when the two English gentlemen above-mentioned first explored the wonders of this romantic region, the valley of Chamounix is said to have been so little known beyond its immediate precincts, that even the natives of Geneva, though only eighteen leagues distant, had never heard of it.* As early, however, as the eleventh century, Aymon, Count of Geneva,

* 'An account of their journey appeared in the *Mercur de Suisse*, 1743, as a great event. These two first adventurers went with an escort well armed, and slept under tents with fires lighted, and a watch all night! In 1760, M. de Saussure visited Chamounix for the first time; and his great work on the Alps, published about fifteen years afterwards, together with M. Bouret's *Description des Glaciers de la Savoie*, made the country so famous, that as many as a thousand travellers used to visit it every season. Now, the number is probably not less than four or five thousand.'—Simond's 'Switzerland,' vol. i. p. 270.

founded there a monastery of Benedictines, by whom the district was cultivated; and from this establishment the principal village in the valley is still called the Priory. It was afterwards annexed, by a bull of Leo X., to the Chapter of Sallanches. The parish church was rebuilt in 1707. But it had not at that time become the fashion for tourists to traverse mountains and explore remote valleys in quest of panoramic views and picturesque scenery; and hence the neglect in which Chamounix so long remained. It has recently attracted, however, even more than its due share of admiration, being the only part of Savoy that has been much frequented by the English. The two inns here are consequently more like English inns than those in any other part of the duchy. One effect of the influx of strangers has been already adverted to, as regards the inhabitants of this district. They have lost much of the simplicity of manners, we are told, that characterises the Savoyards in less frequented parts. They possess a most annoying kind of ubiquity, following travellers up the mountains, and descending with them into the valleys, to offer fruit and milk, or flowers, as a pretence for begging; and you are thus surrounded with a crowd wherever you would wish to contemplate in quiet abstraction the magnificent objects before you. On the other hand, the Chamounix guides are justly celebrated for their intelligence and activity, and their careful attention to strangers. Almost all the accidents which have occurred, Mr. Bakewell says, have been occasioned by inattention to their advice, or by urging them to

undertake excursions when the season was not favourable.* ‘A picturesque traveller, above all an English traveller, or a person supposed to be one, cannot,’ Mr. Simond says, ‘approach Chamounix without being waylaid and beset with guides. And really there is no resisting a Balma, a Paccard, a Cochet, a Coutet, when you are at all read in Saussure, and remember his honourable mention of those and other names among his bold supporters up the highest summit of Mont Blanc in 1786, till then deemed inaccessible.’

In company with three of these veterans,† who,

* It has already been stated, on Mr. Bakewell’s authority, that this was the case with respect to the catastrophe of 1820. Near Servoz, is a monument erected to the memory of Eschen, a Danish poet and naturalist, who perished in a crevice of the glacier of Buet, in August 1801, in consequence of his having ventured heedlessly in advance, in contempt of the precautions of his guides.

† ‘One of them, Jacques Balma, *dit des Dames*, on account of his particular attention to ladies climbing under his guidance, gave us, on our return in the evening, after so many hours of hard labour, a proof of his undiminished strength, spirit, and perhaps rashness, at the age of sixty. A party of young men, on a botanizing excursion, spied a very fine plant (*saxifraga pyramidalis*) blooming in apparent safety out of reach, on the top of an inaccessible rock. Jacques Balma considered a few minutes, then took off his shoes, and securing a foot here, a hand there, holding once by his teeth to a twig, springing from one shelving place to another like a chamois, or writhing like a snake among stones and bushes out of sight, without once hesitating or looking back, worked himself up to the pyramidal bunch of flowers, and threw it down to the wondering spectators. That was not enough. Another bunch of flowers bloomed over his head in a still more difficult and hazardous situation: he sprang for it. We joined our entreaties to those of the other guides, who warned him of his danger, and

for the moderate pay of five francs a day, would climb, and talk, and fight their battles over again, this Traveller ascended to the summit of the Bréven, the nearest neighbour of Mont Blanc. At nearly 3000 feet above Chamounix, there is a *chûlet*, where travellers may procure milk, and find some sort of shelter under the miserable roof. The view of Mont Blanc from this spot, is nearly as good as from the summit of the Bréven; and as all the difficulty of the ascent is yet to come, there is really no sufficient inducement to go further, unless it be '*pour la gloire.*' There is no serious difficulty till the traveller comes to the first field of snow, which is very steep and slippery. What is called the Chimney would seem, however, to be a truly appalling part of the ascent. After climbing a steep rock 'with very little difficulty and no danger, provided you do not look behind,' Mr. Simond reached 'a chasm, or recess, full of ice, which, melting first where it touches the rock, had left a vacant space of about two feet. With your back against the smooth ice, and plying diligently with feet, knees, and hands, against the rock, in the manner chimney-sweepers do, you may work yourself up with tolerable ease and comfort to the top, some twenty or thirty feet, in a very few minutes. There

then turned away, not to appear to encourage the mad attempt. A general exclamation induced us soon after to look again. We beheld him in equilibrium on his breast, plucking the flower with the toes of an outstretched leg! How he came down, I know not; but, in a few minutes, we saw him again by our side, not even out of breath.'—Simond, vol. i. pp. 261-2. This race of veterans must by this time be nearly extinct.

you find another field of snow-ice, not at all steep; then a very steep ascent; and the last, wholly composed of broken schist, which brings you to the signals, two rude constructions like altars on the top of the Bréven.'

The view here obtained is, indeed, a most extraordinary one. Placed full in front, and about mid-height of Mont Blanc, sufficiently far off to embrace the whole at one glance, sufficiently near to distinguish every detail, the traveller beholds this stupendous object 'like a full-length picture hung up before him,' filling at once his eye and his mind. The chief difference of the prospect from that which is gained from the *châlet* below, is, that the summit, 'the *bosse du dromedaire*,' appears less fore-shortened, and the whirlwinds of snow-dust upon it may be clearly distinguished athwart the dark blue of the sky, moving round with great violence on particular spots. 'When we began to ascend the Bréven,' says Mr. Simond, 'and half way up to its *châlet*, we could not turn round and look at Mont Blanc, without experiencing the terrific sensation of its falling down over us; but, as we ascended higher, this impression ceased. From the summit, Mont Druet and its glacier seemed about the same distance north of us as Mont Blanc south: the valleys of Chamounix and Servoz, and all the space we had travelled the preceding day, appeared within a stone's throw.'*

Travellers returning to Geneva, who may wish to vary their route, may pass over the Col de Bahne; from the summit of which, they may take a

* Simond, vol. i. pp. 263—5.

last view of this stupendous scene, before descending into the Valais. There is also a lower route, leading from Argentiére, the third and last parish in Chamounix, through the mountain valley of Valorsine, to the wretched hamlet of Trient, near which it joins the path from the Col de Balme. Soon after crossing the *Eau Noire*, a torrent flowing from the glacier de Buet, the traveller passes the limit of Savoy. A gateway, in a massive old wall built across the defile, marks the entrance into the Valais. The route afterwards passes over the Forcla, from the summit of which the valley of the Rhone begins to open; and at length, the whole course of the river, with the towns of Sion and Martigny, and the Alps of the Haut Valais, present themselves in beautiful perspective. A rough and rapid descent leads through several zones of vegetation, from the pines of the summit, through the walnut-trees of the middle region, to the vineyards of Martigny, which the traveller reaches in about nine hours from the Priory of Chamounix.*

There is another district in the neighbourhood of Chamounix, which, although little frequented, is stated by M. Bertolotti to be in no way inferior to it in beauty and grandeur of scenery. This is the valley of the Giffre, called also the valley of Sixt, which runs to the foot of the Buet. It is accessible to *chairs* on the side of Geneva. There is a good inn at Samoens, a town of about 4000 inhabitants, and another at the village of Sixt. The valley of the Giffre has, over that of Chamounix, the advantage of numerous and magnifi-

* Sheppard's Letters, pp. 214—216.

cent water-falls ; and from the summit of the Buet, is obtained 'the finest view in all Savoy.'* Another branch of this valley, to the left, leads the traveller to the foot of the Col de Taneverge, belonging to that inaccessible cluster of lofty Alps that rise between Savoy, the Lower Valais, and the Lemán, of which the *Dent du Midi* forms the central summit. At the foot of the Taneverge, the valley terminates in a sort of funnel, called *Finimondo* (the world's end), in which the sun, on the longest day, is visible for only three hours.†

The road from Geneva to Samoens and Sixt, lies through Thonon, the capital of the Chablais, through which also passes the route to the Simplon.‡ Thonon is situated on the shores of the

* The first persons who ascended the Buet, were M. de Luc and his brother, in the year 1770 ; and delighted with the prospect it affords, the learned Traveller strongly recommended the ascent of this mountain to all men of taste. Dr. E. J. Clark ascended it in 1825, as a sort of preliminary experiment ; and he speaks of the scene it presents, as unparalleled, perhaps, even in the Alps,—'whether the eye ranges up the valley of the Rhone towards the Furka and Grimsel mountains, or over the Swiss Alps to the Jura, or across the brown crag of the *Aiguilles Rouges* to the hoary monarch of the Alps, opposing his silvery mantle of glittering snow to the deep, dark blue of heaven, and barring in the prospect towards Italy by a dependent chain of inaccessible granite peaks.'—'Quart. Journal,' No. x. p. 386. The Giffre, which takes its rise at the foot of the glacier of Buet, runs by Taninge, and falls into the Arve not far from Bonneville.

† For. Quart. Rev., No. x., p. 714.

‡ There are two routes to the Simplon. One leads through the Pays de Vaud, on the Swiss side of the Lake, by way of Copet, Nyon, Rolle, Lausanne, Vevay, and Bex. The other, on the Savoy side, through Thonon and by the rocks

Lake of Geneva, at its widest part, where it is three leagues across. A little beyond this town, the road leaves on the left the Abbey of Ripaille, founded by Amadeus VIII. Duke of Savoy, when, after a reign of forty-three years, he relinquished the cares of government to his son, and turned monk. From this seclusion he was called, five years after, by the council of Basle, to assume the papal tiara and the keys of St. Peter, on the deposition of Eugenius IV. in 1439. After some demur, he was prevailed upon to recognize the equivocal election, and assumed the name of Felix V. The greater part of Europe acknowledged him; but Italy continued to side with Eugenius IV., and, after his death, with Nicholas V., who was crowned at Rome, while Felix V. kept his court at Basle, Geneva, and Lausanne. Anxious, at length, to heal the schism, he proposed to the rival pontiff certain conditions on which he was willing to abdicate the papal chair. These were agreed to in 1449; and the ex-pontiff, resuming the name of Amadeus, withdrew again to his abbey of Ripaille, where he died not long afterwards.

From Thonon, the Simplon road runs to Evian, celebrated for its mineral waters, nearly opposite to Lausanne; and then, crossing the Dranse, continues to skirt the lake to the rocks of Meillerie. Here the road is carried thirty feet above the waters of the lake, on a terrace excavated in front of the rocks, the bases of which descend almost perpendicularly to a level with the waters of the

of Meillerie, is four leagues shorter; and the construction and improvements of this road, in correspondence to those of the Simplon, formed part of that great undertaking.

Mediterranean, the lake being, near this shore, above 1000 feet in depth. The scenery along this shore is very beautiful, and across the Lake; objects of interest rapidly succeed each other, from Lausanne to Vevay, Clarens, and the Castle of Chillon. At St. Gingulph, the traveller leaves the territory of Savoy, and after passing on the left the extensive swamps at the head of the Lake, where it receives the Rhone, arrives at St. Maurice, the natural frontier of the Valais, where it meets the road from the Pays de Vaud.

Having now traversed in various directions the whole of Savoy, we must at once transport the reader across the Alps, and set him down at the capital of his Sardinian Majesty's dominions.

CHAPTER III.

Turin—The Valleys of the Vaudois—Pass of the Argentiére—Monte Viso—Pass of the Tende—Nice—Pass of the Cornice—Route from Turin to Genoa.

TURIN, being either the first city in Italy at which the traveller arrives, or the last on leaving it, is viewed with very different impressions, according to the scenes through which the visiter has been passing. It is far more regularly built than the Italian cities in general; it is for the most part new and fresh, instead of antique and in decay; it is also cleaner than, perhaps, any other town in Italy,—an advantage secured by numerous fountains, the running water of which keeps the fine wide pavement clean. Its appearance forms a striking contrast, more especially with Milan: a remarkable difference too is observable in the usages and manners of the two capitals, although within a day's journey of each other. But in general, the English traveller is too much in a hurry, when arrived at this threshold of Italy, to prosecute his journey southward or homeward, to bestow much attention upon this princely little capital.

The first view of Turin is, however, admitted to be very imposing. No mean suburbs, no mouldering walls deform its entrance. The spacious and regular streets so intersect each other, as to leave an opening at their extremity, that every

where admits a view of the fine back-ground of green hills and hanging vineyards.* Towards the centre, the *Piazza Reale*, formed by the palace and other public edifices, presents one of the most elegant squares in Europe. And in the principal streets, the *Contrada Nuova*, the *Dora Grossa*, and the *Contrada del Po*, which are from 80 to 100 feet in width, a long and regular line of porticoes exhibits a striking succession of beautiful architecture; while the balconies above, canopied with light draperies, have a picturesque and lively appearance. The plan of the city, its rectangular streets, with the royal palace in the centre, is completely in the Spanish taste.† Turin is, in fact, stated to owe much of its regularity to the alliance of a Piedmontese prince with an Infanta of Spain. An incompleteness, however, mars, in some degree, this imposing grandeur: even in façades of the handsomest architecture, the holes are still left gaping, which supported the scaffolding at the time of their erection.

‘Turin,’ says Mr. Forsyth, whose architectural criticisms are almost always in good taste, ‘is admired for the regularity of its plan, the symmetry of its squares, the splendour of its hotels, and the general elegance of its houses. Though the royal palace is not built in the rules of beauty, it is grand enough for a monarch. The palace of the

* The space formerly occupied by the fortifications, has been converted into gardens and public walks.

† Mr. Bell remarks, that Turin is, in this respect, exactly what a child would design for the model of a city. It is, in fact, the simplest of all plans, and has been naturally adopted, when princes have played at building cities. But this applies only to the new town.

Dukes of Savoy, standing alone in the middle of the principal square, required four fronts equal in dignity; but three are hideous in themselves, and derive comparative ugliness from the beauty of the fourth. This last front, composed of one Corinthian peristyle, raised on a plain basement, is the noblest elevation in Turin, where it holds the post of honour. The palace *Carignano* has a curvilinear front, *mezzanini* above *mezzanini*, orders that are of no order, and fantastic ornaments, threatened, rather than produced, on the unplastered bricks. The staircase is a difficult trick of Guarini's, who wasted his architectural wit in many attempts to frighten the world by the appearance of weight unsupported. Guarini and Juvara have profaned the churches of Turin with the same puerile conceits and ostentation of stone-cutting science. Their *Carmine*, *Carmelitane*, *Consola*, &c., evince wonderful talents for the crooked, the singular, and the gaudy. The *Santo Sudario*, a chapel common to the cathedral and the palace, is entirely composed of a slate-coloured marble. Such materials were in themselves solemn and monumental; but, falling into the freakish hands of Guarini, they have been frittered into a cupola full of triangular windows, which form the wildest lace-work that ever disgraced architecture.*

At the time of the French invasion, Turin, though only three miles in circumference, (the

* Forsyth, vol. ii. pp. 214, 15. Mr. Woods thought the church of San Filippo the finest in Turin, yet not very handsome. San Lorenzo is curious from its fantastical dome, formed on ribs, each of which is the chord of three-eighths of a circle. The architecture is bad in all the churches.—Woods, vol. ii. p. 423.

smallest royal capital in Europe,) is stated to have contained not fewer than a hundred and ten churches ; all splendidly endowed, and rich in marbles, pictures, and other treasures. Few of them, however, are now adapted to strike by their magnificence, unhallowed hands having been laid upon their treasures ; and the revival of superstition under the restored Government, has not yet repaired what sacrilege had spoliated. 'The metropolitan church, San Giovanni Battista, was once numbered among the richest churches of Italy ; but its vases of pure gold, its forty candelabras, and twenty bishops of virgin silver, its censers of precious stones, ruby crosses, and adamantine hearts, have all disappeared, transmuted and perverted to profane purposes. Some have gone to stem the incursions of the Po ; others, to raise the noblest of its bridges ; and some have even found their way to Paris, and have contributed to clear the noxious purlieus of the Tuileries, and to build the beautiful rue de Rivoli, the monument of the French conquest over the royal pleasure grounds of Turin.*

One traveller (Mr. Bell) praises the noble aspect of the cathedral, especially its western front, the door-way richly ornamented with well executed basso-relievos, and supported by marble pilasters ; he mentions also a beautiful circular font of white marble ; and dwells in terms of admiration on the superb chapel of S. Michael, better known by the name of its palladium, the *Santo Sudario*, or *Santissimo Sindone* ; that is to say, our Saviour's winding-sheet or shroud. A long history is

* Lady Morgan, vol. i. p. 63.

attached to this miraculous relic ; and in the time of Calvin, who was bold enough to call in question its authenticity, it was the cause of many controversial publications, some of which are still extant. It is said to have been a gift from Geoffroi, on his return from the Holy Land, to Amadeus I., and was originally deposited in a church at Chambery, which, during a terrible conflagration, was burned to the ground ; but although the silver box in which the *sindone* was deposited, was on that occasion destroyed or melted, the shirt was only singed.* Notwithstanding the just criticism of Mr. Forsyth, this chapel, according to Mr. Bell's account must be well worth visiting. ' It stands high, like a gallery, above the level of the church ; opening from its centre, by a handsome flight of steps, and separated only by a fine marble balustrade, which, as well as two superb columns on each side, are of black marble. The form of the chapel is circular. The cupola is supported by pillars of black marble, grouped two and two ; the bases and capitals of bronze richly gilt, producing an admirable contrast to the black marble. The floor is pure white marble studded with golden stars ; the ceiling, formed of trellis-work, is whimsical ; but the dark colouring and sedate ground correspond to the richness of the whole. The spaces between the

* The female Traveller whose volumes have had the honour of being made contraband, affirms that there are in all, between France and Italy, eight *suaire*s or *sindoni*, all authenticated respectively by various bulls. That at Perigord has the most numerous proofs in its favour, but several learned doctors of Turin have written to prove that *theirs* is the only true and original *sindone*.

columns are filled with oval medallions, painted sky-blue, and filled with *ex-votos*, some of a singular kind. The effect of the whole chapel is grand, solemn, and imposing, without being gloomy. In the centre stands the altar: a low railing in white marble, surrounded with little seraphim, marks the outer circle; and within, at the four corners, stand four angels, executed in a very good style. Hung round the altar are lamps which burn continually night and day. The whole is surmounted with a gilded glory, which, by rendering the height disproportioned, much injures the effect.*

This same traveller was likewise much pleased with the church of *Corpus Christi*,† (though not generally admired,) on account of the air of melancholy grandeur which characterizes the interior. It was built by Villogi, and improved by Count Alfieri in 1753. The church of Santa Theresa, attached to a convent of bare-footed friars, is distinguished by its unsuitable splendour, while its altar-piece, deemed a *chef-d'œuvre* of Guglielmo Caccia, deserves notice for its repulsive profaneness. It represents an infant Christ, as Cupid, aiming at the heart of the fair and ecstatic saint, while the Virgin Mother smiles at his efforts, and even the grave features of St. Joseph relax

* Bell's Italy, pp. 54—56.

† This church owes its dedicatory name to a stupid legend recording the miraculous ascent into the air, just at that spot, of a silver vase containing the host, which a sacrilegious soldier had stolen from a church at Chambéry, and had brought thus far, and its return into a consecrated chalice at the bishop's intercession!

into a look of complacency. The statue of the same saint, by Le Gros, in the church of Sta. Christina, is described as 'still more expressive of the divine love which filled the tenderest of saintly hearts.' For offensive representations of this nature, however, the Protestant traveller must prepare himself. The excuse for them is, that they are allegorical designs. But the language of the inscriptions and prayers which he will meet with in the churches dedicated to Santa Rosolia, Santa Catharina, Santa Rosa, Santa Agatha, and other virgin saints of the Romish calendar, will not unfrequently startle him by a species of profaneness still more palpable and inexcusable; nor will he be able easily to persuade himself, that the interviews between Diana and Endymion, or Bacchus and Ariadne, are not the subject of the erotic legend.*

But all the churches in Turin yield, in consequence and celebrity, to *La Superga*, which crowns the steepest and least accessible eminence in the immediate vicinity, five miles from the city. This edifice was erected in fulfilment of a vow of gratitude offered up to heaven by Victor Amadeus, for the signal victory obtained over a French army under Philip, Duke of Orleans, in 1706. On the

* See Blunt's 'Vestiges of Ancient Manners in Modern Italy,' pp. 10—12, where some revolting instances are given. One specimen may be sufficient. In the church of *Sta. Rosa* at Viterbo, is an altar adorned with such blasphemy as the following:

' *Quis tamen laudes recolat, quis hujus
Virginis dotes, sibi quam pudicis
Nuptiis junctam voluit superni.
Numen Olympi ?*

spot chosen for its site, the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene stood, while they laid the plan of the battle. The result was, that not only were the French compelled to raise the siege of Turin, but, in a few months, they evacuated the whole of the North of Italy. On the door of the church is the following dedicatory inscription :

VIRGINI. GENITRICI.
VICTOR. AMADEUS. SARDINIÆ. REX.
BELLO. GALlico. VOVIT.

PULSIS. HOSTIBUS. EXTRUXIT. DEDICAVITQUE.

In front of the edifice is a portico of eight marble columns of the Corinthian order ; on the sides rise two lofty *campaniles* ; the whole being crowned with a cupola of the most majestic proportions. Marbles, pictures, bronzes, and every species of decoration, have been profusely bestowed in its embellishment ; but its chief beauty is derived from its striking situation. In approaching Turin, the eye rests upon this magnificent mausoleum ; (for it is here that the royal family of Piedmont are sepulchred ;) on leaving the city, you still see it ; and as you travel down the valley of the Po, it is again beheld with admiration. The view from the portico is very striking, looking down upon the miniature capital, surrounded with a country richly wooded and studded with villas, in the midst of which the silvery Po is seen 'writhing its stream' through the whole extent of the valley ; and beyond the mountain boundaries of the plain, rise the rugged forms of the Alps, capped with perpetual snows.

The name of *La Superga* is said to have been given to this building from its being placed *quasi*

super terga montium ; an etymology which seems alike far-fetched and improbable ; but we are unable to supply a better. The architect of this edifice was Filippo Juvara. A story is told of his being compelled by the prince, out of economy, to use a quantity of old columns in the erection ; and hence, we are told, the cupola of the church is disfigured by *torsos* and ill-matched pillars ; but the imputation cast upon the royal builder, comes from a suspicious quarter. Dwellings are provided there for the officiating priests, and a liberal stipend is afforded by Government for the maintenance of the establishment.

The royal palace of Turin contains little in the interior that is remarkable. On the grand staircase is an indifferent equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus, the king in bronze and the horse marble. The apartments of ceremony are splendidly decorated, and the walls of all the rooms are enriched with paintings, chiefly of the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools. Of the few productions of the Italian masters, the ‘ Four Elements ’ of Albani, in the king’s bed-chamber, is the most celebrated.* The gallery of the palace has all the splendour that frescoes and gilding can bestow ; and the numerous portraits by Vandyke are the most precious treasures of its collection.

The University of Turin was founded in 1405 ; but the buildings, which are extensive and well arranged, are of the eighteenth century. The court

* We also find mentioned by different travellers, a portrait of Paul III. by Titian ; the Supper at Emmaus, by the same master ; Homer, as a blind *improvvisatore*, by Murillo, and Cattle, by Paul Potter.

is surrounded with a double tier of porticoes, under which is a valuable collection of ancient sculptures, bas-reliefs, and inscribed marbles of all ages. Many of these have been obtained from the long neglected ruins of the ancient Roman town of *Industria*, situated eighteen miles below Turin, which were discovered in 1744 by some enterprising antiquaries. Excavations being made, numerous medals, bronze figures, and other antique remains, were brought to light, and deposited in the royal collection. In the Cabinet of Antiques, there is rather an unusual number of the heathen deities, some of exquisite beauty and great rarity. But what was long considered as the most precious of its curiosities, is the Isiac Table, which has been the subject of more than one learned publication. This remarkable monument is a table of massive bronze or copper, four feet in length by two feet four inches in breadth, and of considerable thickness, inlaid with hieroglyphics in silver. Within the last seven years, however, his Sardinian Majesty's collection has received an extensive and important accession by the purchase of M. Drovetti's splendid collection of Egyptian antiquities, for the not inconsiderable sum of 400,000 francs. Turin can now boast of a Royal Egyptian Museum, which is, perhaps, unrivalled. Besides the historical monuments, which have found so able an expositor in M. Champollion,* there are many objects of great rarity and value.

* See *Lettres à M. le Duc de Blacas d'Aulps, &c. &c., relatives au Musée Royal Egyptien de Turin. Par M. Champollion le Jeune. (2 livraisons.)* Paris, 1824-1826.

Among these is an ancient cubit measure, made of the wood of Merœ, in texture and colour something between wainscot and mahogany; the divisions and measurements marked in hieroglyphics: it was found at Memphis. There is also a small statue of a priest, carved in the same wood, having on each shoulder the fragment of a god, and a staff in each hand. There are also many *pastophori*, and various specimens of gilding on metal and on wood; 3000 Roman-Egyptian coins; one Daric; many *papyri* of various dates, from the time of Amenophis I. (B. C. 1778) down to Adrian,—one of them sixty feet in length, and admirably well preserved; a granite stone bearing a bilingual inscription in the Demotic and Greek characters; thousands of *scarabæi*; an ancient painter's pallet, with paints, brushes, and paint-box; a statue of Memnon, and one of Sesostris, valued at 100,000 francs. The museum which contains these treasures is, unhappily, far too small for their accommodation, and so miserably ill-lighted, that it is difficult to distinguish stone from stucco.

The Royal Library on the floor above, is also extensive and valuable. Among the biblical and theological works are said to be 300 Latin, 230 Italian, and 120 French copies of the Bible; for what purpose accumulated, we are not informed. A more valuable treasure is a Polyglot, presented by a king of Spain to a duke of Savoy. One curious volume in this vast collection is a Homer illuminated by the monks, in which a procession of Benedictines is represented attending to the

grave the remains of Hector!* The Cabinet of Medals is said to be one of the richest in Italy. The Cabinet of Physic contains a sufficient apparatus for the purposes of lecturing and demonstrating; but the most remarkable instrument is the electrical machine of Beccaria, constructed by his own hands. The Cabinet of Natural History in the *Accademia Reale*, a very handsome edifice, contains a good modern collection of crystals, simple minerals, and rocks, arranged according to the system of the Abbé Haüy. The specimens in the other branches of natural history are not very numerous, but they comprise most of the indigenous species. There is an observatory, instituted under the French Government, and placed under the direction of Plana, an able mathematician, since made astronomer royal. From the summit is obtained a fine view of the chain of Alps, forming a magnificent crescent towards the north, and occupying nearly half the circuit of the horizon. The opening of the narrow valley of Susa is conspicuous to the west, and further to the south, the snow-capped cone of Monte Viso.

Piedmont has to boast of some names of deserved celebrity among her native literati. Father Beccaria stands at the head of these. His celebrated pupil, La Grange, became professor of mathematics in the artillery-school of Turin at the early age of sixteen, and was one of the founders of the Academy of Sciences in his native city. He

* We regret to have no better account of this library than the superficial statements of Lady Morgan.

was called to Paris by the French Government in 1787, and died there in April 1813, at the age of seventy-seven. Baretti, the author of an English and Italian Dictionary, who long taught Italian in London; Cerutti, the friend of Mirabeau; and the learned Abbé Denina, librarian to Bonaparte, were also natives of Piedmont. The Piedmontese, however, are more proud of their illustrious and eccentric countryman, Count Alfieri, the greatest name in the literature of modern Italy; of whom it is no mean praise, that having embraced a severe and barren theory of composition, his masculine vigour of mind lent for a time delusive splendour to the exploded rules of French criticism, and seduced even Lord Byron into fatal imitation.* The Alfieri palace stands at the end of the Piazza San Carlo, opposite to that of the Marquis de Prie, whose noble owner possesses the only private collection of pictures of any note in Turin.

* Literary criticism does not belong to the present work, but the reader will be gratified with a few observations from the pen of Forsyth. Alfieri, he remarks, 'is, next to Dante, the Italian poet most difficult to Italians themselves. His tragedies are too patriotic and too severe for the Tuscan stage.' 'The very strength and compression (of his thoughts), being new to the language, and foreign to its genius, have rendered his style inverted, broken, and obscure; full of ellipsis and elisions, speckled even to affectation with *Dantesque* terms, without pliancy, or flow, or variety, or ease. Yet, where lives the tragic poet equal to Alfieri?'—Forsyth, vol. i. p. 72. Italian was scarcely Alfieri's native language, and he complains of having been born in 'an amphibious country.' Of Byron's admiration of Alfieri, and imitation of his writings, his later productions teem with instances. Some of these have been pointed out in an able article on Italian tragedy, in the first Number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, p. 138.

The French language, which is only understood at Genoa, is correctly spoken by most persons at Turin; but the common language is a *patois*, one characteristic of which is, that few of the words terminate in vowels. Genoese money does not pass current at Turin, notwithstanding the political union of the two states under one monarchy. Turin was formerly distinguished for its excellent silk-manufactures, which employed 1400 looms in the city alone. Under the French, its trade and manufactures greatly declined.* The Piedmontese were indebted to Napoleon for some beneficial institutions, a few of which have survived the restoration of the old Government. Under the French, mendicants were at first taken up and confined to labour in a work-house; but, for want of funds, the doors were afterwards thrown open, and the wretched inmates were let loose upon public charity. Beggars are now numerous, yet, less so than in southern Italy.

‘When the King regained possession of the government,’ says Mr. Sinond, ‘he puzzled himself for some little time in examining the Code Napoleon, with a wish to extract something good from it; but finding it difficult to adjust any part to his old system, his first minister advised him, as the easiest and readiest way, to issue an edict, declaring, that everything was restored according to the almanack of that year in which he was compelled to abandon his dominions. The ancient state of things, however, had some good points; for the Government was eminently frugal, and

* Velvets, silks, chamois gloves, perfumes, and the *eau de mille fleurs*, are the chief articles of external trade.

found means, without oppressive taxes, and with a revenue of just one million sterling, to keep up an army of 30,000 men and thirty fortresses. The salary of ministers was only 500*l.* sterling a year. In short, it was a paternal government in good humour. But now, it is a paternal government angry with its children, and mistrustful of their love and obedience, which makes a wide difference.*

The population of Turin has been variously estimated, and it of course fluctuates in some degree, according to whether it is the residence of the Court or not. Thus, one traveller tells us, that 'the liveliness of this beautiful city is inconceivable; you meet vast numbers in all parts, and the cries of Turin remind an Englishman of those of London, beginning at seven in the morning.'† And Mr. Simond says: 'Turin has a sort of courtly appearance very striking all about the royal palace. People are seen in the formal old bag and sword, with powdered heads, going to and fro, full of business, or standing in nooks and corners, seemingly waiting for something or somebody, feeding on hopes and expectations, and in the mean time bowing to great people as they pass.' In the Geography of Malte Brun, on the other hand, we are told, that 'the large and straight streets of Turin are dismal and deserted;

* Simond's Italy, pp. 607, 8. We cite this intelligent Traveller with a confidence that cannot be given either to Eustace, the virulent calumniator of the French, or to Lady Morgan, the idolater of liberalism. Her 'fearless and excellent' work upon Italy, as Lord Byron styled it, abounds with lively description and copious information; but so distorted and coloured, that we can never rely upon its accuracy.

† Pennington, vol. i. p. 282.

they are animated only on festivals.' According to the census of 1819, the inhabitants of Turin numbered 88,658. They are now rated at 114,000;* a remarkable increase, if the statement can be depended upon, but the aggregate requires analysis. A very large proportion of the population formerly consisted of ecclesiastics. These are still numerous, as well as two other classes not usually included in statistical estimates, the soldiery and mendicants.

The citadel of Turin is a regular pentagonal fortification, mined and countermined, with very extensive subterraneous galleries. It was planned by the celebrated Urbino in the sixteenth century, and has been strong; but Turin is now an open city. The gardens and the *glacis* of the citadel, and the long promenade on the banks of the Po, are very pleasant. The arsenal is a fine and spacious building, containing some ancient armour and a foundry for brass cannon; and several cannon are shewn, which were given by the English.

Among the chief objects of interest without the city, is the aristocratic cemetery,—a small plot of consecrated ground surrounded with arcades, under which the nobility alone are interred;—and the royal villas. Of these, describing them as they were in 1802, Mr. Forsyth remarks, that they had all lost their original character. 'The pretty *Vigna della Regina* is deserted; the high-roofed *Valentino* is converted into a veterinary school; the more princely *Stapinigi* is assigned to the purposes of natural history; and the vast

* Companion to the British Almanack, 1829.

Veneria is visited only as the field of Bruley's agricultural experiments.* There is a botanic garden at Valentino. Above the queen's villa, which is beautifully situated, is the extensive convent of the Capuchins; and above all, rises the convent of the *Camaldoli*, recently restored. Altogether, the environs of Turin are acknowledged to be extremely beautiful.† The chief drawback arises from the fogs which prevail in the plain, during the autumn and winter, and which render the city at those seasons an undesirable residence to strangers.

Turin has scarcely had justice done to it by most of our English travellers, who seem to seek for an excuse for hurrying away. Mr. Bell, for instance, asserts, that 'there is nothing in this city from which the traveller can derive much interest or pleasure. It can be regarded only as an elegant place of repose for a few days. To the antiquary, it presents no object of inquiry; to the artist, no pictures, statues, or buildings worthy of particular notice.'‡ If this is true to a certain extent, its Museum forms a noble exception. On the other hand, Lady Morgan says: 'I pity those

* Forsyth, vol. ii. 213.

† 'The memorable winter of 1709 did them the good service of killing their plantations of olive-trees, which, in a region so near the Alps, yielded but a very precarious revenue, and wholly spoiled the beauty of the country. Much to its advantage, they were replaced by the picturesque walnut-tree. All round the town, ancient trees of luxuriant growth oppose their impenetrable shade to the intolerable heat of the sun; and the views of the Alps are magnificent.'—Simond, p. 605.

‡ Bell, p. 53.

who pass through Piedmont without pausing on its capital. The impression which we received on the threshold of Italy, shed the light of promise on the rest of our journey. The localities of Turin are by no means destitute of interest; and its active and intelligent citizens well merit to be studied with attention; while there are few places in Italy, where the stranger, well presented, will find a more frank and hospitable reception, enlivened by gayety, and tempered by information and kindly feeling.*

Piedmont, during the time that it was incorporated with the French empire, was divided into the departments of the Stura, the Tanaro, the Po, the Sesia, the Dora, and Marengo. The present divisions are those of Torino, Cuneo, Alessandria, Novara, and Aosta, to which have been annexed those of Nizza and Genoa. The superficial area of Piedmont has been estimated at 13,000 square miles, containing a population of about 2,250,000, all of the Roman Catholic faith, with the exception of between 22,000 and 23,000 Vaudois, concentrated in the valleys between the Pelice

* Lady Morgan, vol. i. p. 108. The Authoress of a lively volume, entitled, 'A Spinster's Tour in France,' thinks that Turin might 'satisfactorily engage the traveller a fortnight,' the opera being in good repute, the society particularly animated, and strangers courteously received. The 'paved streets, spacious squares, bonneted women, and neat carts and carriages,' have, according to this fair writer, an English appearance, and *la Place de Carignan* is a sort of Grosvenor-square. For the benefit of those whom it may concern, it should be added, that Turin contains two small theatres, 'dark and dirty,' and a grand opera, which ranks as the third *salle de spectacle* in Italy.

and the Clusone. As these valleys are most easily accessible from Turin,* we have reserved for this place a brief account of that highly interesting district.

The valleys which the Vaudois have raised into celebrity, lie between the Piedmontese province of Pignerolo and the Briançonnais; having on the north, the marquisate of Susa, and on the south, that of Saluzzo. La Tour, the capital, is about thirty-six miles from Turin, and fourteen from Pignerolo. The valleys are three in number,—that of Lucerne or the Val Pelice, the Val Pragelas or Perosa, and that of the Germanasca, or Val St. Martin; occupying a superficial area of about twenty-four French leagues. The valley of Lucerne, the chief town of which is now inhabited by Roman Catholics, is the most extensive and beautiful of the three, containing the five parishes of Rosa, St. Jean, La Tour, Villar, and Bobbi. Through the last three runs the rapid Pelice, which has its source near the Pra Alp, and falls into the Po. The valley of Perouse (or Perosa), called also the Val Pragelas, which is traversed by the Clusone, is about twelve miles in length. In this valley also, the chief town, as well as all the villages on the Italian side of the river, are entirely inhabited by Roman Catholics, the Vaudois possessing at this time only Pramol, Pomaret,

* The route over Mont Genève to Pignerolo, has already been described. Travellers taking the route from Nice to Turin, may, on reaching the plains at Borgo St. Dalmazio, make a *détour* by Saluzzo and Cavour to these beautiful valleys, and thence proceed by Pignerol to the capital. At Saluzzo, Mr. Brockedon says, there is an excellent inn.

and St. Germain. Between these two valleys, is the parish of Prarostin, comprehending Roche Platte and St. Barthélemi, which belong to neither of them. The third valley, that of St. Martin, is scarcely wider than the bed of the torrent Germanasca, which runs through it. It extends from the valley of Perouse to that of Queiras in Dauphiny, and contains the parishes of Prali, Mancille, and Ville Séche. Perrier, the capital, is now inhabited by Roman Catholics alone. The parish of Prali is so elevated as to be covered with snow during nine months in the year. This valley, which was the scene of the heroic defence made by Arnaud's patriot band, is entirely environed with lofty mountains and rugged rocks, forming the most formidable natural defences; and the only entrance into it is by a pass so narrow, that a few men might defend it against a large force.

The churches in these valleys were formerly much more numerous. There are now only thirteen parish churches, although, in the ancient records, mention is made of ten other parishes to which pastors were attached: these are now annexed to the thirteen. In the valley of the Clusone, there were, as late as 1727, six flourishing Vaudois churches, which were sacrificed to an exchange of territory between France and the House of Savoy; all who remained faithful to their religion, being forced into exile.* The Vaudois were also numerous in the valleys of Queiras, Mathias, and Meanc, near Susa, until

* The valley of Barcelonette, which then belonged to Sardinia, was ceded to France in exchange for the valleys of Pragelas and Exilles.

entirely extirpated there by Duke Charles Emmanuel in 1603; as they were in the marquisate of Saluzzo in 1633, where they had many churches. Five villages and the town of Lucerne, formerly attached to the parish church of St. Jean, have also been taken from them in the valley of Lucerne. Indeed, in the year 1560, the Vaudois had churches in Pignerolo, Quiers, and Turin.*

Pignerolo is on the post-road to Nice, four hours and a half from Turin; and a diligence runs there twice a day. From this place, there is a good carriage road to La Tour; but it is intersected by torrents, which, in winter, must be formidable. Travellers are recommended to procure horses at Pignerolo, (where there is a tolerable second-rate Italian inn and post-house,) to ride during their stay in the valleys; for at La Tour, only an ass and a mule are kept. There is, however, at La Tour, a very clean little inn, where a person wishing to explore these valleys,

* 'Authentic details of the Valdenses.' 8vo. pp. 101, 2. In the fourteenth century, the population of these valleys, swelled by emigrants from Lyons, becoming excessive, many families withdrew to Provence; others, to villages in the marquisate of Saluzzo. But the most considerable colonies formed at this time, sought an asylum in Calabria and Apulia, where they built Borgo d' Oltramontane, near Montalto, and, fifty years afterwards, on the increase of new settlers, San Sisto, Vacurisso, Argentine, and St. Vincent. The Marquis of Spinello also allowed them at last to build on his land, near the sea, the fortified town of Guardia. This colony continued to flourish when the Reformation dawned upon Italy; but, after subsisting for nearly two centuries, was basely and barbarously exterminated by the court of Rome. See M'Crie's 'Reformation in Italy,' pp. 3-6, 257, 266, 282, 344.

should take up his head-quarters. The *communes* of St. Jean and Lucerne may be conveniently reached from this spot in one or two days; the whole valley of Rora may also be explored; the *commune* of Angrogna will occupy at least one day from La Tour; one morning will be sufficient to enjoy the scenery of Villar and Bobbi; but the Val St. Martin will fully occupy a long day.

La Tour (or Torre) is beautifully situated at the foot of the Vendelin, near where the Angrogna stream falls into the Pelice. The declivities of the 'huge green hill' behind the town, are covered with vines and corn, intermingled with mulberry and chestnut trees; and the summit is crowned with a ruined tower, commanding a beautiful view over the vale as far as Bobbi. The Pelice runs with much velocity through the Vale of Lucerne, collecting in its course the tributes of a hundred mountain torrents; the snowy summits of the Cottian Alps, are seen towering above the wooded hills on the banks of the stream; and the cottages, seen like nests amid the trees, form, at every turn, a beautiful picture. The Protestant church is placed (*per force*) a mile from La Tour, at a place called St. Marguerite. The first Protestant church in the valley, however, is that of St. Jean, prettily situated on a hill, amid woods crowned with snowy peaks. 'This church,' says Miss Morton, who visited these valleys in 1827, 'looks as if it had been built in the time of Bonaparte's liberality, resembling very much the French church of La Trinita at Rome. Before this church, the Catholics have erected a screen, that they may not be polluted by seeing the Protestants go to worship.' Four

times in the year, the Vaudois receive the Eucharist; and this Traveller had the gratification of being present, when about 500 partook of the sacrament at the church of St. Marguerite. The scene is thus described.

‘The service began by reading two chapters, one from the Gospel of St. John, the other from the Acts of the Apostles. The men and women sat separate; the women in neatly-plaited fly-caps, with all their hair strained back, and entirely disguised, as human beings, by *goitres*; not one, but many, hanging in bunches. No rags, no filth, as at Naples; but all were neat, clean, and quiet, modest, and attentive. They sang several hymns in the old canon style, always going on with all their might and great seeming devotion. Two children were christened. The godfathers advanced to the table, with a large square of rich brocade silk pinned to their shoulders, and hanging down in front, beneath which was hidden their little charge. On the table was a small stand for the Bible of the reader. After an exhortation to the sponsors from the pulpit, the minister came down. The godmother then took from her pocket a little phial of water, and poured it into the hands of the minister, who let it drop upon the forehead of the child: no sign of the cross was made. He said: “I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” The chapters read, were from the Lausanne version, with very suitable reflections. There was then a confession, very similar to, or the same as that I heard at Lausanne; then followed a hymn in very old French, and then the sermon; then another hymn,

and an exhortation to the communicants. The little reading-stand was then removed, and two high, ancient silver cups were put on the table, with a large quantity of bread in a napkin. The minister then approached the table, (which was where our reading-desk is generally placed, under the pulpit,) and said: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" The men then approached in pairs, put a small piece of money into a plate on the table, and made a bend to the minister. He then presented to them the bread and wine, applying to each some verse of Scripture, not doctrinal, but what is usually termed practical. They then bent again. Two more succeeded, and thus, till all approached, partook, and passed on, to the number of 500; the men first, and then the women. We were told, that there were but few comparatively to-day, on account of the number of women who, at this season, attend their silk-worms night and day, and thus earn a livelihood. As they passed in slow and solemn files up to the altar, and the chanter led the voices of those who were not engaged in communion, the tones, the pace, the air, brought at once to my mind the various passes in which the brave ancestors of these men, with Henri Arnaud at their head, had placed themselves to face death and maintain their faith. I contrasted this peaceable procession, these hymns of praise, with the war-notes that were heard in these valleys, when they were the arena on which Christian firmness exhibited its con-

quering power ; and I delighted to join with such a people in commemorating that Love which, before the mountains were brought forth, contemplated our redemption.*

Above La Tour, is the pretty little village of Villar, and still higher up, is Bobbi (or Bobbio), the last of the Protestant villages in this direction that can be reached with wheels. Embosomed in hills, overhung by vast mountain-peaks, and surrounded by rushing torrents, the *campanile* stands insulated on a rock. The church is a neat little building, with a burying-ground, interesting from its extreme simplicity. Unhewn stones from the brook, are placed at the head of the graves ; and, 'if they can afford it, the name is cut.' The pastor has, during the winter, a parish school of seventy children, and educates young men for the ministerial office. Near this spot, two small streams fall into the Pelice, one flowing down the Col d'Abriese, and the other from one of the vast buttresses of the Col de Viso. On the picturesque hill which overhangs the Subiasca torrent, are seen a few cabins, occupying the site of Sibaud, from which Henri Arnaud and his gallant band made their attack upon Bobbi, after forcing the passage of the Col de Julien †. Towards the south, the lofty peak of Monte Viso is seen towering above all the other mountains, a 'glittering pyramid.' In the fore-ground is a beautiful wooded height. A mill is turned by the Subiasca torrent ; above it is seen the *campanile* ; while little

* Morton's Protestant Vigils, vol. ii. pp. 253—5.

† Glorious Recovery, p. 80.

hamlets peep out from amid the wood and rock, and the lofty hills are seen backed by the Alpine chain which stretches westward into France.

The parish of Rora, the most southerly of all the Vaudois villages, is situated near one of the heads of the Lucerne stream, which, flowing from the south, through part of the marquisate of Saluzzo, joins the Pelice below La Tour. The parish of Angrogna lies in the little valley which opens into the vale of the Pelice, running up to the northward from La Tour; it contains two churches. The lower parts of this parish are very beautiful, in many places covered with woods of chestnut-trees; in others, opening into little glades, cultivated with corn or hemp, and having a range of bold mountains in the distance. The narrow ridge of the *Vachère* separates the valley of Angrogna from the Val Perosa. On ascending this ridge, above the chestnut-trees, the traveller finds himself on a bare hill of rough slate, which the unwearied industry of the peasants has formed into fields of corn and hemp, and occasionally, by irrigation, into meadows. The inhabitants live in miserable huts among the crags; and some of them, in the summer, occupy little hovels of stone in still loftier situations, for the sake of cultivating the highest land. These hovels consist of two small chambers, built of loose stones, like Oxfordshire walls, and roofed with large, rough slates found on the hills: no cement being used, light and air are admitted by a number of chinks and openings in the roofs and walls. In some of these huts, is a second story, formed by a floor of loose

planks. In these cases, the ground-floor is occupied by the pig and cow. The lower cottages are built of the same materials, but with cement, and have generally an open portico in the centre, where wood is kept, and where a few stone steps lead to the second story, consisting of two rooms like the lower one. In the lower story, the floor is of clay; the windows are formed of lattices, and, in the very best houses, of paper. There are, perhaps, about six houses near the churches, a little superior to those described; but the rest of the two thousand inhabitants of Angrogna live in the above mentioned huts.

‘The ridge of the Vachère,’ continues this Traveller, ‘though not nearly so high, reminded me of Malvern. On the north, are the crags of Castelluzzo, hills over La Tour, and the bold heights which form the narrow valley of the Pré du Tour; beneath, are corn-fields, torrents, and chestnut-trees. On the south, are seen the well-wooded and fertile valley of Perouse, the vast plain of the Po, and its winding stream, as far as the hills towards Marengo, and the superb Superga. But this scene had a superior interest. Here, the poor *Barbets* (as the Vaudois are called) always retired on the attacks of their enemies of the plain; and here, some of the noblest feats of Henri Arnaud’s troops were performed; one, in particular, when they attacked the enemy in their entrenchments, and drove them from their camp, though six times more numerous than themselves.’*

* Authentic Details, pp. 24—6.

The mountain road (a mule track) to Perouse, winds among low hills, the woods and glades of which resemble English park scenery. Prarustin is embowered in trees, and Roche Platte is almost washed away by its useful stream, which turns mills, and irrigates meadows. St. Germain, a larger village almost on the Clusone, is equally divided between Roman Catholics and Protestants. A handsome bridge over the river leads to the pretty town of Perouse, where there is a wretched inn, a contrast in every respect to that at La Tour. There is a good carriage road from La Tour to Perouse, going round by Pignerolo, but the route is far less interesting.

The Val Pragelas has already been in part described. It is divided along its whole length by the Clusone, to the western side of which the Protestants are now confined. In ascending this gloomy defile, their villages are concealed by the natural barriers which rise with forbidding aspect on the western bank. Near its confluence with the Germanasca, the Clusone divides itself into a variety of channels, and rushes over masses of rocks that have been brought down by the torrents, and which lie in confusion in every part of its bed. Crossing these streams by a series of wooden bridges, the traveller, in about half an hour from Perouse, arrives in sight of the first Vaudois village in this direction; that of Pomaret or Pomaretto, the parish of the late Rodolph Peyrani, 'the venerable moderator of the ancient church of the Waldenses.' The Rev. Mr. Gilly, who paid a visit to these valleys in the year 1823, thus de-

scribes the spot. 'Seen as it was in its wintry aspect, never did a more dreary spot burst upon the view. It is built upon a declivity, just where the mountains begin to increase in height and number, with rocks above and torrents below. There is such a scene of savage disorder in the immediate vicinity of Pomaretto, that one would imagine it had been effected by the most violent convulsions of nature. Huge fragments of rock encumber the ground on all sides, and it seems as if the mountains must have been rent asunder, to produce so much nakedness and desolation. The street which we slowly ascended, was narrow and dirty; the houses, or rather cabins, small and inconvenient; and poverty, in the strictest sense of the word, stared us in the face at every step we took. In vain did we cast our eyes about in search of some better-looking corner, in which we might descry a habitation fit for the reception of the supreme pastor of the churches of the Waldenses. The street was every where no better than a confined lane. At length we stood before the *presbytery* of M. Peyrani; for by this name the dwellings of the ministers are known. But in external appearance, how inferior to the most indifferent parsonage in England, or to the humblest manse in Scotland! Neither garden nor bower enlivened its appearance, and scarcely did it differ in construction or dimension from the humble cottages by which it was surrounded. The interior was not much better calculated to give us an idea of the *otium cum dignitate* which usually appertains to the dignitaries of the church; and had we not

known it before, we should soon have discovered, that additional labour only distinguishes the appointment of Moderator of the Vaudois.*

Two years after, when another English traveller visited Pomaret, the venerable Peyrani was no more. 'Even in death,' says the narrator, 'the demons of oppression and poverty seem to have shaken their wings over the departed Moderator. While the prelates of Piedmont sleep in marble state, he can claim no sacred roof, nor even a consecrated sod. A few pebbles from the next brook separate his grave from the rest; and on a rough bit of slate at its head, are scratched these words: "*J. R. L. G. Peyrani, Pasteur et Modérateur. Né 11 Dec. 1752. Mort le 26 Avril 1823.*" Another rough slate precisely similar stands near, and marks the grave of his brother: "*S. H. F. Peyrani, Pasteur à Pramol. Né le 21 Nov. 1760. Mort le 9 Oct. 1822.*" These are the only tombstones of Pomaret; and the last had already so sunk, that it was only with young Peyrani's assistance I could make out the date. "Around, the rude forefathers of the village sleep." The stones which were ranged about their graves, were mostly displaced, and the rank grass waves high over all, as if in the triumph of oblivion. Not even a wall or a rail separates the remains of the dead from the surrounding corn-fields. The French had all the cemeteries walled; but this one was neglected, and solicitation from high quarters would be necessary to obtain such a favour from the present Government. Nature has, indeed, favoured this

* Gilly's Narrative, pp. 65—68.

unprotected spot: it is on a rising ground above the hundred little streams which pour down from the hills, and surrounded with magnificent chestnut and walnut trees. It commands a view of the valleys of Clusone and Perouse, and of the pretty town of Perouse, as well as of the mountains of Pramol and Val St. Martin. The church is here indeed militant, and a pastor can hope only for a soldier's sepulchre.*

The Val St. Martin, near the entrance of which Pomaret is situated, is narrow and rugged; and for some miles, as all the cultivated lands are very high up, the traveller is at a loss to conceive how the population can be supported. Now and then, he passes a pretty grove of chestnuts, or a bold turn of the Germanasca gives interest to the scene. Chestnuts are, in fact, an essential article of subsistence in these valleys: they are made into a paste like the *pain amér* of the Savoyards.† One of the boldest passes of the Val St. Martin, is between Pomaret and Perrier. Not far above Perrier, the wild and narrow valley of Prali

* Authentic Details, pp. 34—36.

† Even this resource has sometimes failed. 'In these valleys,' says Miss Morton, 'the occurrence of famine seems scarcely credible. Luxuriant vines, mulberry-trees, fruit-trees of every description, beneath which are corn and maize, offer rich harvests to the imagination; but sudden winds (and hail storms) often cut off these hopes; and we saw many fields in which the corn has been broken quite off. Mr. B. told us, that potatoes often saved them from famine, when the chestnuts and corn failed.'—Prot. Vigils, vol. ii. p. 264. Many of the inhabitants gain a scanty pittance from their silk-worms; but, when the immediate product fails, they are left, owing to their extreme poverty, without resource.

branches off, and conducts to the village of that name, the highest and most remote of all, where all the severities of an Alpine winter are felt, and little cultivation can go on during the very short summer. A mountain path, practicable for animals all the summer, leads in six hours from Prali to Bobbi, affording a means of returning to La Tour without descending the Val St. Martin. The scenery above Perrier is not very remarkable; but every traveller will wish to visit the famous Balsille, where 367 Vaudois, entrenched in this natural fortress for six months,—during which they existed on vegetables, water, and a scanty allowance of bread, ‘lodging, like corpses, in the earth,’—succeeded in repelling and driving into disgraceful flight 10,000 French and 12,000 Piedmontese.*

The route from Perrier turns up a lateral valley, watered by a stream flowing from the Col de Pis, which joins the Germanasca near that village. It is a rapid ascent to Maneille, a retired but populous village placed among a few corn-fields at a great height. An hour and a half further, proceeding along the mountain, is Masseille (or Maccl), now united to the parish of Maneille. Thence it is a ride of two hours to the Balsille. The valley becomes more bold and wild as the traveller advances, the cliffs rising into mountains capped with snow, while the declivities are covered with nothing but brushwood. At length the valley divides, and a vast precipice rises in front, half way up which is a little corn-field of two acres, formed,

* Acland, p. 202.

probably by an ancient *éboulement*. The Balsille (or Balsi) is thus described by Henri Arnaud, in his most interesting narrative of the 'Glorious Recovery.'

'The Balsi, or, as it was called, the Castle, is a lofty and very steep rock, rising by three different terraces, on the top of each of which is a small, flat space, in which a sort of barracks had been excavated in the ground. It possesses also three springs. Three intrenchments having been constructed, these were pierced with loop-holes. Each post was also provided with a large store of stones to hurl on the heads of the assailants. The access to it is every where difficult: the side on which it is least so, is from a torrent which runs from its feet. As this was the only side on which an attack could be made, Mons. Arnaud had caused it to be fortified by good palisades and parapets of dry wall. Moreover, trees had been cut down, and so disposed that the branches should be opposed to the assailants. A layer of trees was loaded with large stones, on which were again placed trees, secured in the same manner, and so on.* Five hundred picked men of the enemy, covered by the fire of their main body, gallantly gained the first barricade of trees; but this their utmost efforts were unable to remove, and the Vaudois having opened a tremendous fire, the greater part were soon stretched on the ground. When the confusion of the assailants was complete, the besieged sallied from their entrenchments, and cut to pièces the remainder of the

* Acland, p. 157.

detachment, with the exception of the colonel, who was taken prisoner, and about ten or twelve, who escaped to report to the French commander the disastrous result. The most astonishing fact was, that the Vaudois did not lose a single man in this affair. This was the second attack on the Vaudois strong-hold: a former, under the direction of Monsieur de l'Ombraile, had been equally unsuccessful.

The French and Piedmontese armies fell back the same evening, and a short breathing-time was allowed to this brave band; but in about ten days, the French returned to the attack, and again surrounded the Balsi with five different encampments. Batteries were now constructed by the besiegers, the destructive fire from which soon reduced the loose walls of the lower entrenchment to a state of utter ruin. The overwhelming force which now pressed upon the Vaudois, in spite of their utmost efforts, compelled them to desert 'the Castle,' and they retreated to an inner intrenchment called the *Cheval La Bruze*. Their destruction now seemed inevitable, but no one thought of a surrender. In fact, the French, enraged at the obstinate resistance they had met with from such a handful of men, had resolved to hang all they should take; and they are said to have actually brought executioners with ropes for the purpose.* 'While the

* 'The day before the attack, they had proclaimed with the sound of the trumpet, that all who wished to witness the end of the Vaudois, should come to Pignerol on the morrow, where the Vaudois would be hung two by two. But, alas! this promised spectacle was changed for the mortifying one of the arrival of many waggons full of their own wounded.'—Acland, p. 185.

enemy were minutely examining every fresh position which was abandoned by the besieged, the latter thought of nothing but how to make good their escape. The immense fires kept burning in the French encampment, seemed to preclude all hope of their being able to retire under cover of the night; and well were they aware that the hand of God alone could deliver them in this hour of peril, as he had already done from so many former dangers. But, at the very moment when a most cruel death seemed to be preparing for them, a fog arose before dark, thus assisting to lengthen the night, which at that season was in itself too too short for their purpose. Captain Poulat, who was a native of La Balsille, offered to be their guide; and they resolved to march, under the protection of God, and the direction of this brave man, who had a perfect knowledge of the country; and having accurately observed the situation of the enemy's fires, he declared the only chance of escape to be across a frightful precipitous ravine. They followed him down this chasm, some sliding on their backs, others scrambling with one knee on the ground, holding by the branches of trees, occasionally resting, and then feeling their way with their hands or feet. Poulat made them take off their shoes, that they might the better perceive whether they placed their feet on any thing capable of supporting them. In this manner, they passed close to one of the French out-posts; and a Vaudois soldier, in trying to assist himself with his hands, let fall a small kettle, which, in rolling over some stones, made noise enough to disturb a sentinel, who cried out "*Qui vive?*" but this kettle, happily

not being one of those feigned by the poets to have spoken, and to have delivered oracles in the forest of Dodona, returned no answer, and the sentinel took no further notice. Meanwhile, the Vaudois continued to gain ground. They ascended the mountain of Guignevert, in the direction of Salse; and two hours after daylight, they were still climbing the mountain by steps which they cut for themselves in the snow. The French, who were encamped at Lantiga, discovered them at a distance, and sent a detachment in pursuit of them; but they descended by the *Pausettes* of La Salse, on the other side of the mountain, where they stopped to rest and refresh themselves.*

The fugitives made good their escape into the Val Pelice, with the loss of only six killed. There, to their surprise and joy, they were met with the intelligence, that a rupture had taken place between the Duke of Savoy and the French; and the Vaudois, being received into their Sovereign's favour, did good service against the common enemy.

Some little remains of Arnaud's intrenchments are still to be seen, together with some tracks cut for the cannon in the rocks. The points also are shewn, where the French batteries were placed, and the terrible precipices by which the besieged effected their escape. The little hamlet of Balsille is just below 'the Castle.' Nothing but the most positive proof could convince a person who visits the spot, that these affairs actually took place, so marvellous and romantic do they appear.

It was in these same recesses of the Cottian

* Authentic Details, pp. 369—371.

Alps, that the Celtic chieftain whose name they bear, was able to bid defiance so long to the Roman armies. The language of the present inhabitants of the valleys, is a *patois* closely related to the Provençal ;* and as the Vaudois carry back the history of their church no further than the time of Claude of Turin, there is every reason to believe that they are the descendants of refugees who fled from the persecutions directed against the followers of that great Reformer in the tenth century. The alleged heresies of the Bishop of Turin are stated by Roman Catholic writers to have been maintained in these valleys throughout the ninth and tenth centuries. Long before his time, indeed, the same sect of primitive Protestants, under the name of *Cathari*, or Puritans, were numerous in many parts of northern Italy and southern France ; but necessity or persecution, and not choice, must originally have led them to retire into these Alpine recesses.

The Vaudois claim to be considered, therefore, not as a local, isolated community perpetuated in

* A peculiar interest attaches to the relics of a language, once-spoken throughout Languedoc, Provence, and Catalonia, which could boast of an infant literature, while the greater part of Europe was still in the grossest barbarism. The birth-place of the Provençal muses was the country of the Albigenses. Some of the earliest remains of the poetry of this dialect, are those of the heretic Vaudois ; and many of the last efforts of troubadour song were employed in vindicating the rights of humanity against the cruelty and corruption of Rome and its retainers. It is a curious fact, also, remarked by Dr. McCrie, that ' the first gleam of light at the revival of letters, shone on that remote spot of Italy (Calabria) where the Vaudois had found an asylum.'

these valleys, so much as in the light of a scattered remnant of a pure and primitive church, who are to be traced at different periods, under various names, and in various countries bordering on the Mediterranean; comprising individuals and communities of different nations, but forming essentially and successively one sect, the sect of the true church. These same mountain recesses afforded an asylum to Albigensic refugees in the thirteenth century, as they had done in former troubles to their predecessors,—perhaps their ancestors. Others took refuge in the province of Guienne, then belonging to the English, whence their doctrines spread into our own country. The name of Lollard was taken from that of a Waldensian pastor who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century; and ‘your Wickliffe,’ said M. Peyrani to his English visiter, Mr. Gilly, ‘preached nothing more than had been advanced by the ministers of our valleys four hundred years before his time.’ It is remarkable enough that, in this little corner of Piedmont, where Cottius defied the arms of Augustus, should be found the only surviving remnant of the Church of the Reformation in Italy, who have been able to maintain their stand against the power of papal Rome.

Before we take leave of this part of Piedmont, it will be proper to advert to the opinion which has recently found a fresh advocate,* that Hannibal’s passage of the Alps was effected by a route which led him over Monte Viso. According to the theory of the writer alluded to, Hannibal, re-

* Hannibal’s Passage of the Alps. By a Member of the University of Cambridge. 12mo. London, 1830.

treating from Scipio towards the East, crossed the Isère at Grenoble, and proceeded along the river Drac to the Durance. Crossing the latter river near Tallard, he marched up the plains of the Durance to the valley of the Ubaye, and ascended this valley, which would have led him over the Col d'Argentière. But the mountaineers who had tendered their services as guides, treacherously led the Carthaginians up the deep gorges of the river Guil, away from the right path. In this difficult and dangerous ravine, their loss was immense, as the barbarians hurled down masses of rock upon them as they advanced. On the ninth day from entering these Alpine defiles, the remains of the army encamped on the summit of the pass of Monte Viso, whence Hannibal could point out to his dispirited troops the fertile plains of the Po. Such is this Writer's version of Livy's narrative, which he adopts as the basis of his theory.

The valley of the Ubaye, which Hannibal is supposed to have entered, has been illustrated by the pen and pencil of Mr. Brockedon. It was by this route and the Col d'Argentière, that Francis I. crossed the Alps in 1515. In 1692, Victor Amadeus II. invaded France by the same pass. And in the war of 1744, when the Spanish and French armies under Don Philip and the Prince of Condé invaded Piedmont, they also passed by the Col d'Argentière. Denina, upon authority somewhat obscure, mentions a second Æmilian way as having run in this direction. The facility with which a good road, always practicable, might be made across the Argentière, Mr. Brockedon says, is obvious; and both France and Piedmont

would gain advantage from the increased facilities of communication which it would afford.

From Embrun, seated on the Durance, the *chemin royal* lies up the course of the Ubaye.* In many places, however, not a vestige of a *chemin* appears; 'for the violence of the Ubaye and the streams which fall into it, is so great in winter, as to leave the entire valley, for miles (above Meolans), a bed of stones and black mud, with here and there a cluster of stunted willows; and the road is at the choice of the traveller in the whole breadth of the valley, to ford the torrents where they are most passable, and to wind about through the mud-beds, where the willows grow, to find the hardest path.' The pretty village of La Lauzet, 'the Goshen of the valley,' with its little lake and cultivated fields, is an exception to the dreariness of the general scenery. The hill of St. Vincent, too, is a fine object, surmounted with forts which formerly guarded the valley of Barcelonnette, when it belonged to the Sardinian dominions. From Barcelonnette, the road ascends by Chastellon, through an uninteresting country, to the junction of the Ubaye and Ubayette.†

* There is a more direct mountain path, over the *Col de la Vachère*, to Barcelonnette.

† From this confluence, there is another route to Embrun up the deep gorges of the Ubaye, by the strongly intrenched Camp de Tournoux, which formerly guarded the entrance to France from the Barcelonnais when the latter belonged to Sardinia; passing over the Col de Vars, by the deep ravines of the Rioumonas, a torrent which falls into the Ubaye a little below St. Paul. When Francis I. invaded Italy, the main body of his army appears to have taken this route, viz., from Mont Dauphin, by the Rock of St. Paul into the valley of the Barcelonnette, and thence over the Col d'Argentiére.

The latter torrent flows from the Mont d'Argentiére, and the road ascends by it to *L'Arche*, the station of the French douane. From the summit of the pass, an extensive view is obtained towards France. A little below the highest point of the *col*, the road skirts a small lake called La Madeleine, the source of the Stura; and then, by an easy descent, leads to the villages of Madelaine and Argentiére, situated amid the most wild and rugged scenery: the mountain presents only bare pinnacles of rock, but the pasturage is rich, and barley is cultivated in the valley. Below Bersesio, is a fearful defile called the Barricades. The road is carried along a shelf of rock above the river, cut out of the precipices which overhang and darken the ravine, forming an almost impregnable post in the defence of this frontier of Piedmont, which has been repeatedly the scene of desperate conflicts. On emerging from this defile, the route crosses the Stura at Pont Bernardo, and thence continues to lie sometimes close to the river, and sometimes along the perilous edge of precipices high above its bed, till, at Venadio, the Alpine wildness of the scene disappears, and the valley opens, affording a beautiful view down almost its whole extent. In the distance is seen, on its conical hill, the ruined fort of Démont, memorable for its sieges in almost every war between France and Sardinia. The river, the villages, and the rich vegetation of the valley, bounded by mountains, some sterile, others richly wooded, form, Mr. Brockedon says, one of the finest scenes in the valleys of Piedmont. The hill on which the fort of Démont stands, is so situated in the midst of the valley, that the road on

one side, and the river on the other, pass its base. Beyond Dèmont, there is some highly picturesque scenery, especially near Rocca Sparviera. At Borgo San Dalmazio, four leagues from Dèmont, the route falls into the road which leads from the coast, over the Col de Tende, to Coni and Turin.

The route we have been tracing will admit of a light carriage, in ascending the Stura, as far as Venadio; but the remainder of the route to Embrun is at present impracticable for carriages of any kind. . . When Francis I. crossed the Alps by this route in 1515, he was obliged to make the most extraordinary efforts to carry his army over mountains which had never been passed except by the people of the country. Leger, in his '*Histoire des Eglises Vaudoises*,' affirms, that Francis caused a passage to be cut through Monte Viso for this purpose; but none of the historians of the time, it is remarked, say any thing of this passage; and the difficulties, Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, assure us, are such as to make it certain, that Francis I. could not have carried any part of his army over it. If so, it must be regarded as the more certain, that Hannibal never marched his elephants over it. Of the route to Monte Viso, we regret that we have no distinct account. It seems the only one that Mr. Brockedon did not explore. Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, who have examined the pass, give no distinct account of the route.* The river

* They reached the Col from the Italian side, and explored the source of the Po; descending, apparently with the Gail, to Mont Dauphin, and thence proceeding to Gapi and Grenoble.

Guil, which falls into the Durance near Mont Dauphin, appears to afford the entrance to this pass on the French side ; but it is so little frequented at present, that it was found difficult to procure, even on the Italian side, guides acquainted with the road. On the western side, it was quite unknown ; for from Abries, travellers go into Italy by the Col de Croix and Fort Mirabouc. To reach this defile from the valley of the Ubaye, it would seem to be necessary to cross the Col de Vars. The Col de Viso must, indeed, at one time, have been a pass more in use ; as there is a gallery cut by a Marquess of Saluzzo for the purpose of facilitating his intercourse with Dauphiny by this route. It is, however, too high up the mountain, we are told, to have ever been of material service ; and is now impassable. The Col de Viso is a most difficult passage, but the view from it over the plains of Piedmont, is so magnificent as amply to repay the fatigue necessary to accomplish it. The route to the Col, between Saluzzo and Paesana, passes through the most beautiful country that can be imagined. Nothing, indeed, we are told, can exceed the richness of the valleys of the Po and the Stura.* The height of the Col does not appear to have been ascertained : that of the summit of Monte Viso is upwards of 12,000 feet above the sea ; and from the plain of the Stura, near Borgo San Dalmazio, where the Alps sweep round in the form of a magnificent amphitheatre, its bright pinnacle appears towering over the snow line, as high above the other mountains, as they are above the plain.

* Wickham and Cramer, p. 23 .

That the Carthaginian General crossed the Alps by this route, is, however, a supposition which must be regarded as utterly incredible;* and few persons, after reading the elaborate dissertation so repeatedly referred to, will hesitate to adopt a conclusion which best accords, on every point save the view from the summit of the pass, with the text of Polybius, is supported by many topographical indications, and agrees with the local tradition. Upon the authority of Livy, or rather upon his theory, the Authors have sufficiently shewn, that no dependence can be placed; and Mr. Brockedon, after having three times visited the Little St. Bernard, as well as explored almost every other pass, 'cannot conceive how any one acquainted with the Alps, and especially with that pass, can withhold his conviction, that this was the route by which the Carthaginian army entered Italy.'

The route from Turin to Nice, over the Mari-

* It is a fatal objection against this hypothesis, that it requires us to suppose the pass of the Col de Viso to be the *only* road known to Polybius, as conducting into the country of the *Taurini*. Is it conceivable, or possible, that the pass of Mont Genève, the lowest of all the Alpine passes, the shortest and most direct passage from Spain, and that by which the Gauls are believed to have made their first descent into the fertile plains of Italy, should not have been even noticed by a writer who had himself explored the Alps? Yet, such would be the fact, were we to suppose that Monte Viso was intended by the *Saltus Taurinus*. That Hannibal, when prevented from passing through the Ligurian territory, did not take the route over the Cottian Alp, could have arisen only from the necessity under which he found himself, of retreating to the northward. But, in that case, he must equally have overshot the supposed pass over the Col de Viso.

time Alps, is a post-road only as far as Cuneo, (by the French called Coni,) a clean, airy, pleasant town, situated at the confluence of the Stura and the Gesso, passing through Carignano and Savigliano. Cuneo, which is the seat of a bishop, was a place of great strength, till dismantled by the French after the battle of Marengo. It carries on a considerable trade, being a sort of *entrepôt* to Turin and Nice. The road from this place runs for six miles between the two streams, to Borgo San Dalmazio, where the plains of Piedmont may be said to terminate towards the south; for, though the elevation of this place is 1800 feet above the sea, the descent is so gradual towards Turin, that the road is observed to decline, only by marking the course of the stream. Beyond San Dalmazio, the Gesso is crossed, and the road ascends that stream to the beautiful valley of the Vermenagna, through which it passes to Limona. Here is a custom-house station, where the traveller is annoyed by a rigorous search of his baggage. The town is situated at the foot of the *Col*, to which the road ascends by a rapid succession of *tournequets*. About two-thirds of the way up is seen 'a grand work, conceived and begun by Anne, dutchess of Savoy, which, as a public undertaking, is one of the most gigantic ever attempted. Its object was, to pierce the mountain, and carry a road through it, to avoid the often dangerous and always tedious passage of the Col de Tende. Victor Amadeus, in 1782, renewed the excavations, and workmen were engaged upon it until 1794, when the French took possession of the pass. Its length, if it should ever be accom-

plished, will exceed a mile and a half; a work which, in its magnitude, will leave every similar enterprise in comparative insignificance.*

The crest of this passage of the Alps, is an absolute ridge, 6162 feet above the sea. The view from it is very extensive. On the north-west, the range of the high Alps present their rugged pinnacles and snowy summits as far as the Monte Rosa. Monte Viso is of course a noble object. In the opposite direction, the Mediterranean is faintly seen in the horizon. This *Col* is reckoned colder than any other pass of the Alps that is practicable for carriages, owing to its being generally enveloped with clouds; and about mid-day, there usually rises a strong wind, the serious annoyance of which travellers may escape by making their arrangements so as to pass the *Col* before noon. A little house of refuge on the summit, called the Osteria of Barraconi, is often a welcome shelter in storms. The road descends the southern declivity by a zig-zag of about sixty turns. Half way down is an inn, called *La Ca*, built by the King of Sardinia; attached to it is a station for the *carabineers* who guard the road; and here formerly were stationed the men who carried travellers in a *chaise à porteur* across the *Col*, before the improvement of the road. Its situation, amid the sterile and savage scenery of these mountains, is very wild. The road continues to descend by a remarkably tortuous track to the valley of the Roya, on the right bank of which is situated the town of Tende, which gives its name to the pass.

* Brockedon.

It is built on the side of a steep hill; and the ruins of an old castle, on a knoll commanding the town and the road, but itself commanded by the abrupt pinnacles of loftier rocks, still attest its former importance under its Counts.* The town is small and dirty, but contains two good inns.

The valley of the Roya, from Tende to Fontan, affords a contrast to the generally savage character of the country. The road then enters the wild and sombre defile of Saorgio. The town of that name is built in the heart of the defile, in a situation singularly wild and romantic, near where the road crosses the river by a single arch, at the foot of a vast rock, surmounted with a strong fort. To a traveller ascending the defile, the town is seen high above the road on the face of the mountain, its houses seeming to be hung out in front of the steep and apparently inaccessible rocks. This fort received from the French, in the war of 1793, the name of Little Gibraltar. The Austro-Sardinian garrison under General Colli repelled in that year a desperate attack, in which the French sacrificed thousands of lives; but it fell in the next campaign. In some parts of the defile, the road is terraced or built out on arches; in others, it is hewn from the rock which overhangs it. On approaching Gendola, the valley opens, and is richly wooded, the chestnut-tree and ilex intermingling with the varied forms and hues of the caroubier, the olive-tree, and the vine. At Gendola; a post

* This district passed under the dominion of the Dukes of Savoy in the fifteenth century; above a hundred years later than the first dependence of Nice upon the same Government.

station, there is a good inn. The road to Nice, now leaving the river, ascends by long zig-zag terraces to the Col de Brovis, 4277 feet above the sea. The Roya flows on to Breglio, romantically situated on its left bank, half a league below Gendola, where the mountains rise so abruptly that, in the depth of winter, the sun cannot be seen from the valley. The river falls into the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia, about twelve miles below Breglio. From the Col di Brovis, the road descends upon Sospello, in the deep and richly wooded valley of the Bevera, which joins the Roya a few miles above its mouth. It then again ascends by a very winding road to the Col de Braus, 3845 feet above the sea. From the summit of this wild and rugged acclivity, nothing presents itself but a wide extent of barren country, with the sea bounding the horizon. A zig-zag road, ill preserved but safe, leads down to the little valley of Lascarene, where the eye finds some relief from the barrenness of the scene; but a dreary and stony tract succeeds, producing nothing but a few scattered and stunted olive-trees, till the traveller suddenly finds himself in the luxuriant plain of the Paglione, at the mouth of which stands the city of Nizza Maritima; so called to distinguish it from other towns which bear the same name, by the French converted into Nice; in which forms of the word, it is difficult to recognise the classic Νίκη, Victoria.

‘That Nice is in Italy,’ remarks an English absentee, ‘I will never allow, so long as the Alps stand there to aver the contrary.’ According to the same substantial argument, Savoy is not Italy.

Both, however, are under the dominion of an Italian potentate. On crossing, by a wooden bridge, the wide and muddy stream of the Var, the traveller from France finds himself stopped at a *douane* (*dogana*), by which he learns, that he has entered the territory of his Sardinian Majesty. The approach to Nice on the French side, is through a quarter consisting almost entirely of villas let out to visitors, and exhibiting all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of an English watering-place.* For a general description of the town, we avail ourselves of the lively pen of the author of 'Sketches descriptive of Italy.'

'Nice (or more properly Nizza) is a very pretty small city, not fortified, stretching round the back of a steep, rocky mount, on which rise the ruins of an old castle. A narrow road has been cut in the front of this rock, whose base is washed by the waves, leading to the little port of the city, which is inclosed by a small pier. The river Paglione runs through Nice, and empties itself into the sea on the other side of the castle-rock. It is crossed by a respectable stone bridge; and there is a very handsome square, with open arcades all round, at the end of the town leading to the Col di Tende. It is called Piazza Vittoria, from a very pretty arch erected in honour of Victor Amadeus III., by whom that road was made. The streets are narrow and dirty, like most southern cities; but some of the houses near the sea, and the *bastides*, or country-houses, in the immediate neighbourhood, are by no means inelegant build-

* Of seventy foreign families who were at Nice in the autumn of 1821, forty were English.

ings. But though, taken as a whole, Nice may deserve to be ranked as a handsome city, the romantic beauty of its situation is its principal charm. It is seated at the foot of a valley, or rather plain, of a long, irregular form, watered by the little river Paglione, which pours down from the mountains with great rapidity, and frequently swells to a most tremendous height and with the most sudden fury. On the Italian side, this beautiful plain is bounded by that chain of lofty hills and rocky precipices which, running southward from the Alps, and terminating in bold promontories jutting far into the sea, form the inaccessible shore of the Gulf of Genoa, and guard Italy, as if with a fence, from the rest of Europe. Towards France, the sloping banks rise gradually from the shore, covered with olive-trees, vines, fig-trees, mulberry-trees, and orange-trees, interspersed with some large American aloes and lofty palm-trees; studded with villages, churches, and convents; and presenting, what is, perhaps, even more attractive to a northern stranger than all this richness, the green meadow which early association has rendered so lovely to his fancy, that no brighter tint, no deeper verdure, can ever efface the dear and familiar remembrance.

‘The Nissards, men, women, and children, are strikingly plain in their persons; and this misfortune is rather increased by the dress of the women, which approaches to a taste justly termed fantastic; the bright silk nets, pink, yellow, and blue, they wear on their heads, tend to make the olive-coloured skin below appear yet more tawny, and the distorted features yet more disgusting. The

number of deformed persons in this little city seemed to us out of all proportion with the inhabitants. The 'Sunday' after we arrived, we were driven from the cathedral by the importunity and disgusting appearance of the numerous beggars, who, at Nice, as in all Italian cities, pursue their occupation with the same industry and pertinacity in the church as in the street.

The Nissards, after having been in training many years to be French, now suddenly turned back again to the King of Sardinia, are obliged to begin learning to be Italians again. There is, therefore, a very strange jumble in their language, manners, and appearance; and, from the influx of English as residents, a third language, or attempt at language, is introduced. Indeed, I do them injustice in confining their languages to three; for the Nissard *patois* is certainly none of those I have named; nor is it a union of all, or of any two of them. The people of the *Citta* can almost all speak either French or Italian; but those of the *Comté* are frequently equally ignorant of both.

The environs of Nice unite all the sublimity of mountain scenery with all the beauty of the richest cultivation. The distant snow-capped Alps rise more majestically from a fore-ground and middle distance diversified with streams, and clothed with the most lovely productions of nature. The vines are here trained horizontally on low sticks, and kept very near the ground, forming a sort of medium between the short, bare stems usually seen in France, and the luxuriant festoons of the Italian mode of culture. The arbutus, too, clothes the rocky banks with its brilliant and redundant ber-

ries, flowers, and foliage; the fig-tree spreads its broad over-shadowing leaf; the pomegranate-tree puts forth its blushing fruit, relieved by the deep shade of the orange and lemon groves; the tall palm rises occasionally, giving by its tufted top an eastern air to the landscape; and the aloe throws his gigantic arms on high. These are objects to which a northern eye requires a little time to become familiarized; and to one who has never before been in a southern climate, they present an aspect of no common interest, mingled with the rich vineyards, extensive olive-groves, and minor productions of Piedmont. Nor is the yet more striking and varied spectacle of sublimity which the ocean presents, wanting to complete the scenery around Nice. The wide waters of the tideless Mediterranean wash the base of the mountains, and stretch away along the coast, fading into the blue and ærial tints of distance; now exhibiting the restless rage of a tempestuous surge, and now reflecting every tiny leaf or over-shadowing tree that grows by their side.*

Nice enjoys, in common with Montpellier, the reputation of a peculiarly genial climate; and in fact, the orange-trees vouch for the mildness of the winters in this sheltered situation. For invalids suffering under pectoral complaints, however, Mr. Matthews considers Montpellier as one of the worst, and Nice as perhaps the very worst in the world. There is almost always a clear blue sky, but the air is pure, keen, and piercing, very irritating to weak lungs; and you are constantly

* Sketches of Italy, vol. i. pp. 128—131; 146—8.

exposed either to the *bise* or to the *marin*, the one bringing cold, and the other damp.* This Traveller recommends Pisa or Rome, as the best places for a winter residence to persons labouring under any complaints of the chest. Genoa offers, with a climate similar to that of Nice, the resources of a large and splendid city; but there is sometimes rough weather there in the winter.

The traveller proceeding from Nice to Genoa, has his choice of three ways; by sea, by way of the Col di Tende and Turin, and along the Cornice,—the name given to the maritime pass. By this latter route, the invalid who leaves England even in the depth of winter, may reach the genial climate of Italy without encountering the Alps. The road is carried along the shores, or round the bold and beautiful capes which project their precipitous fronts to the sea. ‘From these capes,’ says Mr. Brockedon, ‘the bays which indent the coast, are successively presented to the view of the traveller, as he winds in his carriage round the promontories, over a road of admirable construction, where, a few years ago, a mule’s back would have been considered as a dangerous station, on the narrow paths and giddy heights which overhang the sea.’ This road was begun under the government of Napoleon, in 1806; but it was not till 1827, that it was completed so as to be practicable for carriages the whole way.

Almost immediately after leaving Nice, the road winds round the back of one of the precipices which, on that side of the city, border on the sea.

* Matthews’s Diary, p. 388.

For some miles, it ascends a ravine, on emerging from which, it is carried along the cliffs at the height of about 1500 feet above the Mediterranean. One of the finest views upon the coast, is presented from part of the road above the village of Eza. The traveller looks down upon this remarkable village, situated on the summit of a conical hill, crowned with the picturesque ruins of an old castle, rising from among the houses, and surrounded with deep ravines and hills : far below lies the flat cape of St. Hospicio, spread out like a map ; still further, the bays of Villa Franca and Nice ; and beyond these, the land and the islands of St. Marguerite, off the coast of Antibes and Frejus.* In proceeding along this elevated part of the road, the extraordinary contrast presented by the long, flat line of the ocean on the one hand, and the peaked and varied summits of the mountains on the other, is very striking ; while directly below him, the traveller sees precipitous rocks intermingled with olive-yards and vineyards, and seemingly inaccessible villages crowded together on some rocky point. Such

* To a traveller approaching Nice from Genoa, the views of the city and the rich plain, which present themselves as he descends, are strikingly beautiful. The fort of Montalban on the left, and the insulated rock which divides the city of Nice from Villa Franca, are fine features of the scene. A very rich and extensive view is obtained also from the summit of the hill above the fort of Montalban, comprehending the windings of the coast from the Estrelle mountains to the point of Monaco, including six bays ; that of Cannes, where Napoleon disembarked from Elba in 1815, with the island of St. Marguerite, on which stands the state prison where the Man in the Iron Mask was once confined ; that of Antibes, the ancient *Antipolis* ; and those of Nice, Villa Franca, St. Hospicio, and Monaco.

is the appearance presented by the little city of Monaco, seated on a low promontory jutting far out into the sea. The lines of the fortifications have an appearance of strength, particularly at the extremity of the rock towards the sea; but a single mortar placed on the hill above, might batter down the whole city in half an hour.

Just over Monaco, at the height of 1600 feet above the Mediterranean, is the village of *La Turbia*, remarkable for the ruins of one of the finest Roman monuments on this coast; the *Trophæa Augusti*, raised on the summit of the Maritime Alp, to commemorate the conquests of Augustus over the Alpine nations, and to mark the boundary of Italy. It appears to have been a structure of two stories, adorned with marble columns and bas-reliefs, and surmounted with a statue of the Emperor. The Lombards commenced the destruction of this magnificent edifice, by converting it into a fortress; and its ruin was completed by Marshal de Villars. A vast mass of masonry still remains erect, having the appearance of a decayed watch-tower. The ground is strewn with blocks of stone; and the village of *La Turbia* has been built out of the wreck of this splendid trophy, of which its name seems to be a corruption. Fragments of sculptured and inscribed marbles are found built into the walls of the church and village, which occupy the site of the ancient *Villa Martis*, the reputed birth-place of the emperor Pertinax.

A little further on, the village of Aisa is seen perched on the extreme point of a perpendicular rock, at least 1000 feet above the sea, and commu-

nicating with the land by means of a path cut in traverses along the opposite and almost equally steep declivity. There is generally something very striking and picturesque in the aspect of an Italian village. In France, the villages not unfrequently appear 'as if the houses had been shaken together in a bag, then tumbled out to stand as chance directed.' In Italy, they are usually built crowding one above another in tall rows, on the steep acclivity or round the summit of some rock, their white walls, unsullied by smoke, shining bright beneath a cloudless sky. But, on entering these picturesque dwellings, windows without glass, rooms without furniture, dirt, poverty, and idleness, every where present the frightful signs of all that is wretched in the condition of the inhabitants. More desolate, forbidding human habitations than the generality of those occupied by the Italian villagers, it is not easy to conceive of. They are almost always half in ruins; yet, not the less perhaps, from that very circumstance, the bold stone work, the projecting ledges, low roofs and arches, and windows like port-holes, furnish good subjects for the pencil.

A little beyond the wildly situated village of Rocca Bruno, a road leads off to Monaco, descending amid vineyards and olive-grounds, and shady groves of mulberry-trees, orange and citron-trees, bergamots, services, and caroubiers, that exhale delicious odours. The views of the little bay and town, through occasional openings, are highly picturesque. Monaco, the ancient *Portus Herculis Monæci*,* gives its name to a petty prin-

* 'The name of *Monæcus*, given to Hercules, who was

cipality, containing three towns and a population of about 6500 souls. The Prince of Monaco is a member of the Grimaldi family, who have enjoyed this title and dignity since the tenth century, under the protection, successively, of France and his Sardinian Majesty. Monaco itself contains about 1100 inhabitants. The territory extends along the coast eight miles further eastward, to Mentone, styled by Mr. Brockedon 'a pleasant, rich, and populous little town.' An excellent carriage road now leads to it over Cape St. Martin, a tongue of land occupied by a pleasure-house, gardens, and chase belonging to the prince. This situation, a French Geographer tells us, 'offers beauties so romantic, a solitude so calm, an air so pure, and excites emotions so sweet and melancholy, that an English enthusiast asked and obtained permission to build a tomb there for his family!'

Between Mentone and Savona, the road was, till of late, passable only for mules. About a mile from Mentone, the traveller passes one of the noblest works on this route, the *Pont St. Louis*; a single arch of great span, thrown across the deep ravine of the *Baussi Rossi*. 'To have a just idea of the magnificence of this undertaking,' says Mr. Brockedon, 'it is necessary to enter a vine-

worshipped here, shews, as Strabo observes, the Greek origin of this place. Fabulous accounts attributed its foundation to Hercules himself. The harbour is well described by Lucan (*Phars.* I. 405), and Silius Italicus (I. 585).—Cramer's Italy, vol. i. p. 23. Why this appellation (*Monæcus*, solitary, or dwelling alone) was given to Hercules, has puzzled learned antiquaries. The word which has been thus Hellenized, is probably no other than the Celtic *monach*, mountainous; a name descriptive of the rocky territory.

yard on the lower side of the bridge. The wild aspect of the gorge is thence very striking. Numerous caverns, and one of great magnitude, open into this dark and deep recess, above which, the pinnaced and sterile rocks rise to an appalling height. Half way down the ravine, an old aqueduct serves to convey a small stream which issues from the fissures, to some terraces which have been planted with vines; whilst on the other brink of the ravine, upon which the traveller stands, he is shadowed by the vines of a delicious muscat grape, and perfumed by the flowers of the jasmine, which grow luxuriantly around him.* The Pont St. Louis was finished during the reign of Napoleon. Upon its completion, the prefect and officers of the department of the Maritime Alps, gave a dinner to a large party in the great cavern, where Æolus himself might be supposed to have held his court.*

Some striking scenery presents itself on approaching the town of Mortole. The road is carried along the edge of the cliff, and makes a *detour* in order to avoid a deep ravine, beyond which are seen the town of Ventimiglia and the coast as far as Capo Nero. Immediately below Ventimiglia, the action of the sea upon a soft soil, has given to the cliff a thousand fantastic forms; and the thick entangling of the Indian fig, with clusters of palm-trees, impart to the scene somewhat of an Asiatic character.

Ventimiglia, under the name of *Albium Intemelium*, was formerly a city of some size and note,

* Brockedon. The rocks and caverns of the *Bauzzi Rossi* are particularly described by Saussure.

the capital of the *Ligures Intemelii*, and a *municipium*. It belonged, in more modern times, to Provence, when that country was under the dominion of the illustrious Joan of Naples; by whom it was sold to the Genoese, and it became the western frontier of the territory of the Republic.* A series of steep zig-zag terraces leads down from the town to the wide bed of the Roja or Rotta (the ancient *Rutuba*), flowing from the Col de Tende, which is crossed by a half-ruined bridge. In this plain, the large reed which is found in moist places all along this coast, attains a great height: it is very useful for fences, poles, and other purposes, where there is a scarcity of wood. After crossing the plain, the road ascends to the village of Bordighera, near which, on the wide sandy beach, are some beautiful groves of palm-trees, giving an eastern air to the landscape. These trees are, however, seldom seen in a natural state. To blanch the leaves, and make them more marketable, the trees are tied up, so as to present a most unpicturesque appearance. They are cultivated as articles of commerce, to supply Rome and other Italian cities, and even parts of Germany, with palm-branches for the ceremonies of the church on Palm Sunday. The fruit of the palm (the date) never ripens here.

A bold road, overhanging the sea, winds round the Capo Nero to San Remo, after Genoa and

* Brokedon. Cramer's Italy, vol. i. p. 23. The Rotta is supposed to have been the western boundary of Liguria; but the *Intemelii* were a Ligurian race, and the trophy of Augustus, on the summit of the *Alpes Maritimæ*, marked the limits of Italy and Gaul.

Savona the most populous town of Liguria, containing above 15,000 inhabitants. It is finely situated on the declivity of a mountain, and seems to consist chiefly of convents. To that of St. Francis de Sales, on the shore, many young women are sent to be educated from all the States of Sardinia. An old monastery belonging to the Jesuits, served in 1827 as an inn. On the brow of a hill to the right stands the palace of the Princess Borgia, commanding a fine view of the ocean. Oranges, citrons, and lemons are so abundant here, as to be articles of commerce. The costume and the *patois* of the place are both peculiar.

The next sixteen miles, from San Remo to Porto Maurizio must be endured by the traveller 'as a foil to the general beauty of the scenes along this coast.' This part of the route is sterile, dull, and uninteresting, chiefly lying along a wild, open moor descending to the sea. Capes and coves succeed each other amid dreary and barren scenes; and heaps of sea-weed, collected for fodder, indicate the poverty of the land. Porto Maurizio is finely situated on a bold promontory, on the summit of which a noble church, with its arcades and spires, forms a beautiful object. At its foot, the *Fiume di Maurizio* is crossed by a ferry. A mile beyond is Oneglia, a town famous for its rich and extensive olive-groves. Its ruined monasteries and fine churches have a very striking effect when looked back upon from the other side of the town. To the left is seen the monastery of San Sebastiano, with its numerous Gothic windows and arcades, and crumbling walls, beyond which

rise the lofty snowy domes of the Alps. The principality of Oneglia was sold by the Doria family to the King of Sardinia in the fourteenth century; and here the celebrated Andrea Doria was born in 1468. After doubling another cape, the traveller reaches the valley and village of Marino di Diana, where a beautiful little cove offers a secure shelter to vessels overtaken by the sudden storms of the Mediterranean. The Castello di Diana, seated upon a hill about two miles from the shore, is supposed to occupy the site of a temple of Diana, of which, however, no vestiges remain. The road now ascends through the narrow and wretched village of Cervo, and is carried round the Capo di Cervo; it then descends to the bed of a torrent near the village of Marino d'Andora, and again rises to double the Capo delle Melle, whence a beautiful view is obtained of the Bay of Languiglia, with Allassio and the island of Gallinara in the distance.* Languiglia (pronounced by the natives Languaggia) with its round fort, has a neat appearance, like most Italian towns, at a distance. It stands on the sandy beach, consisting chiefly of a long, narrow street, with very high arches extending over it from house to house: the effect is like passing under a canal.† The road thence runs along the beach to

* This island, which lies between Allassio and Albenga, received its name, according to Varro, from the number of turkeys found there, produced from a few that had been left by some sailors.

† San Steffano, on the banks of the roaring Taggia, between S. Remo and Porto Maurizio, is built in the same manner.

Allassio, a long, straggling town, rich and populous. The inhabitants, whose chief employment is the coral fishery, have a striking air of independence; and on no part of the coast, Mr. Brockedon says, is the character of the people more decidedly maritime. 'The cap of the sailor of the Mediterranean, which is usually represented upon the engraved heads of Ulysses, is still universally worn here. The women of middle age are generally bald, owing to the practice of drawing all their hair to a knot on the top of the head. The reputation of the Ligurians for dishonesty, is recorded by Diodorus; and the people of Allassio do not seem ambitious of a higher character.' Persons are cautioned against travelling alone or by night in their neighbourhood.

Another rocky headland, over which an excellent road has lately been carried, divides this bay from that of Albenga. The town of that name, the *Albium Ingaunum* of the Romans, was once a place of importance, and several ancient vestiges remain: the principal one is a bridge built by Proculus, who was a native of the place.* The Arosoia (the *Merula* of Pliny), winding through the plain, falls into the sea near the foot of the promontory. The road now skirts the bay, amid scenes of luxuriant beauty, passing through the towns of Ceriale, Borghetta, Lovano, and La Pietra. The plain is very rich, and covered with orchards and garden grounds. The figs are very large and dark. A species of apple called *pomi-*

* Having gained great riches as a pirate, he caused himself to be proclaimed emperor in Gaul, for which he was raised by the Emperor Probus to the gibbet.

carli, is much boasted of. The vine, the olive-tree, the pomegranate, the tamarisk, carrots, and maize, are also cultivated, and form a most luxurious mixture. Hemp is also grown in the marshes. Hills in every varied form of beauty, with villages climbing their sides and crowning their summits, the high *campanili* stretching up their long towers, the whole backed by the fine peaked summits of the Maritime Alps,—such is the scene which presents itself from the various points commanding a view of the plain. The finest view, however, is obtained from the bare and rocky cape called Capra Zoppo, which separates the Bay of Albenga from that of Finale. Here, looking towards the sea, the white lateen sails of the barks are seen sparkling like gems; beneath is the long white curve of the beach, dividing the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean from the rich vegetation of the plain; while landward, the view is bounded by the Apennines and distant Alps.

Finale is capable of being made an excellent port. The jealous Genoese, fearing that the Duke of Savoy would purchase the Marquisate of Finale of the House of Austria for this object, bought it, in 1713, for 200,000 pieces of silver. The town is well built, and stands at the mouth of a rich valley. It is called Finale Marina, to distinguish it from Finale Borgo, half a league up the country. The new road, which, in 1826, had been carried no further from Genoa than Finale, now enters the precipitous rock which forms the Capo di Noli, by a gallery 500 feet in length. This cape is considered by sailors as very dangerous, particularly

on the eastern side, in which aspect every cape along this coast presents a most rugged appearance. The little fishing-town of Noli, which is deeply imbayed between the capes of Noli and Vado, has the honour of having once been an independent republic. Its castle is a very picturesque object. Noli is supposed to be the *Ad Navaliam* of the Itinerary of Antoninus; although Mr. Cramer fixes that station at Arenzano. A fine road is now carried round the headland which separates the Bay of Noli from that of Vado. Mr. Forsyth, who was driven into Noli by rough weather, in attempting the voyage from Nice to Genoa in a felucca, describes his route from that place as lying over a mountain which modern geographers class among the Apennines, though D. Brutus ranks it as the last of the Alps. 'This pass,' he adds, 'which appeared to Dante one of the four worst in Italy, brought us round the promontory to a gap in the summit, where a hurricane, meeting us with all the advantage of a blast-tube, threatened to blow us back into the sea.* Vado, the ancient *Vada Sabatia*,† is situated in a bay which affords a small but secure harbour, around which are some remarkable caverns. It has a fort, which defends the coast.

From Vado, the road lies over a fertile plain covered with villages and gardens, to Savona, the

* Forsyth, vol. i. p. 2.

† The name (*Vada Sabatorum*, *Sabatia*, or *Sabata*) marks, Mr. Cramer tells us, the shallow and muddy nature of the shore. Here Antony halted after his defeat near Modena. —Cramer, vol. i. p. 24. Cicero describes it as lying *inter Apenninum et Alpes, impeditissimus ad iter faciendum*.

second city in the Genoese territory, with a population of about 10,000 souls. It has struggled to rival the importance of Genoa itself; but the jealousy of the chief city has always been on the alert to check its aggrandisement; and when Savona was taken by the King of Sardinia in 1746, its harbour was partly filled up, to gratify the Genuese.* The fine old castle, defending the port, was, during the last wars, for some time occupied by English troops.† Savona had formerly extensive manufactories of earthenware and soap; but its commerce and prosperity have long been on the decline. The town is well built, containing four handsome parish churches, besides conventual establishments and hospitals; but the streets are narrow, like those of Genoa, crooked, and badly paved with brick. The inhabitants boast of the number of distinguished persons to whom their city has given birth. Among these are two pontiffs (Sixtus IV. and Julius II.), five saints, and fifteen cardinals, together with a

* Savona had two harbours; one spacious and secure, which was filled up by the Genoese; the other is small and difficult of approach, from the accumulation of mud and sand at its entrance.

† The shipping lies safely moored under the Blessed Virgin, on the pedestal of whose statue is an inscription at once Latin and Italian, which the Mediterranean seamen sing in storms:—

*"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra Benigna Stella!"*

—Forsyth, vol. i. p. 3. The protection of the Madonna proved unavailing, however, when, in 1746, sixteen French and Spanish vessels, laden with military stores, were sunk in the harbour by the bombs of a British squadron.

swarm of bishops. Their claims, however, Mr. Brockedon remarks, cannot be regarded as altogether free from suspicion, since they include also among the natives of their city, the Emperor Pertinax, who was born at Alba Pompeia, and Columbus, whose birth-place was certainly not Savona. Chiabrera, the lyric poet, of whom they might be justly proud, is forgotten in his native city. The people speak better Italian here, than at Genoa; and they mostly understand French.*

Prior to 1810, the only road between Savona and Genoa was, as far as Voltri, a difficult and dangerous path, little frequented,† and nearly all communication was carried on by water. The road which was then made, is one of the finest in Europe, except where it passes through narrow, dirty villages, or across the fords of torrents, over which bridges have not yet been thrown. The impetuosity of the torrents, after rain, renders it difficult indeed to construct bridges near the estua-

* The best account of Savona will be found in 'A Spinster's Tour,' pp. 383—414. This Writer adopts the oft-repeated error, however, that the name of soap is taken from this city. It would be a more plausible supposition, that it took its name from its soap-manufactories. The word soap is of uncertain etymology, but may be traced through the forms of the Latin *sapo*, Italian *sapone*, Arabic *sabun*, Portuguese *sabão*, French *savon*. The Gaelic *sabh*, salve, is apparently the same word. Savona, however, is probably of similar derivation with Saone and Save. We suspect that the original root would be found to refer to oil or the olive, like the Hebrew *shemen*.

† Addison, who was driven into Savona by rough weather, and obliged to make the best of his way to Genoa by land, speaks of the road as 'much more difficult than that over Mount Cenis.'

ries along this coast, capable of resisting the floods. There is not much to interest the traveller in this part of the route, besides the rich character of the vegetation. Except in a few situations, there are scarcely any timber trees, the olive-tree* being most frequently seen, which is only a shrub; the myrtle, the orange-tree, the white cistus, and the aloe also abound. The latter is seen growing in every nook of the rocks; while the tamarisk dips its graceful foliage almost into the waves; and the ground is enamelled, in May, with orchis, heath, and white poppies. The Gulf of Genoa itself presents the most exquisite colouring, and has been elegantly styled by a female Traveller, 'a vast prism.'

One spot upon this route, though only a small fishing village, derives historical interest from being the reputed birth-place of Christopher Columbus. This is Cogoletto, about 18 miles from Genoa, where they shew the house, and even the chamber, in which the great Navigator is said to have been born. It is at the back of the house, looking out upon the sea,—the element upon which he was destined to win himself an immortal name. On the front of the house are painted the following inscriptions:

I.

'Con generoso ardir dall' Arca all' onde,
Ubbidente il vol Colomba prende,

* 'Above us rose the bald and burnt tops of the Apennines, the sides of which were cut into narrow terraces, and planted with olive-trees. Here, the olive receives the best cultivation, and finds that schistous, slaty, loose, broken ground, and those craggy hills, which Virgil recommends for trees.'—Forsyth, vol. i; p. 3.

Corre, s'aggira, terren scopre, e fronde
 D'olivo in segno, al gran Noé ne rende.
 L' imita in ciò COLOMBO, nè s' asconde,
 E da sua patria il mar solcando fende;
 Terreno alfin scoprendo diede fondo,
 Offerendo all' Ispano un nuovo Mondo.

Li 2 Dicembre, 1650.

Prete Antonio Colombo.*

‘Hospes siste gradum : Fuit hic lux prima Columbo
 Orbe viro majori ; heu ! nimis arcta Domus !’

III.

‘Unus erat mundus : Duo sunt, ait ISTE, fuere.’*

* We copy these inscriptions from Mr. Brockedon's Illustrations. In a note, the Writer adverts to the able inquiry instituted by Mr. Washington Irving, in his Life of Columbus, respecting his birth-place, which has given rise, in Italy, to a long and acrimonious controversy. Claims have been advanced to the honour, on behalf of Cuccaro, a castle in Montferrat, and Pradello, a village of the vale of Nura, near Piacenza, as well as Savona and several other places in the Genoese territory. Mr. Irving's researches have invalidated all these claims, except those of Genoa itself and Cogoleto. It appears, that Columbus's grandfather was of Quinto ; his family possessed a small house at *Terra Rossa*, between Quinto and Nervi ; his father lived a short time at Mulcento ; and he had relations residing at Cogoleto. Mr. Irving, who considers the strongest evidence to be in favour of the city of Genoa itself, admits, that one, if not both, of the two admirals with whom Columbus sailed, was a native of Cogoleto ; and the preservation of the portrait of the Great Discoverer by the families at Cogoleto, is strongly in their favour. It is true, that Columbus speaks of himself as a native of Genoa, and of the Republic of Genoa as his beloved country. But Mr. Brockedon remarks, that every native of the State, from Sarzanne to Ventimiglia, calls himself a Genoese. ‘That the State of Genoa attaches belief to the evidence that Cogoleto

Voltri is a little coast-town, one stage (about eight miles) from Genoa. Here is a bridge over the Chierusa, which has been partly destroyed by the floods; and the traveller is obliged to pass through one of the arches, instead of over it. Some of the remaining arches have been converted into dwellings, and have an odd appearance. About three miles up the valley are large paper-mills, which have been established time out of mind; and the Voltri paper is much esteemed. Long before turning the Pharos point which conceals the city, the light-house of Genoa is seen, marking its situation. At length, the city itself bursts upon the view, sweeping round the bay in the form of an amphitheatre, backed by a line of hills, and, together with its harbour crowded with masts, and the venerable fortifications which defend the bay, presenting a very noble and striking appearance. Reserving a description of this city for our next chapter, we shall occupy the remainder of the present with an account of the more familiar route to Genoa from Turin, which will complete our description of Piedmont.

Leaving Turin by the magnificent bridge over the Po, the traveller for some miles ascends that river by a beautiful road, under gentle eminences covered with vineyards, villas, churches, and monasteries; and then, traversing the open plain, he reaches at Asti, (23 miles from Turin,) the banks of the Tanaro, flowing from the Apennines. About was the place of his nativity, is shewn by the fact, that a civil officer (a *préposé*) is stationed there, a part of whose duty it is to shew the house to strangers.'

half way is a town called Villa Nuova, which, from the remains of fortifications, appears to have been at one time a place of some consequence.

Asti (*Asta Colonia*) is an episcopal city, with a population estimated at 21,000 souls. It is surrounded with vineyards which produce the best wine of Piedmont. Its extensive walls are now in a ruinous condition; and of the hundred towers for which it once was famous, scarcely thirty remain, which seem nodding to their fall. Asti was almost destroyed by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa in 1154, in pursuance of his plan for humbling the Italian States. It was so flourishing, however, in the thirteenth century, as to be able to cope with the forces of Charles I. of Naples. In the fourteenth century, it formed part of the territory of the lords of Milan, and was transferred, as the dowry of a Milanese princess, to the Duke of Orleans. It remained under the dominion of the French till the year 1529, when it was ceded, by the treaty of Cambray, to the Emperor, who made it over to Emmanuel of Savoy. Addison (in 1700) speaks of it as 'the frontier town' of the Duke's dominions.* Asti is under the special protection of a saint of singular name, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, San Secondo.† It boasts, moreover, of containing the paternal mansion of one who,

* Addison's Remarks on Italy, p. 252. Asti belonged to the duchy of Montferrat, a fief of the empire, the possession of which was confirmed to the House of Savoy by the peace of Utrecht. It is now included in the division of Alessandria.

† Accordingly, the city seal bore this couplet as a legend:

*'Asta nitet mundo,
Sancto custode Secundo.'*

though no saint, enjoys a still higher reputation in Italy, the Conte Vittorio Alfieri.

In the manners and costume of the inhabitants of this city, the traveller from the other side of the Alps may perceive the first decided marks of his having reached another region. On the road, he may have marked a peculiarity in the dress of the peasants, in the form of their waggons, and in the singular high yoke of their pretty cream-coloured oxen, 'gravely pacing along in trappings like the adored Apis.' But in the streets and market-place of Asti, everything indicates a change in the national usages and habits. 'The profusion of beautiful fruits arranged in stalls with much effect, and served by pretty, sprightly women, whose gipsy countenances become the large double handkerchief carelessly tied over their black, well-parted hair, or left to fall lightly on the shoulders; the various forms, and devices, and shades of the maccaroni; the profusion of fancy bread, without one butcher's or poulterer's stall intervening; bespeak the simple taste of the people; while the *portiera* in place of doors, the apparatus for making lemonade at every house of refreshment, the outer-closed shutters or long blinds, more general than at Turin, announce the nearer approach to a tropical climate.'*

From Asti, the route lies over the rich, undulating country on the left side of the Tanaro, which winds among the hills to Alessandria, distant (by the road) about 26 miles. This is a handsome city, containing about 30,000 inhabitants. It is said to derive its name from Pope Alexander III., by

* Spinster's Tour, p. 315.

whom it was made an episcopal see, in 1168. To this has been added the surname of *Della Paglia*,—the natives say, on account of the fertility of the country; others, that it was given to it in contempt, by Frederic Barbarossa; a third explanation is, that it was customary to crown here, with a straw diadem, the emperor elect; and a fourth, that the inhabitants, for want of wood, are obliged to heat their ovens with straw!* The reader may choose between these explanations. The city has been famous for the sieges it has sustained, although it has been repeatedly taken. But the wars of other times are now forgotten in the more recent events which have given celebrity to the field of Marengo. On the bare plain of the Tanaro, Napoleon gained that decisive victory over the Austrians, which takes its name from a village about a league from this city. On the surrender of Alessandria, the Conqueror made it a condition, that its walls should be destroyed; and the masses of

* Pennington, vol. i. p. 295. Spinster's Tour, p. 319. Starke's Directions, p. 120. We know not whence the last-mentioned writer drew her information, that the ancient name of the city was *Alexandria Statelliorum*. According to Alberti, (a Bolognese writer cited by the Spinster,) the city was built in 1178, by the Milanese, the Placentians, and the Cremonese, after Frederic Barbarossa had laid waste their respective territories. They gave it the name of Cesaria; and in a few years, the new town grew into such size and strength as to excite the Emperor's jealousy, and induce him to lay siege to it. The refugees defended their strong hold so valiantly, that, at the end of six months, the tyrant drew off his troops; and the valiant Cesarians were rewarded by Pope Alexander, by having their town raised to the rank of an episcopal see, and dignified with the name of his Holiness.

ruin which they present, shew that they must once have been capable of making a stout defence. The citadel was formerly reckoned one of the strongest places in Europe. It is now occupied partly as a garrison station, and partly as a prison for felons condemned to hard labour. The city still boasts also of a handsome royal palace, though the sovereign rarely visits it, except in journeying to Genoa.

In its general effect, one Traveller tells us, Alessandria pleases more than any other town in this part of the country. 'The streets, especially that of Marengo, are spacious, airy, and well-built. Its principal square is very handsome, and planted all round with double rows of acacia, under the spreading shade of which the people lounge on benches, and the fruit and vegetable women range their stalls and baskets. The churches are handsome, though not as richly adorned as at Turin. The bridge over the Tanaro is covered, and has the effect of a fine corridor.* The shops display the usual abundance of food and manufactures, but little of fancy or ornament. The people are frank and civil, and the women more studious of dress than their lively-looking neighbours of Asti.' Very bright stuffs of various colours, fancifully made, large gold necklaces and ear-rings, braided hair fastened with ornamented bodkins, form the attractive costume of even the market-women. The hotel in the *Contrada di Marengo*, is highly praised by this Traveller. The dining-room, with

* It rests upon 62 arches, some of which are said to have been stopped up by the French, to increase the rapidity of the stream, and prevent the Austrians from crossing!

its well-painted ceiling, halls tastefully frescoed, and magnificent pier-glasses, would be thought handsome for a ball-room in England. The dinner would have 'shamed an alderman's feast,' comprising every luxury from every Italian State, with steaks of beef and joints of mutton to suit the taste of Milor Anglais. With this abundance were united the requisites of cleanliness, alert attendance, and moderate charges. Altogether, this Traveller was charmed with Alessandria and its inhabitants.*

About a mile from the town, the route crosses, by a neat bridge, the broad and rapid Bormida, which flows into the Tanaro; and half a league further, reaches the *albergo* of Marengo. The obelisk erected on the spot where Desaix fell, has been taken down by order of his Sardinian Majesty; and no trophy of victory or trace of conflict now remains on these tranquil plains. Marengo and the neighbouring town of Toro are said to have been of some note in early times; and many ancient vestiges remained, before Alessandria drew away their population, and reduced them to considerable hamlets. Beyond Marengo, the road divides; one branch running on to Tortona and Parma, while the Genoa road turns more to the southward, and leads to Novi, where it meets the Milan road. Here, the traveller quits Piedmont, and enters the Genoese territory. Novi (which is said to take its name from having had nine towers) is situated at the foot of the Apennines, in the midst of vineyards. The town is tolerably well

† Spinster's Tour, pp. 316—318. 'Alessandria,' says Eustace, 'is merely a fortress.' Was he ever there?

built, containing several noble mansions belonging to opulent citizens of Genoa, who spend the autumn here. The population is estimated at 8000 souls. One tower only of the old castle remains, crowning an eminence. The old road from Novi passed over the rugged summit of the Bocchetta, winding through some beautiful mountain scenery. The new road is far less picturesque, but much more easy, being carried over *chaussées* and along mountain terraces, to Campo Marone; whence a delightful drive of ten miles, through a beautiful country, studded with villas and chateaux, and watered by the Polcevera, leads to Genoa. At Rovisola, the Mediterranean bursts on the view in all its grandeur; then, turning short, the traveller comes to the beautiful suburb of S. Pietro d'Arena; and proceeding along the sea-shore, passes under the high rock of the light-house, skirts the harbour, and, passing through several gates, finds himself in the once proud capital of Liguria.

Note.—At page 176, we have stated, that only an ass and a mule are kept at La Tour; but, from later information obtained while these sheets have been passing through the press, we find, that horses, mules, and gigs may be hired there. There are now *fifteen* churches and pastors. The *communes* of St. Jean and Lucerne may be reached in half an hour from La Tour. For Rosa, at page 174, read Rora.

CHAPTER IV

GENOA.

‘THE first sight of Genoa from the sea,’ remarks Mr. Simond, ‘is certainly very fine ; and we saw it under favourable circumstances, when the last rays of the setting sun shed over it the richest golden tints of evening. Two gigantic piers project into the sea, and a light-house of stupendous proportions stands picturesquely on the point of a rock. An abrupt hill rises behind, bare and brown, and speckled all over with innumerable white dots, being country-houses within the walls. This hill, which, in a semi-circle of twelve miles, contains many times more ground than the town covers, is so completely burnt up, that its colour has been compared to that of a *crème au chocolat*. As to the celebrated amphitheatre of palaces, said to be displayed from the sea, they were scarcely visible behind the red and green buildings which surround the port, themselves hid in part by a huge wall standing between them and the water. The interior of the town consists of extremely narrow streets, mere lanes, eight or ten feet wide, between immensely high palaces. When you look up, their cornices appear almost to touch across

the street, scarcely leaving a strip of blue sky between. These streets, too steep as well as too narrow for carriages, are at least clean, cool, and quiet. Many of them have in the middle, a brick causey two or three feet wide, for the convenience of mules and of porters going up loaded; for they are not practicable for carts. The sides are paved with flat stones for the convenience of the numerous walkers.

‘ Two streets are accessible to carriages. One of them, the *Strada Balbi*, is entirely formed of palaces more magnificent than those of Rome, neater certainly, and less gloomy and neglected; but, when I say neater, I mean the interior, for the gates are, in the same manner, a receptacle of filth. These palaces are each built round a court, and the best apartments are on the third floor, for the benefit of light and air. The roof, being flat, is adorned with shrubs and trees, as myrtle, pomegranate, orange-tree, lemon-tree, and oleanders twenty-five feet high, growing not in boxes only, but in the open ground several feet deep, brought hither and supported on arches. Fountains of water play among these artificial groves, and keep up their verdure and shade during the heat of summer. Some of the terraces, on a level with apartments paved with the same marble, decorated with the same plants, and lighted at night, appear to be a continuation of the rooms; but, looking up, you see the stars over head, instead of a painted ceiling.

‘ A plan of the city in the year 1364, still extant, is curious, from the number of fortified dwellings and high towers for the purpose of

defence, during the mad period of domestic warfare between Guelfs and Ghibelines. Those structures have wholly disappeared, and a new architectural progeny has succeeded, remarkable for beauty, taste, and magnificence, but not for strength. Neither Rome nor Venice offers any thing comparable with the profusion of marble columns, marble statues, marble walls, and marble stairs, of whole rows of palaces here, or with the pictures which they contain. . . . Genoa exhibits fewer remains of ancient splendour than Venice, but more actual wealth and comfort. We read of the decline of Genoa, but we see that of Venice. The churches here appear nothing after those of Rome ; yet, several of them would be beautiful, if less profusely gilt and over fine. The *Annonciata*, for instance, suggested the idea of a gold snuff-box. The walls of some of these churches, in the interior, are striped with red and white marble ; but the cathedral is striped outside with red and black.

‘ The Exchange, where the noble merchants of Genoa formerly assembled to carry on their mighty trade, is now shewn as a curiosity. When we saw it, market-women were there, selling cherries by the pound ; and at night, the steps and marble balustrade between the columns, were black with vagrants and beggars lying all of a heap asleep.

‘ The *Albergo de’ Poveri* is an institution of great apparent utility, and at any rate, exhibits great public munificence, the beauties of architecture being there united to perfect convenience. Fifteen or sixteen hundred individuals, orphans and old people, find shelter there, and the latter especially [sleep single in spacious dormitories :

they are not obliged to work. As to the children, they are brought up to different trades carried on in the house ; and at a proper age, they are allowed half the proceeds of their labour, with which they purchase their own clothing, and part of their food, soup and bread only being found in the house. Only forty or fifty children out of the whole number (about one thousand) could read and write : the reason assigned was, that it would require too many masters to teach them all. Genoa has several hospitals for the sick of all nations, who are indiscriminately admitted. I visited the principal one, founded and supported by private donations, and adorned with numerous busts and statues perpetuating the memory of its noble benefactors. There was space and cleanliness. The sick lay single in beds four feet apart, the open space between the double row about twenty feet, and the ceilings very high ;—not the least offensive smell, even in the ward of the wounded.*

* Forsyth, who has given only a very brief and hasty sketch of Genoa, from recollection, speaks of its hospitals as vying in magnificence with its palaces, and as seeming more than sufficient for all the disease and misery that should exist in so small a State ; forgetting that they were not exclusively designed for native objects. In these busts and statues,—the ‘ pompous and uniform effigies of rich men,’ he saw nothing to interest him ; but at the *Albergo de’ Poveri*, there is a sculpture of a higher order ; ‘ a dead Christ in *alto rilievo*, by Michael Angelo. * The life and death which he has thrown into this little thing, the breathing tenderness of the Virgin, and the heavenly composure of the corpse, appeared to me beauties foreign to the tremendous genius of the artist.’ This medallion is in the chapel attached to the institution, and seems to have been generally overlooked, although the finest piece of sculpture of which Genoa can boast.

‘ A bridge one hundred feet high, unites two elevated parts of the town, passing with three giant strides over houses six stories high, which do not come up to the spring of the arches. This is the work of one of the princely citizens of Genoa in the sixteenth century. The same individual (or one of the same family, the *Sauli*) erected at the end of the bridge a noble structure in the best taste, the church of *Sta. Maria Carignano*: the architect was Perugino. Four colossal statues by Puget* adorn the nave; but affectation and exaggeration appeared to me the most conspicuous features of these *chefs-d’œuvre*. It is certainly well worth while to go up to the cupola, for the extensive view over sea and land,—mostly over the semi-circular and amphitheatrical space enclosed by the walls of the town; a wide area interspersed with villas, with terraces, with meagre groves of the pale olive, and, here and there, a greener patch of orange-trees and vineyards. The houses stand, as Italian country-houses generally do, in conspicuous nakedness, with only a straight avenue of clipped trees, tortured into all sorts of shapes, before them. They are inhabited only in spring and autumn, three weeks or a month at each time; and it is really something in favour of the good taste of the natives, that they do not seem to like these places.’†

* This Traveller styles Puget, (whether in eulogy or in irony is not clear,) ‘ the Michael Angelo of France.’ They are described by another Traveller as ‘ tolerable statues, on rather too large a scale for the church.’ The bridge, ‘ in situation and utility, much resembles the South Bridge of Edinburgh, and has scarcely more beauty to recommend it.’—Sketches of Italy, vol. i. p. 182.

† Simond, pp. 583—590. With the latter part of this

The very different impressions which Genoa produces upon different travellers, are, perhaps, sufficiently accounted for, (as was remarked in reference to Turin,) by its being sometimes visited in the way to Florence and the South, sometimes merely touched at on the return route. Mr. Brockedon remarks, that 'Genoa generally disappoints the traveller's expectation;' and he thinks, that the title of *superb* has been improperly bestowed upon it. 'The palaces,' he says, 'have the representation, rather than the reality of architectural enrichment. Columns, porticoes, pediments and architraves, statues and arabesques, are painted on the façades, and sometimes even upon tawdry pink and yellow grounds; and what appears to be splendour, is only pretence.' Mr. Forsyth, giving a different rendering to the honorary epithet by which the city was once distinguished, says:—'The palaces, I apprehend, gave to this city the epithet of Proud. Their black and white fronts were once the distinctive of

description, it will be amusing to compare Evelyn's very different account, in 1644. 'We took horses and made the circuit of the city, as far as the new walls would let us. They are built of a prodigious height, and with Herculean industry; witness those vast pieces of whole mountains which they have hewn away, and blown up with gunpowder, to render them steep and inaccessible. They are not much less than twenty miles in extent, reaching beyond the utmost buildings of the city. From one of these promontories, we could easily discern the island of Corsica; and from the same, eastward, we saw a vale having a great torrent running through a most desolate, barren country; and then, turning our eyes more northward, we saw those *delicious villas* of S. Pietro d'Arena, which present another Genoa to you, the ravishing retirements of the Genoese nobility.'—Evelyn's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 77.

the highest nobility; but most of those marble mansions have disappeared. The modern palaces are all faced with stucco, and some are painted in fresco. This fashion of painting figures on house-fronts, was first introduced at Venice by Giorgione; but, though admired even by severe critics, to me it appears too gay for any building that affects grandeur.*

The alleged disappearance of the marble mansions, is not easily to be explained. Evelyn speaks of the famous *Strada Nova* as 'built wholly of polished marble.' It was designed, he adds, by Rubens,† 'and, for the stateliness of the buildings, the paving, and evenness of the streets, is far superior to any in Europe for the number of houses: that of Don Carlo d'Orias is a most magnificent structure. The churches are not less splendid than the palaces.'‡ Addison, who travelled

* Forsyth, vol. i. p. 5. The Author adds: 'Nothing can be grand in architecture, that bears a perishable look.' This position requires to be qualified; but Addison adduces a stronger objection against this style of decoration. 'One often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand; but, as they are now, they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which, without these counterfeit pillars, would be beautiful in its kind, must have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real.'

† Lady Morgan talks of Rubens as 'the historian' of these palaces; adding, that 'the work alluded to is extremely rare, and is only found in the old Continental libraries.' Evelyn refers to this rare book by Rubens, containing the description of only one street and two or three churches.

‡ Evelyn's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 76.

sixty years afterwards, describes the 'New-street' as 'a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit.' But he does not confirm Evelyn's representation of their being wholly of marble; and a metaphor or hyperbole has, apparently, been mistaken for literal fact. There is all the marble in Genoa, probably, that ever adorned its palaces.

'The Duke of Doria's palace,' Addison says, 'has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within.' There are, in fact, two Durazzo palaces. That which is alluded to is, probably, the one in the *Strada Balbi*, which is now a royal mansion, having been purchased by the King of Sardinia on his becoming the sovereign of Genoa. Its front is about 250 feet in length. It has a superb portico, ornamented with Doric columns of white marble. Its vast court is rich in architectural embellishment, with fountains and hanging terraces; and four flights of broad marble steps lead up to its immense ante-chamber; for it is the attic story, in Genoa, which forms the suite of state apartments. The lower floors, owing to the narrowness of the streets, are disagreeable and gloomy, and are often let out to tradesmen and other inferior classes. The great fault of the interior of the Palazzo Durazzo, Lady Morgan remarks, is, its being broken up into too great a number of small rooms. The visiter is led through a long and seemingly interminable suite of apartments, with marble floors,* gilded

* They are of composition, polished. See page 245, note *.

roofs, and walls hung with the productions of masters. Galleries, cabinets, terraces, rooms of various names and variously decorated, appear in endless succession ; all covered with dust, touched by decay, and abandoned to solitude. Even the famous gallery in this palace (100 feet in length) is but a long, narrow slip, far too small for its splendid and curious collection of statues and sculptures ancient and modern. The ceiling and decorations are all of the richest carving, gilding, and painting. The frescoes represent the destruction of the four great empires. Besides the historical paintings, even the family portraits are of great interest. Here, in their habits of ceremony, as doges and ambassadors, range the ancient Durazzi ; and here, with large, languid, dark eyes, and primitive air, bloom the Madonna Francescas, Catarinas, &c., of this distinguished house, clad in the rich velvet of the Genoese looms, with Venetian chains and foreign gems, the produce of their husbands' commerce. A portrait of Anne Boleyn, by Holbein, is extremely curious for its costume, as well as for its historic interest. Opposite is a delicious picture of St. Catherine of Sweden, by Carlo Dolci. In the same room is an excellent Albert Durer, the ceremony of confirmation in the presence of a French monarch. The *Sala Paolo* is so called from its containing the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, Mary Magdalene at the feet of our Saviour in the Pharisee's house. The great chapel contains a half-length figure of Christ bearing his cross, by Titian.*

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 397-399. Mrs. Starke gives a meagre catalogue of these pictures. We regret to be unable

The palace of Philip Durazzo is little less spacious and magnificent than that of his noble kinsman, which has nothing finer, however, than its peristyle and twenty-four Doric columns, and its gallery of paintings. Among these are,—The Marriage of St. Catherine by Paul Veronese; The Flagellation, by Ludovico Caracci; St. Peter, by Annibale Caracci; The Tribute Money, by Guercino; a Magdalen, by Titian; St. Sebastian, by Domenichino; Christ appearing after his Resurrection to Mary, by the same master; several Guidos,* and a fine portrait of Philip IV., by Rubens.

The Doria palace referred to by Addison, is probably that in the *Strada Nuova*; a splendid edifice in point of architecture, which has also been purchased by the King for a royal residence. Its simple elegance is the more admirable by contrast with the gorgeous edifices in its vicinity. It must be the one to which Evelyn refers as belonging to Don Carlo d'Orias. One of the rooms was hung with tapestry, in which were

to give a better account of them. As a specimen of the little dependence that can be placed on the reports of most travellers, especially respecting works of art, we may refer to the opposite descriptions given of the portrait of Anne Boleyn by Lady Morgan and Mr. Simond. According to the former, 'in the meagre, red-haired lady represented, there is nothing to excuse the passion of Henry VIII., though something to account for his cutting off a head which had not a charm to plead for it.' Mr. Simond speaks of it as the only portrait he ever saw, which did justice to the lady's beauty and to the artist's talent.

* Mr. Simond particularly admired a 'Roman (Grecian?) Charity' by Guido, for the exquisite expression of the daughter's countenance; though less strongly painted than a Magdalen by the same artist in the next room.

wrought the figures of the great persons that the family had produced. The palace of Andrea Doria, (now belonging to the princes Doria Panfilli,) is built just within the city walls, close by the sea. It is the largest of all the Genoese palaces, and has a magnificent appearance from the bay or mole; but the mansion itself is patched and neglected. It opens on large gardens, extending along the shore, and commanding a beautiful view of the city and port. They are characterised by Forsyth as 'unnaturally pretty.' Colossal statues rise over box and cypress trees, cut into all sorts of shapes; and nothing corresponds to the majesty of the site. In the court of this vast fabric is a colossal statue of Andrea Doria himself, in the character of Neptune, much defaced. The whole domain, indeed, is fast going to ruin.* In the

* Mr. Forsyth tells us, that 'the titles of the immortal Andrea, which extended 200 feet in front, have been effaced by the late revolution.' He visited Genoa in 1892. The Author of 'Sketches in Italy,' who was there in 1816, says: 'At the time we saw the palace, they were in perfect preservation, having been, I suppose, lately replaced.' Yet, the mansion was tenantless. 'The successors of the saviour of Genoa now reside entirely at Rome; and the palace built to perpetuate the gratitude of the State, is let to any body who will pay an adequate rent for it.' Mr. Pennington, in 1818, seems to have seen nothing of this proud inscription; but, on the cornice in front of the palace, he read one of very different tenor, of which he gives the following translation: 'Andrew Doria, in order to procure repose and tranquillity, his constitution being worn out with fatigue, repaired this house for himself and successors.' Over the door is inscribed: '*Fundavit eam Altissimus.*' Such are the discrepancies in the accounts of travellers. Addison takes no notice of this palace, nor Eustace, nor even Simond. Lady Morgan is very sentimental upon

palace itself there is nothing to see, but some of the fading frescoes of Pierino del Vaga. Of its magnificence in the olden time, Evelyn gives the following description.

‘One of the greatest palaces here for circuit, is that of the Prince d’Orias, which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnished within, having whole tables and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them set with achates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquizes, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace supported by pillars of marble: there is a fountain of eagles, and one of Neptune with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basin of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Francis Bacon describes in his Essays, wherein grow trees of more than two feet diameter, besides cypress, myrtles, lentises, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and place enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge iron work, stupendous for its fabric and the charge. The other two gardens are full of orange-trees, citrons, and pomegranates, fountains, grotts, and statues. One of the latter is a colossal Jupiter, under which is the

the ‘fine, old, desolate edifice,’ but gives no distinct account of it. Mrs. Starke tells us, that ‘Duke Pasqua has recently furnished his residence elegantly, and enriched it with pictures.’ If this be correct, we suppose that it is no longer uninhabited. But this is *not* ‘the palace built to perpetuate the gratitude of the State.’

sepulchre of a beloved dog; for the care of which one of this family received of the King of Spain 500 crowns a year during the life of that faithful animal! The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art; and so is the grotto over against it.*

The Ducal Palace where the Doges once resided, is a large modern building, having been almost entirely rebuilt in 1777, when the old palace was nearly destroyed by fire. Mr. Forsyth thought it magnificent even for Genoa, but remarks, that 'two balustrades break the unity of the front, and lessen its elevation.' 'In the Doge's palace,' says Addison, 'are the rooms where the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies; but, as the State of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular persons' houses, than in those that belong to the public. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Commonwealth; and one of his family, another, that calls him its preserver.' Eustace asserts, that these statues were thrown down and demolished by the French. They are now replaced, we are told, by 'plaster heads and drapery stuffed with straw.' The present senatorial hall is magnificent in point of dimensions, 125 feet by 45, and 66 feet in height. It is ornamented with pillars and pilasters of brocatello marble, supporting a gallery, which is occupied, on public occasions, by bands of music and spectators. Over the door is the iron prow of

* Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 75.

a Roman galley, which Addison mentions as the only antiquity they have to shew at Genoa. 'It is not above a foot long,' he says, 'and, perhaps, would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head, as represented on medals, and on the *Columna Rostrata* at Rome.*' Another famous curiosity which used to excite the wonder of travellers, an 'emerald dish,' is said to have been broken in its journey either to or from Paris, during the recent political changes; but the loss can scarcely be regretted by the Genoese themselves, if the assertion of M. de la Condamine be correct, that it was nothing better than glass.†

Among the other palaces which claim notice, the *Palazzo Serra* in the *Strada Nuova*, is mentioned by Forsyth as boasting of the finest saloon in Europe. 'It is oval in plan; the elevation a rich Corinthian; the walls are covered with gold

* 'It was discovered near the beach in 1597, in consequence of the harbour being cleaned; and is supposed to have remained there from the time of a naval battle between the Genoese and the Carthaginian commander, Mago.'—Sturke, p. 106. In this book, another 'precious monument of antiquity' is mentioned, in the Tribunal of Commerce; a bronze table dug up by a peasant in the valley of Polcevera in 1506, and bearing a well preserved inscription about the date of A.U.C. 633.

† Sketches of Italy, vol. i. p. 183. Evelyn was shewn this supposed emerald, 'the largest in the world,' in the cathedral; and mentions as the legend attached to it, that our Saviour ate the paschal lamb in it with his disciples; but 'Venerable Bede writes, that the dish used by our Saviour was of silver!' Other accounts state, that the vase was presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, who placed it in the Temple!!

and looking-glass ; the floor consists of a polished mastic, stained like oriental breccia.* Surfaces so brilliant as these would deaden any pictures except those of a ceiling, which require a bright reflection from the walls. Here, then, the ceiling alone is painted, and borrows and lends beauty to the splendour below.' The palace was built in 1552 ; but the gallery is of more modern date, and was executed by a French architect. 'It is, indeed,' Lady Morgan remarks, 'all over French, and recalls the state rooms of the Tuileries, and the *Caffè de Mille Colonne*s at the Palais Royal ; for its great effect is produced by the repetition of its Corinthian columns in the reflecting pannels. Its singular splendour has procured it a place in the French Encyclopædia, and obtained for it, from the florid pen of M. Du Pati, the epithet of the Palace of the Sun. It is all gold, mirror, marble, arabesque, and caryatides.'†

The *Palazzo Spinola*, also in the *Strada Nuova*, is remarkable for its painted façade, representing full-length colossal figures of the twelve Cæsars ; 'a curious sign for the house of a republican citizen !' This mansion is also rich in pictures by

* Mr. Pennington says, that the floors of the Durazzo palace are composed of a mixture of marble and porcelain pounded and made into a paste so as to resemble granite.

† Morgan's Italy, vol. i. p. 400. Mr. Simond thus speaks of it. 'The drawing-room, done only twenty-six years ago, (the latest date, probably, of any thing of the kind at Genoa,) cost 40,000*l.* sterling ; a sum expended to very little purpose. It is vastly gay, certainly,—all looking-glass, gilding, rare marbles, and lapis lazuli ; but too small for effect, (40 feet by 28,) too gaudy, and wanting breadth of surface and colour for the eye to rest upon.'—p. 591.

Italian masters. One of the best picture galleries in the city was formerly that of the Balbi palace in the *Strada Balbi*; but the catalogue now exhibits chiefly Vandycks and productions of the Flemish school. The collections of the Brignole family are esteemed more valuable. The *Palazzo Brignole* (in the *Strada Nuova*) contains numerous paintings by Guido, Paul Veronese, the two Caracci, Carlo Dolci, a St. John Baptist by Leonardo da Vinci, and family portraits by Vandyck.* The other principal collections are those of the *Palazzo Carega* (*Strada Nuova*); the *Palazzo del Signor Gaetano Cambiasso*; the *Palazzo Grillo-Cataneo* (near the *Porta Portello*); the *Palazzo Pallavicini* (in the Piazza Garibaldi); the *Palazzo Mari* (Piazza Campetto); and a second *Palazzo Spinola* (near the Piazza Fontana Amorosa).†

Besides the paintings, these splendid mansions

* In the Brignole collection, there are also some striking pictures by Spagnoletto, here called Ribera; and some fine productions of the Genoese painter Piola, an artist little known beyond Genoa, deserve to be pointed out to the traveller.

† Starke's Directions, pp. 106—114. Addison mentions the *Villa Imperiale*, a mile from Genoa, as being much the handsomest palace that he saw, in point of architecture, its front consisting of a Doric and a Corinthian row of pillars. Evelyn describes the *Palazzo del Negros* as 'richly furnished with the rarest pictures,' and, within an acre of ground, were fountains, rocks, ponds, and a stately grove of trees, amid which were 'sheep, shepherds, and wild beasts, cut very artificially in gray stone.' He refers probably to *La Villetta* near the gate of *Acqua-sola*. Lady Morgan was shewn, from these 'singular gardens,' a yellow palace, called 'the Palace of Oliver Cromwell.' The explanation of this startling designation, is, that it was built, or at least occupied, by a Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who married the widow of Sir Horatio Pallavicini in 1601, and accompanied her from England to Genoa, where they continued to reside.

present little that is remarkable. They have been described as 'fronts with furniture and pictures behind.' Immoveable, shallow-seated, high-backed chairs, clothed in faded damask and Genoese velvet, gilt brackets, marble slabs, and girandoles tied up in bags, usually compose the whole furniture. To an English eye, they appear inconvenient, half-finished, and comfortless; there is no consistency of elegance, no completeness of accommodation. Throughout the whole city, indeed, there is a strange mixture of finery and dirt, magnificence and shabbiness, profusion and meanness. The ground-floors of the most elegant palaces are occupied by the meanest tenements; and immediately under the state-rooms of some of them are stables. What appears incongruous and revolting to an Englishman, however, is not so deemed in most other countries. In Madrid and other Spanish cities, the higher classes in like manner live up stairs, the ground floor being abandoned to the use of servants or to lumber.* On the other hand, Mr. Simond remarks, that these palaces 'make a striking contrast with the tarnished finery of Rome and Venice.'

Little remains to be added to the account already given of the churches of Genoa. The metropolitan church of San Lorenzo (*Il Duomo*), in the middle of the city, was built in the eleventh century. The architecture is called Gothic: its ex-

* Evelyn remarks, that the inhabitants of Genoa were 'much affected to the Spanish mode and stately garb.' From their close connexion with the Spaniards in foreign times, it might indeed be considered as less an Italian, than a Spanish city.

terior, cased with black and white marble in alternate horizontal stripes, has a strange appearance. The martyrdom of the Saint is depicted on the façade in *basso rilievo*. It has a fine tower. The interior has nothing very remarkable, except the round chapel of St. John Baptist, which contains an altar adorned with four sumptuous columns of porphyry, and moreover an iron urn inclosing the reputed relics of the Saint. The church of *San Ciro* was the cathedral up to the year 985, and is said to boast of a date as early as A. D. 250. It is spacious and rich in marbles. That of *San Stefano alle Porte* bears, however, more the marks of antiquity. It is small, with white-washed walls, and is so low, rude, and damp, as to have the appearance of an excavated crypt. Its great attraction is its celebrated altar-piece, the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, the joint work of Raffaele and Giulio Romano, which was taken away by the French, and placed in the Louvre: it is now replaced in its original situation. The upper part is said to have been painted by Raffaele, the lower part by his friend and pupil; and when at Paris, the whole was ‘*retouched* by David!’

The church of the *Annunziata*, founded in the thirteenth century, and enriched by the Lomellini family,* is the finest in the city, so far as rare and beautiful marbles can make it so. It belongs to

* ‘Two brothers, named Lomellini, allow the third part of their gains.’ Evelyn’s *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 77, note. Mrs. Starke reports, that it was built at the sole expense of this family. Lady Morgan says, it was founded by the Umilanti, and enriched by the Lomellini.

the Franciscans. Among its paintings are, The Last Supper, by Proccacino; The Crucifixion, by Scotto; (both termed 'celebrated;') and a horrible representation, by Carloni, of a malefactor broken on the wheel. *S. Ambrogio*, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and indebted for its splendour to the Pallavicini family, contains three celebrated pictures; two by Rubens, The Circumcision, and St. Ignatius exorcising a demoniac, and The Assumption, by Guido. *San Francesco di Paolo* has recovered from the Louvre two pictures that were thought worthy of being stolen by the French; The Adoration of the Shepherds, by Cambiaso, and The Ascension, by Paggi. *San Felippo Neri* is remarkable for the superior simplicity and grandeur of its style. 'The marble, of perfect whiteness and polish, so entirely blends with the ornaments and figures that adorn the exterior, that the whole edifice appears one exquisite piece of statuary.' But, of all the religious edifices, according to one Traveller, the chapel of the *Battistine* (or barefoot White Carmelite nuns) is the most elegant: the pavement, dome, altars, statues, draperies, and decorations, are all of the purest white, and the effect is that of exquisite simplicity.* *Santa Maria Carignano* has already been described. *S. Matteo*, built by the Doria family, deserves mention not so much for its statues of the Evangelists, as for its containing, in a subterranean chapel, the remains of Andrea Doria himself. 'The Piazza Doria, or, as it is now called, the Piazza di San Matteo, insignificant as it may be

* Spinster's Tour, p. 337.

thought,' remarks the Poet of Memory, 'is to me the most interesting place in Genoa. It was there that Doria assembled the people when he gave them their liberty: on one side of it is the church he lies buried in; on the other, a house, originally of very small dimensions, with this inscription:

"S. C. Andreæ de Auria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum."

'Tis less in length and breadth,
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.
He left it for a better; and 'tis now
A house of trade, the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa!
And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee; that which says aloud,
It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.*

Every one who has read Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth, is well acquainted with the character and achievements of this illustrious Genoese. He was born of a noble family, at Oneglia. Owing to the frequent revolutions to which Genoa was exposed in the fifteenth century, the family were greatly reduced; and Andrew began his career as a galley officer in the French service. He rose through all the gradations of rank in his profession, and was engaged successively in the service of the

* Rogers's Italy. Part II. § 23, and note. The more splendid palace which Doria subsequently built for himself, has evidently been mistaken by some of our travellers for this simpler, yet nobler mansion.

Duke d'Urbino, the King of Arragon, the Pope, the King of France, and the Genoese Republic. In 1521, he was appointed to the command of the united fleets of France and Genoa; and it was with his assistance that Marshal Lautrec, the generalissimo of the League against the Emperor, made himself master of Genoa in 1527, and re-established in that republic the dominion of France. But, in the following year, having given offence to the French ministry, Doria received secret intelligence that an order had been obtained for his being superseded and arrested. Justly indignant at this perfidious treatment, he made a tender of his services to the Emperor, which were gladly accepted on his own terms.* Sending back his commission to the French monarch, he hoisted the

* Robertson finds a patriotic motive for Doria's revolt against the French, in his alarm and anger at their beginning to fortify Savona, and to clear its harbour. But, to a native of Oneglia, the inhabitants of Savona were not less closely allied as countrymen, than the citizens of Genoa itself. If Doria inherited any of the jealousy of Savona, which has constantly actuated the Genoese merchants, that party feeling hardly deserves the name of patriotism. But, if Robertson's statement be correct, Doria's well-founded personal apprehensions and just resentment left little room for the operation of more remote and exalted motives. Denina, on the other hand, represents him as deserting the French cause, because he did not think his services properly remunerated by Francis I., and as availing himself of the specious pretext of recovering the liberties of his country. His conduct has also been thought to savour too much, in this instance, of the Ligurian art and treachery. Neither representation, perhaps, is entirely just; but the magnanimity of the old sailor's subsequent conduct has thrown a reflection of nobleness upon his previous actions, the result less of patriotic policy, than of impulse and necessity.

imperial colours, and sailing with all his galleys for Naples, which he was to have blockaded, compelled the French army before that city to capitulate, and restored to the Emperor the superiority in Italy. He then sailed for Genoa, of which he gained possession without bloodshed; and it was upon this occasion that the nobleness of his character was displayed. Although Charles is said to have offered him the principality, and every thing invited him to assume the supreme authority, he magnanimously preferred the name of citizen to that of sovereign. Having convened the whole body of the people, he devolved upon them the right of settling what form of government they chose to establish. Twelve persons were elected to new-model the constitution of the republic; and Doria lived to enjoy the gratitude and veneration of his countrymen, as the second founder of the State, and the restorer of its liberty.

Genoa contains a University, which is splendid as an edifice, containing various halls for the different faculties, amply adorned with paintings, a vast library, (Lady Morgan says, chiefly polemical divinity, but her statements are always questionable,) and a botanical garden the size of a flower-plot. Two marble lions in the vestibule are much admired. What else is admirable in this University, no traveller tells us.* The school for the deaf and dumb, founded by the Abate Assarotti in 1801, deserves honourable mention. There were, till

* Mrs. Starke, indeed, says, that the Genoese school of medicine stands high in Italy, in proof of which she instances a Dr. Scassi, an eminent Genoese physician, who studied at Edinburgh!

lately, only two theatres, neither of which has any claims to architectural magnificence, but a new and superb one has recently been erected. What is of more consequence, there are some good hotels. The city is supplied with water by aqueducts six leagues in extent; and by means of pipes, 'every story of every house,' we are told, 'has its fountain.' As to wine, that which is made near Genoa, is still worse than wine generally is in Italy; but the Genoese are supplied from Marseilles.

Of the state of society in Genoa, it is difficult to form a fair comparative estimate. Addison says: 'The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of the Italians; which was likewise the character of the ancient Ligurians. The Italian proverb says of the Genocese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith.' 'As for the national character,' remarks Forsyth, 'we need not bring Virgil, nor Dante, to prove failings which the Genoese themselves tacitly acknowledge. So low are the common people sunk in the esteem of their own countrymen, that no native porter is admitted into the Porto Franco, where Bergamasques alone are employed.* A suspicion unworthy of Italian merchants, who were once the most liberal on earth, excludes also from this free port, the clergy, the

* 'These Bergamasque porters tread nimbly through very narrow streets, with amazing loads, suspended by ropes from lateral poles, each of which rests on the two men's shoulders; a mode which may be traced in one of the ancient paintings found in the catacombs of Rome.'

military, and women, as persons who may pilfer, but who cannot be searched.* This is, however, a very unjust and absurd mode of judging of national character. With equal truth and fairness it might be alleged, that the common people of Castile and other parts of Spain are sunk in the esteem of their countrymen, because the Gallegos are almost exclusively employed as porters at Madrid, Seville, and even Lisbon. It is remarkable, too, that a recent traveller adduces in proof of the Ligurian art and cunning of the Genoese, the exactions practised by these very Bergamasque porters.† Evelyn brings a more serious charge against the Genoese. 'Indeed,' he says, 'this beautiful city is more stained with horrid acts of revenge and murders, than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world, where there is a political government, which makes it unsafe for strangers. It is made a galley-matter, to carry a knife whose point is not broken off.'‡

Times have so much improved since then, however, that the 'Spinster' Tourist, to whom every thing at Genoa seems to have worn the *couleur de*

* Forsyth, vol. i. p. 8.

† Pennington, vol. i. p. 307. This Traveller does not call them Bergamasques, but the porters are chiefly such.

‡ Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 75. Lalande says, the Genoese are ferocious only under oppression; but it appeared to him, that there was less hospitality (*moins d'accueil aux étrangers*) at Genoa, and that the people were less informed and more haughty, than in other great cities of Italy. But Lalande saw them, it is remarked, in the most degraded period of their political existence. 'During the last century, fewer persons eminent in arts, literature, and science, were produced in Genoa, than in any other Italian State.'—Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 441, 2.

rose, imagines, that 'in no other city of Europe would it be possible for ladies and strangers to feel such entire security in the most crowded, the most poor, and apparently the most neglected quarters.' She warmly praises 'the innate good humour and civility of the people, who never seem to take pleasure in giving annoyance to any being of whatever rank or age.' They seem, however, adds this Writer, 'even the class above the very poor and laborious, to be profoundly ignorant; and while schools for their instruction are suppressed, and the government of their minds and souls is given up to monastic orders nearly as uninformed as themselves, much mental improvement is not to be expected.*'

Previously to the Revolution, Genoa had its exclusive circle of polite society, composed of forty of the noblest families, who, during forty weeks of the year, met, in turn, at the palaces of the respective families once a-week. These *conversazioni* (called *la veglia de' Quaranta*) were almost the sole resource of a class excluded by their rank from general intercourse, and inhabiting one of the few cities in Italy, where the opera has little attraction, and is but little attended to, except by the lower orders. The Revolution broke up this society; and the first display of a tendency to social re-union was exhibited in Genoa in favour of the English military, who, being considered as protectors, were received as guests. When Lord William Bentinck, in 1814, approached Genoa, he found the people most favourably disposed towards

* Spinster's Tour, pp. 327, 335, 346, 379.

him ; and the French commander was compelled to surrender almost without resistance.* Under the brief protectorate of the English General, a provisional government was established, in which it was attempted to blend equal rights with aristocratic privileges. The Congress of Vienna, having no liking for republics, set aside the new constitution ; and, regardless of the pledges that had been given to the people, consigned the Genoese to their detested neighbour, the King of Sardinia. Lord William is said to have withdrawn from the city privately ; and the British garrison, taking away the artillery and military stores, delivered up the city to its new master. Bitterly as the Genoese felt the humiliation of being thus arbitrarily and treacherously made over to a Government so contemptible and oppressive as Sardinia, they cherish no animosity against the English, whom they acquit of any intention to betray them ; and English visitors are received with cordial attention.

The nobles of Genoa are still, many of them, concerned in maritime trade, as in the prosperous days of the Republic ; but there is no vestige of the superb merchant of the olden time. The aristocracy, as a body politic, no longer exists ; although old distinctions of caste and family are still maintained. A decided improvement, how-

* The spoliation of the churches and palaces in 1812, had especially contributed to alienate the Genoese from France ; and when the ' Martyrdom of St. Stephen ' was carried off, there was a sort of insurrection. As the Ligurian Republic had become a province of France, without hostilities, the plea of conquest did not exist to give a colour of right to this act of violence.

ever, is believed to have taken place in the moral and domestic habits of the people, once universally accused of having none. Gallantry and the *cicisbeo* system are on the decline. The genuine Genoese *patito*, who answered to the *cavaliere servente* of Milan, is no longer the indispensable appendage of a lady of fashion.* As carriages can pass through very few of the streets, and the sedan chair is less in use than formerly, the Genoese ladies walk much; and their costume is very graceful. An ample and becoming white veil is worn half over the face and thrown round the person; neat shoes and white silk stockings adorn the feet,—‘all remarkably clean,’ says Mr. Simond, ‘even those of low condition; excepting only the beggars, who wear the livery of their trade,’ and are only not quite so numerous as at Rome or Naples. ‘Judging from the few I saw,’ adds this Traveller, ‘the women appeared more cultivated and agreeable than usual in Italy; they spoke very good French, and some of them nearly as good English. I could name several with northern complexions and northern manners too. Many, I was assured, were irreproachable; and if they had *cavalieri serventi*, their attendance at least was gratuitous.’

‘To the English who do not require unceasing gayety and display,’ says the Author of ‘A Spin-

* Simond, p. 585. ‘The *siesta* and the *toilette*, those baneful kill-times, are nearly exploded. The conversation in the best circles is many degrees above the scale at which Goldoni rated it, though the accuracy of his characters and delineations for the time in which he wrote, is allowed throughout Italy.’—*Spinster’s Tour*, p. 343.

ster's Tour,' 'Genoa must be a residence peculiarly eligible. The social habits of the most esteemed nobles assimilate with those of our own country.' Provisions are excellent, and about the same price as at Rome. House-rent is considerably cheaper; and the climate is said to be as good as that of Nice. On the other hand, there are a few drawbacks. The summer heat is almost insupportable; and the Genoese themselves then seek refuge in their villas. In winter, there is often rough weather unfavourable to invalids. Another drawback is the deficiency of outlets and suburbs, the city being built against rocky acclivities of difficult ascent, and almost shut in with mountains. The language is a corrupt Italian, the pronunciation of the Genoese native, whatever be his rank, being rarely considered as perfectly correct, or his language free from provincialisms. There are no advantages for education. The high duty on English papers, amounts almost to a prohibition. Lastly, there is no Protestant church, although there is a Protestant cemetery,—a small inclosure on a lofty hill, walled round and planted with roses. 'Within are very simple tombs, which speak of travellers, widows, and mariners. One alone speaks with the confidence of a believer—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."'*

The population of Genoa, including San Pietro d'Arena, but not the port, is estimated at about 85,000; that of the district of Genoa at about 208,000; and that of the province of Genoa† at

* Protestant Vigils, vol. ii. p. 218.

† Including, besides Genoa, the six districts of Albenga, Bobbio, Chiavari, Levanto, Novi, and Savona.

about 540,000. Genoa has still its silk, velvet, and gold-lace manufactures. Besides these, its exports are fruits, (chiefly oranges and lemons,) oil, perfumes, jewellery, and artificial flowers. Raw silk and corn are imported from Sicily; iron and naval stores from the Baltic; linen and sail-cloth from Germany; wool from Spain; and tin, lead, hardware, and cottons from Great Britain. The trade is now chiefly carried on under foreign flags, through dread of the Barbary Corsairs.

The street occupied exclusively by the goldsmiths, affords an amusing display. 'Its glittering and rich shops are, contrary to all established rule, not for the great, but for the little; and the profusion of gold and silver filigree-work, clasps, rings, ear-rings, chains, combs, pearl, coral, and even of more costly gems, are all for the peasantry. The women are covered, even on working-days, with gold and silver ornaments: on holidays, they add a profusion of pearl and coral to their ordinary decorations. Even now, a female peasant making up her marriage *trousseau*, thinks 700 or 800 francs a very moderate price for a necklace or chain.*

Although much of the raw silk is imported, the silk-worm is reared in the neighbourhood of Genoa. About five miles up the beautiful valley of the Polcevera, is the village of San Quirico, where there is a large and long-established silk-mill. The foliage of the mulberry-tree embowers

* Morgan, vol. i. p. 420. The old sumptuary laws of the Republic were directed exclusively against the higher order. These have not been revived, and the Genoese ladies dress richly; but the lower classes are still the only purchasers of the old-fashioned jewellery of the Genoese goldsmiths.

many of the villages which enliven the road ; and sometimes there are avenues formed by this tree. The peasants rear the worm, and dispose of the cods to the mill. All round San Quirico, the mulberry-tree is neither lofty nor handsome ; its leaves are small, but vividly green, and the foliage is bushy and healthy. The worm that produces the white silk, is esteemed very valuable ; and great care is taken by the rich cultivators and the proprietors of mills, to encourage their being vigilantly and separately reared, and brought to their utmost perfection. The silk comes from the insect, of a glossy and perfect whiteness. The climate of Genoa appears to be particularly adapted to the production of silk ; and to the great attention which is bestowed upon the cultivation and manufacture, Genoa owes the superiority which she still claims for her beautiful fabrics. The peasantry of the valleys of Liguria are described as appearing intelligent, communicative, industrious, and respectful ; and the great landed proprietors encourage the efforts of their tenantry.* The hills which inclose the valley of the Polcevera, are rich in marbles. One sort, greatly resembling the *verd antique*, is much esteemed, and is worked, at Genoa, into ornamental vases and other forms. Another manufacture extensively carried on in the villages, is that of maccaroni, and vermicelli of every kind and shade.

As most of the surrounding villages have their peculiar costume, the scene which Genoa exhibits on a great market day, is highly picturesque and

* Further details relating to the silk-mills of San Quirico, will be found in the ' Spinster's Tour,' pp. 362-370

amusing, and is well described by a fair tourist. 'Here, the handsome native of Recco, with her fanciful blue boddice trimmed with gold braiding, her rose-coloured petticoat, her large gold-filigree Maltese cross, and immense bell-shaped ear-rings, ranges her elegant osiers and reed baskets, in which the rich green fig, the purple and white grapes, oranges, olives, or the succeeding fruit of each season, are neatly spread. The villager from the hills towards San Quirico, with her head attired after the fashion of Asti, her substantial striped stuffs, her hard-featured, tanned face, exhibits her maccaroni of every shade and fancy, her filberts, her chestnuts, and the berries which seem equally prized by the people as fruit. The gardeners of San Pietro d'Àrena, Sestri, &c., with their smart jackets ornamented with silver filigree buttons, their *tricoté* jelly-bag cap, whose long, tasseled end hangs negligently on one shoulder, while their curly black hair adds to the humorous expression of their keen, handsome features,—display their vegetables, particularly their artichokes, which are in request even at Milan. The Genoese themselves, and the immediate peasantry, some in their *mise de fête*, with the rich chintz or clean muslin placed over their braided hair, others in their most dishevelled, unshod, unadorned state, add their various contributions to the general stock. Perhaps, some pretty girls, more anxious for display than the graver matrons, have teased the simple country-women who bring profusions of plants and nosegays to this gay mart, till they have given them the finest tuberose, the orange or pomegranate blossoms, the sprig of rich jasmine,

or bunch of fine carnations, their fancy had decided on; then, in childish glee and triumph, they seat themselves on the first empty basket or unoccupied stand that offers; and in an instant, with all the seriousness of friendship, begin smoothing and plaiting each other's beautiful long hair, to secure it in the classic Roman coil; then arrange every curl in the most effective manner, and place becomingly on one side the flowery prize that has afforded the motive of all this anxiety. Never have I seen more cordiality and kindness among a people, than in Genoa.*

'The few *piazze* of Genoa open round the principal churches, while every *vicolo*, or narrow passage, abounds with shrines, oratories, and stations, of which an Amazonian Madonna is always the sign. Votive candles, hourly renewed, burn before these public altars; and the street piety of Genoa is exceeded only by that of Naples. Every where offerings are being made, processions are moving, hymns are selling, and monks and nuns are invoking and begging. In all this, however, there is neither gloom nor austerity. The monks are jolly; the nuns are gay; and the votarists, more zealous than meditative, are bustling, elbowing, laughing, praying, whispering, and chanting. In every stall, psalms and legends are hung up, like rows of ballads in the less devout streets of other cities. The Magdalen here tells her story in phrases adapted to the passionate melodies of Paesiello; and Santa Teresa leaves the enamoured *Didone* of the opera far behind in the expression

* *Spinster's Tour*, pp. 378, 9.

of pathetic ardour.* ; Faith in ceremonies, pilgrimages, and penances, remains unchanged in those who observe any service ; and here, as in other parts of Italy, 'the Mother of God' is the chief object of trust and adoration, the mediation of Christ, being rarely, if ever, invoked. The total destitution of Scriptural instruction leaves the deluded people no alternative but either a blind devotion or cheerless infidelity.

The territory of Genoa extends southward along the eastern shore of the gulf, as far as Sarzana, on the road to Lucca and Pisa. Prior to the year 1824, the road from Pisa was not passable for carriages beyond Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezzia ; and travellers generally embarked for Genoa at Via-Reggio. In that year, a fine road was commenced, which traverses an elevated part of the Apennine range ; and except the seven miles between Lavenza and Massa, it is tolerably safe and well made.

About six miles south-east of Genoa, is the 'commercial, active, and flourishing little town' of Nervi, having many handsome houses and several palaces and rich convents in its immediate neighbourhood. Oranges, figs, grapes, and almonds are brought to perfection on the seemingly

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i, p. 421. Sta. Teresa's 'Invocation to her celestial Spouse,' one of the most popular hymns in Italy, runs thus :

' Dammi morte, o dammi amore,

O infinita Carità !

Alma mia, questo cuore

Senza amor viver non sa.'

Some still more revolting specimens of this erotic devotion are given by Mr. Blunt, Vestiges, &c., pp. 10—12.

flinty rocks which here rise tremendously above the sea; and these, with olives, (which are not converted into oil, as in the valleys of Savona,) are exported in exchange for corn. The port appears secure; but, throughout this lee shore, the swell is at times tremendous, the surf always high, and the rocks dangerous. Votive chapels erected on the heights, record the gratitude of merchants and nobles escaped from the perils of the waves. The people of Nervi are a handsomer race than those of Genoa; and the keen, black eye, and dark but clear complexion, are more prevalent than on the western coast, where a northern colony might seem to have mingled with the indigenous race.

The road to Nervi is carried midway round the steep rocks, so that the traveller has beneath him a picturesque coast, enlivened with towns, olive-yards, and the finest orange-groves, while above and around him are palaces, convents, and the most varied foliage. Recco, the next town on the route, stands in a rich valley, defended from all winds by fertile and towering hills, clothed with the myrtle, ash, and beech, while the loftiest heights are generally crowned with pine: the ilex and chestnut-tree are here rare. From Recco, a gradual ascent of two miles leads to the 'grand gallery of S. Michel di Rutta,' which has been excavated in a solid rock of marble, about a mile from the extreme point of the promontory which here stretches into the gulf. It is a magnificent work; for, the road on either side being open, the vault lofty, and the portals carefully finished and neatly adorned, the light penetrates throughout, and the vista formed at

each approach is most striking. The view of Genoa in particular, to a traveller from the south, is most singular and beautiful. The mountain rises high above the vault, and from the summit, a fine view is obtained, looking southward over the deep valleys through which the road is carried, losing the sea for a considerable distance, till, having turned the mountains, it opens on the beautiful bays of Chiavari and Sestri di Levante.*

The town of Chiavari, beautifully situated in the centre of its bay, is a handsome and flourishing place, surrounded with hills, the rich produce of which supplies a profitable commerce. The population is estimated at 8000; that of the district, at upwards of 90,000 souls. 'The Genoese, from the earliest times appreciating its local and natural advantages, surrounded it with a strong wall, and gave it many privileges, to encourage the resort of merchants, who came from far to seek its valued products. Though salubrious in climate and soil, and rather remarkable for its orderly and industrious population, it is singular in retaining a disease which has passed away from every other part of Italy. Chiavari still has lepers, though the number of these unfortunate beings is now limited to a very few families, and these are strictly prohibited from forming alliances out of their own afflicted community. The town, its handsome church, the bay, and the beautiful villas in the neighbourhood, deserve attention; and as it is accustomed to the influx of strangers, the accommodations are good. The village of Lavagna, which

* Spinster's Tour, p. 421.

takes its name from the river that separates it from Chiavari, derives celebrity from its slate-quarries, which have always been prized; and Genoa allows that *la pietra di Lavagna* excels in closeness and glossiness, the produce of its own mountains. Fine marbles are likewise found among these exuberant rocks, which, with scarcely a thin layer of earth, nourish the richest grapes of the *levante* (or eastern) coast.*

The little town of Sestri de Levante (the ancient *Segeste*) is likewise famed for its vine-clad hills; and the beautiful country around it is adorned with numerous villas. From this place, it is, for eight miles, a continued ascent to the summit of the *Bracco*, one of the loftiest Apennines. The road is for several miles hewn in the steep sides of the rocks, which are composed of slate, yellow, green, and white marble, and a beautiful grey granite. The galleries, which run along the brink of fearful precipices, are narrower than those of the Simplon; and as they are unprotected by parapets, and are exposed to sudden blasts of wind, the passage in stormy weather cannot be free from danger. It is reckoned a distance of nearly eleven miles from the summit of the *Bracco* to *Borghetto*, at the southern foot of the pass. The road descends to the bed of the *Magra*, and then passes over another mountain, from which a fine view is ob-

* Spinster's Tour, p. 372. In the English translation of Malte Brun, we are told, that 'the eastern part of the Gulf of Genoa has been long called the river of the morning,' (vol. vii. p. 647.) This ludicrous mis-translation of *Riviera del Levante*, the eastern shore, may vie with the account given of the etymology of curmudgeon in Ash's Dictionary, viz. '*cœur*, unknown, *méchant*, correspondent.'

tained of the Gulf of Spezzia, the ancient *Portus Lunæ*. The little town of La Spezzia, which is about sixty miles (fifteen posts) from Genoa, is beautifully situated on an eminence at the head of the gulf. It contains about 4000 inhabitants, and three inns, of different gradations, from clean and comfortable to vile and dirty. It has an excellent harbour, which Napoleon is said to have intended to make a naval station and arsenal; and 'if that wonder-working hand had not been cut off, Liguria,' we are told, 'would have boasted of one of the most safe and magnificent havens of the Mediterranean.'*

The Gulf of Spezzia exhibits a rare phenomenon, in a copious spring of fresh water, which bubbles up about a mile from the shore, and forms a liquid mound several inches above the surface of the sea, and about twenty feet in circumference, over which boats ride very uneasily. The water at the surface is brackish; but, when drawn from the depth of 38 feet, where the fountain rises from the earth, it is quite soft and fresh, and colder than that of the sea.†

Leaving the sea, the road now turns to the eastward, crossing another eminence to Sarzana, in the valley of the Magra. This little city, the last in the Geneose territory, is the representative of the ancient Luna, which had long been on the decline, when, in the year 1204, Pope Innocent

* Spinster's Tour, p. 373:

† Ibid., p. 375. Mr. Simond says, the column of water is 30 feet in diameter. Similar phenomena are found in the bay of Xagua, off the Island of Cuba, and near the mouth of the Rio de los Lagartos, off the coast of Yucatan. —See *Mod. Trav.*, vol. xxvi. p. 150.

III. transferred the honours of the episcopacy to its more safe and flourishing inland neighbour.* Sarzana boasts of having given birth to two pontiffs; and its consequence is supported by the noble families whose palaces and villas are in the neighbourhood. The population of the city is inconsiderable, not exceeding 3000 souls. That of the district of Levante, comprising the territories of Sarzana and Spezzia, is estimated at 36,000. From the neighbouring port of Lavenza (the ancient *Aventia*) is now exported the Carrara marble, which, in former ages, took its name from the port of Luna. Considerable vestiges of the ancient city, it is said, may be traced a little below Sarzana.† The Macra, which has retained its ancient name under a slight difference of pronunciation, separated the ancient Liguria from the Roman province of Etruria. During summer, its stream is fordable; but, after rains, it is crossed by a *pont-volant*. The Lunigian promontory now bears the title of *Capo Corvo*.

At this part of the coast, the eastern shore of the Gulf of Genoa may be said to terminate; and the little territory of Massa, which intervenes between

* Spinster's Tour, p. 374. Luna is said to have been devastated by Norman invaders. It was, however, an insignificant place in the time of Strabo; and Lucan speaks of the *desertæ mœnia Lunæ*. See Cramer's Italy, vol. i. p. 171. The insalubrity of the situation probably led to its being abandoned.

† Cluverius fixed the site of Luna at Lerici, (the ancient *Ericis Portus*,) near the mouth of the Magra; but Mr. Cramer remarks, that the ruins which now bear the name of Luni, a little below Sarzana, and the denomination of Lunigiana applied to the adjacent district, leave no doubt as to its true position.

Genoa and Lucca, is the first of the Etrurian States on the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Having reached this frontier, we must suspend our progress to the southward ; and shall close the present chapter with a few additional remarks upon the tract we have been exploring, and the varied fortunes of the great maritime State which once disputed with Venice the sovereignty of the Mediterranean.

Genua, as the name of the city was anciently written, is mentioned for the first time in history by Livy, as having been destroyed by Mago, the Carthaginian. In the time of Strabo, it appears to have been a place of considerable trade, particularly in timber, which grew to a large size in the mountains ; also in cattle, skins, and honey, which must have been brought from the interior. In later times, the name was written *Janua*, with which was connected the absurd notion of its having been founded by Janus.* Through Genoa passed the great Roman route which led over the *Alpis Maritima* into Gaul ; called, from the Consul Aurelius, by whom it was made (about 605 u. c.), the *Via Aurelia*. That route originally left the coast at *Vada Sabata*, and led by a circuitous route to Acqui and Tortona ; but the maritime road was subsequently continued, through Monaco, as far as Arles in Gaul. Another great road, the *Via Posthumia*, beginning at Genoa, traversed the Apennines, and led through Tortona to Placentia.†

Upon the breaking up of the Roman empire,

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 25.

† Ibid. p. 37.

Liguria fell under the power of the Lombards. When they were subdued by Charlemagne, it was erected into a marquisate, which, upon the extinction of the race of Pepin, merged in the German empire. During the tenth century, the coast was continually ravaged by the Saracens; and as a defence against these cruel marauders, the martello towers were erected on the promontories, of several of which the ruins still remain. A civil war, originating in the contests between the two great factions of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, completed the desolation of the country. But, in the thirteenth century, the Genoese navy was powerful enough to afford aid and defence to the feeble empire of the Greek sovereigns of Constantinople; and their merchants, having obtained the suburb of Pera, or Galata, as a fief from the Emperor, monopolized the lucrative trade of the Black Sea. 'Their rivals of Venice and Pisa,' to use the condensed phraseology of Gibbon, 'were forcibly expelled; the natives were awed by the castles and cities which arose on the foundations of their humble factories; and their principal establishment of Caffa was besieged without effect by the Tartar powers. Destitute of a navy, the Greeks were oppressed by these haughty merchants, who fed or famished Constantinople according to their interest. They proceeded to usurp the customs, the fishery, and even the toll of the Bosphorus; and while they derived from these sources a revenue of 200,000 pieces of gold, a remnant of 30,000 was reluctantly allowed to the Emperor. The colony of Pera, or Galata, acted, in peace and war, as an

independent State; and, as it will happen in distant settlements, the Genoese *podestà* too often forgot that he was the servant of his own masters. The Roman empire might soon have sunk into a province of Genoa, if the ambition of the Republic had not been checked by the ruin of her freedom and naval power. A long contest of 130 years was determined by the triumph of Venice; and the factions of the Genoese compelled them to seek for domestic peace under the protection of a foreign lord, the Duke of Milan, or the French King. Yet, the spirit of commerce survived that of conquest; and the colony of Pera still awed the capital, and navigated the Euxine, till it was involved by the Turks in the final servitude of Constantinople itself.*

At the zenith of its power, the Genoese Republic extended its sovereignty over Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Malta, Crete, Lesbos, and Negropont, and had settlements in Scio, Smyrna, and several other cities of the Levant. In virtue of the conquest of the island of Corsica, where was formerly a Saracen king, a crown and sceptre were among the insignia of its doge. Addison, referring to this circumstance, remarks, that it gave their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but at the same time might teach their people to have a mean notion of their own republican form of government, being 'a tacit acknow-

* Gibbon, ch. lxiii. The Genoese galleys had transported the Ottoman Sultan Amurat from Asia to Europe; and Italian mercenaries assisted him in the conquest of Adrianople. His successor, the conqueror of Constantinople, expelled the Genoese colony from Kaffa. History abounds with similar instances of retribution.

ledgment that monarchy is the more honourable.* This island was the only dependency that remained to the Genoese, when, about the middle of the last century, an insurrection broke out, which was followed by a protracted contest that served only to display the weakness and exhaust the resources of the Republic. Tired at length of the war, the Genoese, in 1768, sold the sovereignty of the island to France; and Paoli, the patriot general, was obliged to seek an asylum in England.

The decline of the commerce and political importance of the Italian republics may be attributed, in the first instance, to the effects of their mutual contests,† the fall of the Byzantine empire, and the new posture assumed by the Ottoman State as a maritime power. Other events, however, had a powerful influence in diverting the stream of mercantile wealth into new channels. The discoveries of the Portuguese, more especially, opened a new sphere of enterprise, and ultimately led to a complete change in the course of the Indian trade. Many Venetians and Genoese had entered into the Portuguese service as early as the middle of the fifteenth century; and the discoveries of Diaz and De Gama towards the close of that century, awakened, not without reason, the jealousy of the Lords of the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian seas. Lisbon became, in its turn, the great emporium of the

* Addison's Remarks on Italy, p. 22.

† The long and arduous contest between Genoa and Venice, has been compared by the Italian historians to the second Punic War; and a striking feature of coincidence is, that the power which finally obtained the ascendancy, seemed, at one period, nearer to ruin than its rival.

African and Indian trade, from which, down to the close of the sixteenth century, the London merchants imported the rich productions of the East. Columbus, the glory and disgrace of the country which gave him birth, but denied him an adequate sphere of enterprise, having in vain sought employment in the Portuguese service, entered into that of Spain, and 'gave a new world to Castile and Leon.' From this era, the Portuguese and Spaniards took the lead in the general commerce of Europe, till the naval power of Great Britain, by rendering her mistress of the seas, enabled her to plant her factories and colonies on every shore, and to stretch her empire over more millions than were comprised in the Roman world.

The brightest period in the political history of Genoa, is that which succeeded to the revolution effected by Andrea Doria in 1528, by which the blessings of independence and internal tranquillity were for a long season secured to her citizens. But, in the narrow oligarchy which was then established, there was nothing that approached to equal representation or a liberal system of government. The terrible despotism of the Inquisition extended its paralyzing influence over every department of the state; and in the reign of Philip II., the nobles of Genoa were little better than mere grandees of Spain. There can be nothing to regret in the overthrow of such institutions, though dignified with the specious name of a Republic. The French Revolution gave the first shock to the power of the Genoese nobles. Their fortunes being chiefly invested in foreign funds, and especially in the French, they are said to have lost by

that revolution seventeen millions. of francs a year.* Bonaparte concluded a treaty with the Republic, at Montebello, in 1797, by which he granted them an accession of territory taken from Austria, with a population of 50,000 persons. That treaty maintained in part the ancient institutions of the Republic; but these soon gave way to a more popular form of government, adopted under the indirect influence of France; and in silly imitation of the forms adopted in that country, Genoa had its executive directory. But the rapid increase of the public burthens,† the total stagnation of trade, and above all, the suppression of the Bank of St. George, soon rendered the new Government unpopular. This celebrated institution, the oldest of the kind in Europe, was the great repository of individual as well as of national wealth; and, while independent of the State, it formed a powerful tie of the citizens to the Republic. Falling into the hands of the new Government, this Bank became insolvent; and although individual creditors received 6s. 8d. in the pound, the numerous charitable institutions, by an iniquitous interpretation of the law of mortmain, lost every thing.

‘Disgusted as the people then were,’ remarks Mr. Simond, ‘if, after the battle of Novi, the Austrian general had proclaimed the independence

* Simond, p. 585.

† The taxes were raised from three millions of francs a year, to nine millions. The accession of territory ought, perhaps, to be considered as justifying, in some measure, the increase. But besides this, a hundred vessels were taken for the Egyptian expedition.—Simond, p. 592.

of Genoa, and an amnesty for the past, the French could not have kept their ground in Liguria. But he did not; and Genoa sustained, in 1800, a siege for ever memorable in military annals. Massena, who commanded in the town, had for his auxiliary, a lively recollection, or tradition, still existing among the inhabitants, of the excesses committed in 1746 by the Imperialists.* But, upon this occasion, the Austrian general, Count Hohenzollern, by his humane and liberal conduct when the town at last surrendered, nearly effaced those impressions; and the inhabitants had only to suffer from a deadly fever, the consequence of famine, which raged for months after the first cause had ceased. During the siege, which lasted fifty-nine days, 15,000 individuals were starved to death, out of a population of 160,000; but, for months afterwards, 100 persons died each day.†

* 'Very near the *Albergo de' Poveri*, in the *Strada Portaria*, the spot is shewn, where, on the 10th of December, 1746, a sudden insurrection began, which drove away the Austrians. A heavy piece of artillery had sunk into the pavement, by a drain underground giving way; and in an attempt to compel the citizens to draw it out, the soldiers got into a quarrel, which brought about a general and successful resistance. The place in the pavement is still seen, and the piece of artillery, a bronze mortar, is shewn at this day.'

† Simond, p. 593. Another still more famous siege occurs in the Genoese annals; that of 1317, which has been compared by the Italian historians to the siege of Troy. They 'represent it as uniting as many different tribes, calling forth as much talent and energy, and exhibiting as many vicissitudes as that well-known contest. The result, however, was very different. Troy fell, and Genoa triumphed; but the fall of Troy has been ennobled by Homer, while the triumphs of Genoa are lost in oblivion.'—Eustace, vol. iii. p. 465.

When the battle of Marengo had made the French Consul master of Piedmont, Genoa applied to the conqueror for a new constitution. It was granted to them, but was soon set aside by the great Codificator; and when, in 1805, Napoleon placed upon his own head the iron crown, the Ligurian Republic was reduced to a province of the French empire. This act of violence, by destroying the shadow of independence to which the Genoese still fondly clung, was warmly resented, and severed them for ever, in principle and feeling, from France. Although permanently blockaded by the British fleet, and with scarcely any maritime trade, they were nevertheless subjected to both a maritime and a military conscription; while the nobles of Genoa were compelled to send their sons to those schools in the empire, which were intended as military nurseries to recruit the army.

Yet, their union to France was not unattended by some important political advantages. It secured to them a uniform system of national education, a better code of law, the publicity of judicial proceedings, the institution of juries, and the suppression of mendicity and assassination. The act of the Congress of Vienna which, in imitation of the worst deeds of Napoleon, arbitrarily consigned Genoa to the sovereign of Piedmont, deprived them of nearly all these advantages, without affording them any equivalent. The King of Sardinia left to his new subjects the French commercial code, and the *code civil*, so far altered as to restore to the clergy the record of births and marriages, and to re-establish the ancient mode of hereditary succession. But the *code penal*, and that of *in-*

struction criminelle, were set aside, and the old barbarous jurisprudence of Piedmont, with the exception of the torture, was imposed upon the Genoese. The King, or his ministers, may dispose of the persons of his subjects by arbitrary imprisonment, and of their property by unlimited taxation. The very attempt to emigrate without leave, is an offence visited with fines, confiscation, or ignominious punishment. Judges, appointed by the King, and dismissed at pleasure, live, for the most part, by their fees. The nobles of Piedmont have been again invested with their feudal rights, which place their vassals almost at their mercy: those of Genoa are only exempt from arrest for debt. The jesuits, the mendicant orders, the processions, the cumbrous old mode of tuition, and an unbridled mendicity, have all been re-established by his Sardinian Majesty, in utter contempt of the recommendations of the Congress, and of the spirit of the times. The Genoese are, probably, sick of revolutions; they silently endure the sceptre of the monarch they despise, and hope for better days.

It is not likely, however, that, under any circumstances, their city will recover a considerable portion of her ancient importance. Both Genoa and Pisa have been robbed of much of their former trade by the more accessible port of Livorno; and as the natural advantages of that of Genoa are by no means superior to those of other Ligurian harbours, the removal of all commercial restrictions would place in jeopardy even the measure of prosperity which she now enjoys.* Seldom has com-

* 'As the port of Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from

merce been made to flow again in the channels from which it has once been diverted.

Leghorn into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports free, lest it should draw to it most of their commerce and inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.'—Addison's Remarks on Italy, p. 229.

CHAPTER V.

Route of the Simplon—The Valais—Pass of the Simplon—Pass of the Gries—Simplon Route to Milan—Lago Maggiore—Lake of Orta—Lake of Lugano—Passes of the Bernardino and the Splugen—Pass of the St. Gothard—Pass of the Stelvio—Lake of Como—Lecco—Como—Monza.

THE majority of English travellers enter Italy by the grand pass of the Simplon. This is generally allowed to claim the preference in point of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery which the route presents; and no where, perhaps, is the contrast so striking, between the regions separated by the great Alpine barrier. From the deep and narrow valley of the Valais, inclosed by frowning Alps, you wind up the wooded slopes and round the little valleys of the northern declivity, till, having gained the summit, you descend in a few hours from the vegetation of Lapland to the region of the vine and the fig-tree, and, on fairly gaining the sunny side of the mountains, emerge into light and boundless space in one of the finest parts in Italy.

The valley of the Upper Rhone, which forms the canton of the Valais, may be described as an immense trough, 100 miles in length, a mile and a half in depth, and two miles wide at the bottom. The mountains on each side are the highest of any on the old continent, except those of the Himalaya

range ; forming two walls of rock, much shattered and intersected, rising from 10,000 to nearly 14,000 feet above the Rhone. This valley may therefore be considered as the deepest in the known world. On the northern side are the Alps of the Bernese Oberland, in which rise the Finster-aarhorn,* the Jungfrau,† the Breits-horn,‡ and other enormous peaks ; while the southern boundary is formed by the great chain of Alps from Mont Blanc to the Saint Gothard, including the Cervin, and the Monte Rosa.§

At the upper end of the valley, these two ranges meet and unite. Sixteen lateral valleys, some of considerable extent, open into the main valley of the Rhone ; and where they join it, the width of the flat part of the valley is increased. Thirteen of these lateral valleys are inhabited. That part of the valley below Sion, formerly distinguished as the *Bas Valais*, is a flat plain, swampy and unhealthy, where the heat of summer is intense, and millions of mosquitoes await the wearied traveller. Intermittent fevers, cutaneous diseases, and cretinism in its most horrid forms, infest the unhappy natives. Above Sion, in the *Haut Valais*, the marshes disappear, and fine pasturage and vineyards indicate a more favoured spot.

The *Bas Valais* formerly belonged to Savoy, but was conquered by the inhabitants of the Upper

* Estimated height above the sea, 14,094 feet.

† About 13,720 feet above the sea. ‡ 12,800 feet.

§ See, for the height of these summits, p. 144. The valley of the Rhone, at Martigny, is only 1700 feet above the sea, whereas that of the Arve at Chamounix is more than 3000 feet.

Valais, a brave race, who resisted with desperate courage the invasion of the French. They were ultimately compelled to submit, and the two divisions of the valley were incorporated in the department of the Simplon. In the *Bas Valais*, French is still the prevailing language, while, above Sion, German is most commonly spoken. In 1816, the inhabitants of the canton amounted to only 62,909 souls; and this population was considered as redundant, although, under a better system of agriculture, the country might support a much larger number.* Many parts of the valley are extremely fertile; and it might be rendered both more productive and less insalubrious by draining. Round Sion and Sierre, the fig-tree, the almond-tree, the pomegranate, and the mulberry-tree thrive luxuriantly, and the grapes have a rich flavour. But in the management of their vines, the Valaisans are both slovenly and unskilful; and superstition, ignorance, indolence, and uncleanness aggravate and perpetuate the physical evils to which they are exposed, and deprive them of the comforts and security which they might derive from an enlightened industry.†

* Bakewell, vol. ii. p. 220. Shortly after this census was taken, 200 of the inhabitants emigrated to Brazil to better their condition. Yet, in the English translation of Malte Brun (vol. vii. p. 578), we read of the 'wealthy canton of Valais!'

† The misery which exists in this canton, compared with the less fertile Oberland of Bern, from which it is divided by only a ridge of mountains, Mr. Bakewell attributes to two causes; first, the circumstance that the land belongs to a few great proprietors, and the peasantry, being merely tenants, feel but little interest in its improvement; and next,

Sion or Séon, the ancient *Sedunum*, and still called Sitten by the Germans, is situated in the widest part of the Valais, partly on the right bank of the Rhone, and partly on the river Sitten. It has a striking appearance at a distance, its ancient wall being surmounted with numerous towers, while two very lofty, precipitous rocks, crowned with fortresses, command the city. The rocks on the eastern side are surmounted with the old castle of Valérie, some Roman remains, an old Gothic church, and the ruins of the residence of the first bishop. On another more elevated summit is *Château Tourbillon*, built in 1492, the residence of the famous military cardinal and archbishop, Matthew Schinner. A third castle, called Mayerbourg, was the residence of the later bishops, till it was burned in the great fire of Sion in 1788: its ruins are at the foot of the hills of Valérie and Tourbillon. The view up and down the valley from the heights, is very fine. From that of *Château Valérie*, the valley of the Rhone is seen extending without interruption to Martigny, where it makes a sudden angle, and seems entirely closed in. Above Sion, to the right, on rocks overhanging the river, the ruins of the old castles of Séon and Montgorges frown, in their decay, over the valley that once groaned beneath the yoke of their tyrant owners. About eleven miles beyond Sion is the *bourg* of Sierre, situated in the most picturesque part of the valley; soon after leaving which, the town of Leuk (Louesch) is passed, at the entrance

that the Jesuits and priests seem to think the preservation of their power depends upon keeping the people in gross ignorance.

of the terrific gorge of the Dala. Near the further end of this gorge are the Baths of Leuk, where five inns have been erected for the reception of the numerous visitors who resort here in summer.* Above it is seen the savage mountain barrier of Mont Gemini, over which a very remarkable pass (7460 feet above the sea), cut on what appears the perpendicular face of the mountain, but practicable with safety by mules, leads to the valley of Kander in the Bernese Oberland. At Tourtemagne, a short stage from Sierre, there is a tolerable inn. Four miles further, is the town of Visp (Vispach, Viège), at the mouth of the valley of that name, through which descend with great impetuosity the waters of the Monte Rosa and Mont Cervin, often in a volume greater than the Rhone itself into which they flow. The valley extends to the foot of Monte Rosa, distant from Visp about 18 or 20 miles; and that magnificent mountain is seen towering over all intervening objects, and 'rearing its snowy summit into the dark blue sky, to so amazing an height that it almost seems to impend over the spectator.'

Soon after leaving Visp, the road crosses the torrent of the Gamsa, near the rude remains of an ancient stone wall, which has been flanked with

* These baths are much resorted to by invalids in the months of July and August. 'There are twelve hot springs, varying from 116° to 142° Fahr. The mineral substances found in them are chiefly the sulphate and carbonate of lime, with carbonate of iron, of which there are nine grains in a pound of water. The gaseous products are but small, and the water is without flavour or odour.'—Bakewell, vol. ii. p. 232. This Traveller elsewhere states the highest temperature to be 120°.

towers: it is supposed to mark the frontier of the Viberians, whose territory extended from this stream to the source of the Rhone. The next post station is Brigg, or Brieg, situated nearly opposite to the base of the Simplon. The appearance of this town is very singular, deeply seated amid enormous mountains; and its churches and colleges, with their tin-plated globes and domes, are in a style of architecture which recalls the Kremlin of Moscow. It was at one time a place of some consequence; and there are several very large mansions with grated windows, lofty and gloomy, like prisons. The town is now so much decayed, that many of the mansions are entirely shut up; and in others, the old proprietors who reside on the wreck of their property, occupy only two or three rooms. There is a large establishment of Jesuits here, and a theatre. The college is covered with a kind of slate, and its globes with a brilliant species of mica slate, called by the natives, *giltstein*: it is a green ground with light yellow veins, and has a shewy appearance at a distance. From the back of the inn, the Jungfrau is seen, with the vast Aletsch glacier stretching down its side into the valley, and the vast granite peaks of the Breitshorn and the Finster-aar-horn standing up as impassable ramparts. In front of the inn is the torrent of the Saltine, and beyond, a wild mountain view, terminated by the hoary glacier of the Simplon and its buttresses, and the eye is led up through the valley of St. Nicholas.

On the opposite side of the valley, about three miles nearer to Leuk, is the warm spring of Nater, which rises at the foot of the mountains that form

the northern boundary, and fills an aperture in a natural cavern, which serves as a bath. A small wooden shed has been built for the use of the bathers, but the patients are generally brought down on sledges from Brieg. The temperature of the bath is 86° Fahr. : that of the spring is much higher. The water has the smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, and bubbles of gas are seen rising from the surface.*

At Brieg, the valley of the Rhone, which now becomes narrower,† is left by the present road, and the ascent of the Simplon commences.‡ The traveller does not, however, fall into the great road which leads direct from Glys, till after passing the Pont de Saltine, a lofty and beautiful arch, 116 feet above the torrent, and one of those bold constructions which add to the wonders of the route. The road continues on the left towards an eminence called Mount Calvary,§ surmounted with a chapel which terminates a *Via Crucis* or series of 'stations'; and after turning through the Brandwald, ascends to the base of the Clennenhorn, which

* Bakewell, vol. ii. p. 236. See also page 52 of the present volume.

† Brieg, according to Mr. Brockedon, is situated nearly 40 miles below the source of the Rhone. Mr. Bakewell says: 'The valley of the Rhone extends about *twelve* miles further to the glacier of the Rhone.' Perhaps, German miles are meant.

‡ The route properly commences at Glys; but as the best inns are found at Brieg, travellers almost uniformly commence their passage from the latter place, whence a short branch road leads into the great route.

§ The name usually given to these 'high places' of superstition.

bounds the eastern side of the valley of the Saltine. 'Here,' says Mr. Brockedon, of whose picturesque pen we again gladly avail ourselves, 'the scene is very grand. The rugged summits of the Glys-horn rise on the other side of a deep ravine, and tower above the passenger with awful effect. High up on the sides of the Glys-horn, fields and cottages are seen, so lofty and sloped as to appear inaccessible. The road winds round the base of the Clennenhorn into the deep and savage valley of Ganter, which terminates in glaciers. Across this ravine, a bridge is thrown, 80 feet above the torrent; and the road ascends by a zig-zag to the station of the third Refuge (or *Bersal*), where there is an inn and post-house. Thence, following a course round the projections, and into the sinuosities of the mountain, the route again overhangs the deep ravine of the Saltine, its depth being concealed in many places by the pines and larches which clothe the sides of the mountain below the traveller. Some of these trees are of enormous magnitude; and some, stripped of their bark, and withered or crushed by the falling of rocks or avalanches, add by their form and colour to the grand and wild character of the scenery. The cottages on the side of the Glys-horn, which appeared from below to be inaccessible, are now seen on the other side of the ravine, scarcely above the traveller, surrounded with fields of corn and fine pasturages, and attainable by paths which the mountaineer climbs with great facility. Continuing to ascend, the elevation soon exceeds that at which the pine flourishes; larches endure a little longer; but these are few and stunted, and scarcely reach beyond the

gallery of Schalbet, an excavation 100 feet in length. After traversing this gallery, the scene becomes excessively wild and arid ; the road winds along the brink of precipices, at a short distance below the glaciers of the Schon-horn, whence torrents descend, which are the sources of the Saltine : these, led through finely constructed aqueducts, pass beneath the road, and fall into the ravine below. At the foot of the glaciers, another gallery has been cut through the rock, 140 feet in length ; but, to guard against the avalanches to which this part of the road is exposed, covered ways have been recently constructed, in connexion with the glacier gallery, which extend their protection across the places exposed to danger.

‘ The scene from the summit is very magnificent. Between the Schalbet and the glacier galleries, the eye can descend to Naters, in the valley of the Rhone,* and rise to the prodigious peaks which pinnacle the range of the Bernese Alps. From beyond the glacier gallery, the view extends to the great glaciers of Alesch, which add their brilliancy to the scene. These, however, and the valley of the Rhone, cannot be seen from the same point ; but the magnificent peaks of the Breits-horn, the Jungfrau, and the Monch, form, with their glaciers, over the deep valley of the Saltine,

* ‘ Full five hours after we had left Brieg,’ says Mr. Bakewell, ‘ a turn in the road presented it again below us, and so near that we could distinguish the houses very plainly. The old road up the Simplon is carried along a ravine on the right, below the present road ; and, I believe, a stout man would ascend the old road, on foot, in half the time required for a carriage to ascend the new road.’

one of the finest scenes in this range of the Alps.* A little beyond the glacier gallery, the highest point of the passage is attained: it is 6562 feet above the level of the sea. Here, there is a house of refuge, and a barrier where a toll is paid, of six francs for each horse. The summit of the Simplon is a plain rather spacious, but wild and desolate, except in the summer, when there is a rich pasturage on the mountain, and flocks enliven the scene a little; nothing, however, can be conceived more dismal than its wintry aspect. The summit is exposed to dreadful storms, for protection against which the plan of a *hospice* was laid out, and the building commenced; but the work has been relinquished. There is, however, in the plain, on the right of the present route, a *hospice*, a singular-looking building, where travellers, overtaken by storms, or having met with accidents, are received by two or three brothers of the Great St. Bernard. After passing the old *hospice*, the plain narrows to a valley; and having crossed the torrents which descend from the Rosboden, the traveller enters the village of Simplon, situated 4840 feet above the level of the sea. A very

* It was long questioned, whether the Bernese Alps could be seen from the Simplon, although, Mr. Bakewell remarks, 'it is strange that, with any knowledge of the geography of the Alps, a doubt on this point could be entertained. No attentive observer accustomed to mountain scenery can mistake them.' Mrs. Starke repeats the mistaken statement, that Mont Blanc may be seen from the Simplon road. This is not the case, but there is a snowy mountain which bears some resemblance to it in shape, seen in the direction of Mont Gemmi. 'A more sublime spectacle cannot be imagined.'—Bakewell, vol. ii. p. 239.

comfortable inn in the village offers rest and refreshment; and on arriving late from either side of the mountain, it is desirable, in order to enjoy the scenery of the pass, especially on the side of Italy, to remain at Simplon for the night.

‘ After leaving Simplon, the road advances towards the deep gorges of the Dovedro. From a part of the road where it makes an abrupt turn, the entrance to the gallery of Algaby is perceived, far below in the ravine; but this appears so mere a speck as to create a doubt as to the possibility of the road passing through it. To follow the course of the Dovedro, an abrupt *detour* is made into the ravine of the Krumbach.* Thence descending to the banks of the Dovedro, the traveller soon afterwards enters the gallery of Algaby, 230 feet long, and bordering on the torrent. Thence, the road accompanies the Dovedro in its deep seclusion, until it escapes into the Val d’Ossola at Crevola.

‘ Here begin what are called *les belles horreurs* of the Simplon. The rocky and perpendicular bases of the mountains approach more closely, leaving only space for the road and the foaming torrent, which the latter in some places entirely usurps; and in such places, the road is carried through galleries cut in the rocks. Where the ravine narrows, the mountains which bound it appear to increase in height. The road is sometimes scooped into the side of the rocks; sometimes it seems suspended over the abyss; and when

* The union of the Krumbach (or Kronbach) and the Quirna, both descending from the glacier of Lavin, and joining their torrents at Gsteig, forms the Dovedro.

neither a terrace nor a gallery can be made on one side, as at the *Ponte Alto*, a bridge of admirable construction crosses the torrent, and a line is found on the other side, where the route can be carried forward. From the overhanging rocks, in some places 1000 feet above the traveller, torrents are poured out, some of which, from their height, descend broken into mist; others, falling upon a shelving rock, foam in white lines over its surface; and near Gondo, a river gushes out with violence, and falls into the Dovedro. But the wonder of this part of the road is the great gallery, which is formed just below the place where a bridge leads from the right to the left of the Dovedro. The ravine appears to be closed in, and the only passage is by one of the most stupendous works ever accomplished; a gallery cut through the granite, 596 feet long, which, at the opening on the Italian side, crosses the waterfall of the Frassinone. This torrent, falling from a great height, rushes through the bridge thrown across it, and descends above 100 feet into the Dovedro, where the latter river, forming a cataract, meets the waters of the Frassinone in horrible commotion. It is a spot unrivalled in its astonishing effect.* In the gallery there are two lateral openings, made to light the traveller, and to facilitate the excavation.† Opposite to one of these openings, the

* See the plate, copied (by permission) from Mr. Brockedon's Picturesque Illustrations.

† 'Four gangs of workmen were put on at the same time: these were relieved; and the works proceeded night and day during the formation of this wonderful excavation.'



following inscription is cut on the rock,—*ÆRE ITALO*, 1805.

‘ A little below the gallery, the road descends by a zig-zag, where the ravine widens, and displays more awfully the heights of the rocks, which project in some places over the road. Masses like enormous towers, with perpendicular sides, bound the valley; and the road is carried through this extraordinary pass upon the *debris* which slopes down to the torrent. Soon after, a strange and lofty building is seen, which serves as an inn and a place of refuge for travellers: this, together with a chapel and some cottages, form the village of Gondo. Near it, a few trees begin to relieve the horrors of the defile of Dovedro. At length, meadows appear, and amidst some fruit-trees is seen the village of Issel (Isella) on the frontier of Savoy, where the passports and baggage of travellers are examined.* A little below Issel is another gallery cut through the rock, but only 34 feet in length. At this place, the scenery loses much of its severity, but suddenly resumes it near Trasquera, where the gigantic forms of the rocks are scarcely less awful than near Gondo. After having passed these, the traveller crosses the Cherasca, and enters upon the beautiful little amphitheatre in which are situated the villages of Dovedro and Varzo. Here, the valley spreading out on the left,

* A little above Isella, a vast Corinthian column of granite, wrought from a neighbouring quarry, is seen lying on the ground; and mosses and ferns have already begun to throw their graceful draperies over its fluted sides. It is said to have been destined by Napoleon to support his statue at the end of the Simplon road, and was on its way to Milan, when the news of his reverses arrested its progress!

strikingly contrasts with the surrounding scenery, and displays houses, trees, vineyards, and meadows. The route thence continues, amid scenery of less interest, to the last gallery, that of Crevola, which is carried nearly 200 feet through a rock, that has an opening cut on the side next the river, for the admission of light. The road afterwards ascends to the little hamlet of Morgantino, and passes the quarry whence the blocks of white marble were hewn for the columns of the triumphal arch at Milan, which commemorates the construction of the route of the Simplon. From Morgantino, the route gradually lowers to where the grand and beautiful Ponte Crevola crosses the Dovedro at its entrance into the Val d'Ossola. This bridge is first seen where a view of the plains of Duomo d'Ossola is also presented. The landscape is one of singular beauty; and its effect, bursting upon the traveller at the end of his journey through the savage defile of the Dovedro, is very impressive. The bridge of Crevola is one of the finest structures in the world. In the middle of the torrent, a pier is raised, 100 feet high, which carries two arches, resting on the rocks on each side of the ravine. Its strength and elegance are equally remarkable. To do justice to it, the traveller should descend and view it from below Crevola.

From the bridge, the road proceeds in a direct line to the town of Duomo d'Ossola. The richness of the plain, the brightness of the sky, and the mildness of the climate, already announce the Italian side of the Alps. The language, the costume, and the manners, mark a people differing greatly

in character from even their nearest neighbours on the northern side of the mountains.* Near Duomo d'Ossola is a *sacra-monte* or Calvary, where, in a series of *stations*, groupes as large as life, in terracotta, represent events in the passion of Christ: some of them are hideous; others are cleverly modelled. The hill is worth the traveller's visit for the enjoyment of the beautiful scene from the chapel on its summit.†

The whole distance from Brieg (or Glys) in the Valais, to Duomo d'Ossola, is 14 leagues (about 42 miles), and the passage commonly occupies about 12 hours.‡ The inclination of the road

* 'The vines are here treated in a manner peculiar to this part of Italy. Posts of gneiss, which are obtained with great facility in this neighbourhood, are placed upright in the ground, and these have poles laid across them, upon which the vines are trained. This plan affords facility of access to the fruit, and the ground is not exhausted by the props, which is the case where trees are grown to support the vines.'

† Brockedon, No. xii. pp. 8—15.—These things are very common in Italy, but are not usually on so expensive a scale. The chapels are in general much smaller, like watch-boxes, and are adorned only with a painting. Sometimes, the stations are mere arched recesses to protect the series of pictures. These rude dramatic representations are truly national, and are, like almost every thing in the worship and ritual of the Italians, a counterpart to the histrionic representations and ceremonies of the old Pagan worship. Mr. Blunt points out a passage in Horace, describing a groupe of this kind;—Fortune preceded by Necessity, armed with
'—impaling nails and wedges dread,

The hook tormentous and the melted lead,'—
and with Hope and Fidelity as attendants.—Hor. Od. i. 34.
—See Blunt's *Vestiges*, chap. 9.

‡ From Brieg to the barrier, the ascent occupies nearly

is no where greater than one foot in twenty-nine, and it is throughout, about nine yards in width. According to Mr. Bakewell, 'it is every where as safe and commodious as the roads round London,' and a mail-coach might perform the passage in six hours. This must be understood, however, with some qualifications. Unless active measures are taken to repair the road, it will soon become impassable for carriages. The glacier gallery and the adjacent heights require to be cleared of snow towards the commencement of every summer, and the water-courses to be kept open. Owing to the neglect of these precautions by the restored Government, some travellers who were crossing the Simplon in June 1825, narrowly escaped being destroyed by a small avalanche that fell from the heights above the glacier gallery. The works seem to have been constructed with more attention to despatch than to durability. The incumbent rock has not been sufficiently mined away, and has frequently fallen and filled up the road. The supporting walls upon the precipices have not been made strong enough, and are in many places broken down into the bed of

six hours; and the descent to Duomo, about five hours and a half. The ascent from Duomo to the village of Simplon occupies seven hours, and the descent to Brieg, nearly five. The highest point of the road is only half a league nearer to Brieg than to Duomo; but the gorge of the Saltine is much less winding than that of the Dovedro, so that the descent on the Swiss side seems much shorter and steeper than the ascent from the south. The old road was much shorter, and, as being the shortest practicable route from the Valais to the Milanese, had always been the track taken by the Milan courier.

the torrent; the guard-stones are demolished almost throughout; the arches of many of the bridges are shaken, and their parapet palings swept away. In short, the whole of these stupendous works are in a state of dilapidation. Unfortunately, the resources of the Valais Government are scarcely equal to the expense requisite for a thorough repair. His Sardinian Majesty has little interest in keeping this route open; and the Austrian Government still less. Yet, unless a regular sum be set aside for the repair of the road by the Powers interested in its preservation, a few years must convert this noble monument of Napoleon's enterprise into a mere ruin.

The contrivance of the excavated galleries, which has excited so much admiration, is not peculiar to this pass, and had, indeed, it is said, been practised in one or two parts of the old road, but upon a much smaller scale.* There are altogether

* Eustace, in his eagerness to depreciate every thing French, remarks upon the insignificance of these excavations, when compared to the grotto of Posilipo or the gate of Salzburg. He either overlooked, or did not choose to consider, the difference between scooping out a granite rock, and the gradual erosion of the softest stone, as at Posilipo. With somewhat more reason, he pronounces the spacious galleries worked through the rock at Gibraltar, to be far superior to the grottoes of the Simplon, both in extent and difficulty of execution; yet there, the upper part of the rock is a cavernous limestone. 'It is not likely,' adds this Traveller, 'to equal the *Via Appia* either in solidity or in duration; nor, indeed, is it comparable, either in convenience or in extent, to the passage by the Rætian Alps, or by the Tyrol, which seems to be the most ancient, and is the best and most frequented of all the grand avenues to Italy.'—Eustace, vol. iv. p. 73.—This statement is far from accurate.

six of these galleries. Twenty-two bridges have been thrown across the torrents and ravines: the arches are of wood, firmly and solidly constructed. There are ten houses of refuge along the roadside; but some of these have been left unfinished. The total expense of the works is stated to have been 12,000,000 livres, or about 480,000*l.* sterling.*

Near Crevola, the route from Lucern, by the passes of the Grimsel and the Gries, falls into the Simplon road. This route, which has also been illustrated by the pen and pencil of Mr. Brockedon, scarcely comes under our notice in the present work, as it lies almost entirely through the Swiss territory. The pass over the Grimsel affords a communication between the upper valley of the Aar and the High Valais, whence a path ascends by the glaciers of the Rhone to the pass of the Furca, which leads into Italy by the Mont St. Gothard, while another route ascends the Valais to Brieg. The less known but more direct route over the Gries, leads from Obergestelen in the Valais, up the Eginenthal, to the glacier of the Gries; crosses that glacier (7900 feet above the sea), and descends with the river Toccia through the valleys of Formazza, Antigorio, and Ossola, to the Lago Maggiore. The scenes of wildness

* Brockedon, No. xii. Bakewell, vol. ii. p. 244. *Sketches of Italy*, vol. iv. ch. 19. It is remarkable what discrepancies occur in the statements of travellers, on points respecting which mistakes would seem impossible. Mrs. Starke says, there are fifty bridges and five 'grottoes.' Mr. Bakewell says, there are ten galleries pierced through the rock, and twenty-two bridges.

and grandeur presented in the route of the Gries, are nowhere exceeded in the Alps. The falls of the Toccia, in the Val Formazza, are particularly grand and striking. The Sardinian custom-house is at the village of Crodo, about a league below the confluence of that river with a stream from Mont Albrun, where the valley takes the name of Antigorio. Between Crodo and San Marco, the road twice crosses the Toccia, amid some varied and pleasing scenery; and a little beyond San Marco, a beautiful view opens on the traveller, extending over the little plain of the Toccia to the Val d'Ossola, with Duomo in the distance, surrounded with the fine mountains which bound the valley. The road towards Crevola continues along the right bank of the river, amid scenes of great richness, till it falls into the great Simplon road, near the Ponte Crevola, where the Val Dovedro* opens, at a sharp angle, into the wide and well-watered valley of the Toccia or Val d'Ossola.

Duomo d' Ossola, situated at the edge of this flat, circular valley, is a place of considerable antiquity, and is supposed to be the *Oscela* of Ptolemy, a town belonging to the *Lepontii*, who inhabited the Alps between the Great St. Bernard and the St. Gothard. Mr. Simond describes it as a clean little town, affording a striking contrast to the dingy and poor villages, the boorish population, and dirty inns on the other side of the Alps. 'The streets are strewn,' he says, 'with fragments of

* Written by some of our travellers, Val Vedro, Diverdo, Divario, and Diveria. The river is also called the Veriola.

white marble chipped off by the chisels of sculptors, whose hammers, resounding on all sides, remind you that you are arrived in the country of the fine arts; the inn is comparatively a palace, and its accommodations perfect.' How much depends upon the temper of the traveller! At this same inn, a fair Tourist's eyes could detect the absence of bells in the rooms, of glass in the sashes, of fastenings to the doors. The flooring is of tiles, but the walls and ceiling are stuccoed and delicately painted with flowers. The houses, generally, are painted outside with various subjects. Neither these ornaments nor the deficiencies would strike a traveller returning from Italy. Accordingly, another fair Tourist mentions this little town as containing nothing particularly admirable, 'not even the *Duomo* which gives it distinction above the rest of the Val d'Ossola.'* On reversing the route, the feelings and estimates of the traveller seem also to be reversed. Mr. Matthews seems to have hailed from the summit of the Simplon, the green valleys of Switzerland, 'the land of liberty.' The little cottage inn at Brieg, neat even to elegance, and the general attention to comfort and cleanliness, reminded him of his mother country; and he was not less struck with the neatness and personal beauty of the female peasantry of the High Valais. At Bex, in Vaud, he found one of the very best inns in the world, 'truly characteristic of the neat and elegant simplicity of Switzerland;' and instead of the male waiters and

* Simond, p. 1. Morton, vol. i. p. 9. Sketches of Italy, vol. iv. p. 268.

chambermaids of Italy, was delighted to find himself waited on by Swiss Hebes.*

But we are now in Italy,—in that corner of his Sardinian Majesty's dominions, comprised in the division of Novara, which, running up to the Lepontine Alps, on the western side of the Great Lake, is interposed between Switzerland and the Milanese.† Duomo, as the town is now generally called, taking its name from its cathedral, contains about 1500 inhabitants: the population of the district is estimated at 30,000. It is not an episcopal sec, but contains a handsome Jesuits' college, built of black and white marble. Beyond this town, the route to Milan descends the rich plain of the Toccia, crossing successively the torrents from the Val Antrona and the Val Anzasca.

The latter valley, which ascends to the Monte Rosa, and leads across the great chain, by the pass of the Moro, into the Valais, is one of the most interesting valleys in the Alps, and abounds with scenes of unrivalled beauty and sublimity. The Anzascans, a race of fine men and beautiful women, are remarkable, Mr. Brockedon says, for their personal cleanliness; to which circumstance he ascribes their entire freedom from goitrous complaints, notwithstanding that they inhabit a deep valley, and drink the waters of the Anza, which flow from the glaciers of Monte Rosa. The route to the Lago Maggiore crosses the Toccia before arriving at Vogogna, and again near

* Matthews's Diary, &c., pp. 312—317.

† Duomo was taken by the Swiss in 1411; was afterwards retaken by the Milanese; and was by them sold to the Duke of Savoy, James VIII.

the village of Ornavasso ; it then leaves that river on the left, and, near the little village of Gravello, crosses the Negoglia, by which the waters of the Lake of Orta flow into the Lago Maggiore.* The eye is carried along the Toccia, between the fine white marble mountains of Cordaglia and the red granite masses near Baveno, till it catches the first glimpse of the Great Lake, which soon discloses itself in all its extent and beauty.† Baveno, on the western shore, is a post station ; and here travellers usually hire boats to visit the Borromean Islands, which contribute so much to the picturesque character of the lake.

From Baveno, the Simplon road is carried along

* It was intended at one time to direct the course of the Simplon road by the Lake of Orta, turning off at Gravello, and so avoiding the shores of the Greater Lake ; but the necessity of rising to the level of the Lake of Orta, and descending again to Arona, presented so many disadvantages that the plan was abandoned. The route, however, Mr. Brockedon says, is one of singular beauty ; and an excellent carriage road ascends the banks of the Negoglia, from Gravello to Omegna, on the shores of the Lake ; whence a road, which was in contemplation, would lead to Buccione at the head of the Lake, going round the eastern shore, through Orta, and falling into the Milan road at Arona.

† ‘ Near Baveno, there is a mountain of highly crystalline beautiful red granite, which is extensively quarried. This is the only very perfect granite I have seen in the Alps. A great variety of large crystals of feldspar, well formed, were found in the fissures.’—Bakewell, vol. ii. p. 247. The common granite of the Alps, *granit veiné*, admits of being easily split into slabs, and is formed into posts or rails. Numerous pyramids of this granite in vertical plates, rise to an amazing height above the valleys on the side of Piedmont, and are beautifully clothed with wood.

the western border of the Lake, on terraces of admirable construction, and scarcely less worthy of praise than the works in the ravine of the Dovedro. The scenery which presents itself in this part of the road, is strikingly beautiful. On the approach to Arona, the colossal bronze statue of St. Charles Borromeo, is seen to the right of the road, upon an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the Lake and the Rhætian Alps. A path leads up to this hill from the Simplon route. The entrance to Arona is at the foot of a huge cliff, which overhangs the road, so as to inspire a feeling of danger in passing under it. This town, the birth-place of San Carlo, is now decayed; and the castle in which he was born (in 1538), is totally dilapidated. Its port on the lake is enclosed within walls, having the opening flanked by two towers: between these, a chain is drawn at night, closing the entrance. This is the chief port on the Lake, belonging to Sardinia, and is of much importance to the Government, as all the merchandize sent from Genoa and the Sardinian States to Switzerland, passes by Arona; and between this port and Locarno, the commerce is considerable.

At an hour's drive from Arona, the Lake contracts, and forms the Ticino, which is crossed by a flying bridge. This river divides the Sardinian territory from the Lombard-Venetian States; and at Sesto Calende, on the further side, the traveller finds himself again in the hands of the *doganieri*. From Sesto to Milan, a distance of about ten leagues, the *Strada Sempione* lies through a country of unequalled fertility, but devoid of picturesque interest; except where the great chain of the Alps,

encircling the plain on the west, north, and east, is occasionally seen, having the appearance of light clouds lying on the horizon, their base being generally invisible through the haze of the intervening distance. The multiform summit of Monte Rosa, towering above the glaciers and snowy peaks of the Helvetic and Rhaetian range, forms a beautiful object. The route passes through numerous towns and villages; among others, Somma, (near which is obtained a fine view of the Alps,) Gallarate, Castallanza, and the large market-town of Rho, remarkable for its magnificent church.* Milan is scarcely seen before it is entered. A glimpse may be caught of the spire of its *duomo*, but the traveller generally arrives abruptly under the walls of the city. The grand entrance from the *Strada Sempione* is by a triumphal arch, intended by Napoleon to commemorate the formation of this route. After having long suffered it to remain unfinished and neglected, the Austrian Government have undertaken the completion of this magnificent structure.

The route which we have now been tracing, was determined upon by the Conqueror of Italy, immediately after the battle of Marengo, while the difficulties of the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the almost fatal check at Fort Bard, were fresh in his recollection. In November 1800, the minister of war was directed to send two brigades of engineers to open a route across the Simplon, practicable for artillery. Little, however, was done before March 1801, when M. Céard,

* Supposed to be *Raudii Campi*, plains rendered memorable by a bloody defeat of the Cimbri by Marius.

engineer in chief of the department of Lemman, arrived to take the superintendence of the works, and having surveyed the whole line of road, formed the plans ultimately adopted and completed under his able inspection. The early history of this pass is involved in obscurity. It is supposed to have been frequented in very remote ages; and there is a tradition, that, three years before the battle of the Consuls Marius and Catullus with the Cimbri, the Consul Q. Servilius Cæpio led some Roman legions across this mountain to oppose that Celtic nation. The name of this mountain, or rather of the pass, has been supposed to be a corruption of Cæpione, derived from that of the Roman Consul.* The Italian form of the name, is Sempione. In many old accounts of the pass, it is called St. Plom; but, as no such saint was ever heard of, it may be taken for granted, that this form of the name originated in a blunder occasioned by the manner of pronouncing the word, which is expressed by the French orthography, Simplon. Its importance and commodiousness as a pass, are, at all events, to be ascribed to Napoleon. It is remarkable, that the French Emperor never traversed this road himself.† The formation of it was completed in five years; but the projected *hospice* on the summit of the pass, as well as the triumphal arch which was to record the formation of the route, were still

* Some persons have sought for the etymology of the word in the name Sempronius; but no person of that name is mentioned in history in connexion with the pass.

† We make this statement on the authority of Mr. Matthews.

unfinished, when tidings of Napoleon's reverses arrested the progress of the works.

Before we enter Milan, we must retrace our steps, in order to give some further account of the Lakes of Lombardy.

The *Lago Maggiore* (called also the Lake of Locarno), the ancient *Lacus Verbanus*, is formed by the Ticino (or Tesino), which, rising on the St. Gothard, descends the Val Levantina, and, being joined by other mountain streams, enters the Lake at Magadino. It receives also, by the Toccia, the waters flowing from the Simplon and the Gries; by the Negoglia, on its western bank, those of Lake Orta; and on the eastern side, by the Tresa, those of the Lake of Lugano. The Ticino, retaining its name, flows out of the lake, at Sesto, a considerable river, and running in a south-easterly direction to Pavia, (to which it gave its ancient name of *Ticinum*,) falls into the Po not far below that city. Notwithstanding its modern name, this Lake is not the largest of the lakes of Lombardy, being in length inferior to that of Como, and far less extensive than the *Lago di Guarda*. Its dimensions have been very differently stated; but it would appear to be between fifty and sixty miles in length, and from five to six in breadth.*

* 'The length of this lake is estimated by Strabo, on the authority of Polybius, at 400 *stadia*, or fifty Roman miles; and I believe, the actual distance between Sesto Calende and Magadino, the opposite extremities of the lake, will not be found to fall short of this computation.'—Cramer, vol. i. p. 53. Bishop Burnet makes it fifty-six miles long, in most places six miles broad, and 100 fathoms deep about the middle.

Four islands adorn, or, in the opinion of some travellers, disfigure, the fair face of the Lake. These are the celebrated Borromean Islands, situated in the bay which receives the Ticino and the Toccia. One of them, crowded with dwellings and boats, is inhabited by substantial fishermen. The Isola Bella and Isola Madre claim a more particular description.

The Isola Bella is said to have been but a bare rock of slate, up to the middle of the seventeenth century, when its noble proprietor, the Count Vitaliano Borromeo, resolved to immortalize himself by converting it into an Italian Paradise; and it must be allowed to present one of the most perfect specimens of the Italian style of ornamental gardening, whatever may be thought of the national taste which it exhibits. Upon the bare rock has been raised a pyramidal mound, consisting of ten rectangular tiers of terraces, or hanging-gardens, supported by arches, terminating in a platform surmounted with an equestrian statue. Groves of stunted orange and lemon trees grow in the shallow soil collected, at a vast expense, on these terraces; and the stone balustrades are decorated with a multitude of statues, chiefly allegorical, of inferior workmanship, and intermixed with spiral pinnacles of stone, now in a dilapidated state. The time was, when this island was regarded with universal admiration as one of the wonders of Italy. A French writer says, that its groves can be compared only to those of Idalia, its gardens to that of the Hesperides, its palace to that of Armida; a description less hyperbolical, perhaps, than it may seem to be, since the ancient notions of gardening do not appear to have gone

far beyond those of the modern Italians. Here, Rousseau has fixed the residence of his *Julie*. But what is more remarkable, the grave and fastidious Bishop Burnet speaks of these islands in not less rapturous terms. 'They are certainly,' he says, 'the loveliest spots of ground in the world. There is nothing in all Italy, that can be compared to them. They have the full view of the lake; and the ground rises so sweetly in them, that nothing can be imagined like the terraces here. The whole island (Isola-Bella) is a garden, except a little corner to the south, set off for a village of about forty little houses. And because the figure of the island was not more regular by nature, they have built great vaults and porticoes along the rock, which are all made grotesque; and so they have brought it to a regular form, by laying earth over these vaults. There is, first, a garden to the east, that rises up from the lake by five rows of terraces, on the three sides of the garden that are watered by the lake. The stairs are noble; the walls are all covered with oranges and citrons. There are two buildings in the two corners of this garden: the one is a mill for fetching up the water, and the other is a noble summer-house, all wainscotted (if I may speak so) with alabaster and marble of a fine colour inclining to red. From this garden, one goes on a level to all the rest of the alleys and parterres, herb-gardens, and flower-gardens; in all which there are variety of fountains and arbours. But the great parterre is a surprising thing; for, as it is well furnished with statues and fountains, and is of a vast extent, and justly situated to the palace, so, at the further end of it, there is a great mount; the face of it that

looks to the parterre, is made like a theatre, all full of fountains and statues, the height rising up in five several rows, it being about fifty feet high, and about eighty feet in front; and round this mount, answering to the five rows into which the theatre is divided, there go as many terraces of noble walks. The walls are all as close covered with oranges and citrons, as any of our walls in England are with laurel. The top of the mount is seventy feet long, and forty broad; and here is a vast cistern, into which the mill plays up the water that must furnish all the fountains. The fountains were not quite finished when I was there; but, when all is finished, this place will look like an enchanted island. The freshness of the air, it being both in a lake and near the mountains, the fragrant smell, the beautiful prospect, and the delightful variety that is here, make it such a habitation for summer, that, perhaps, the whole world hath nothing like it.*

* Burnet's Travels, Letter II.—Evelyn slightly notices, but does not appear to have visited, 'the pretty island Isabella, on which is a fair house built on a mount; indeed the whole island is a mount ascended by several terraces and walks all set about with orange and citron-trees.'—(Memoirs, vol. i. p. 217.) From his admiration of the gardens of the Prince D'Orias at Genoa, he could not have failed to be delighted with those of Isola-bella. So different, however, is modern English taste, that Mr. Brockedon characterizes the whole creation as 'worthy only of a rich man's misplaced extravagance, and the taste of a confectioner.' Mr. Simond says: 'This whimsical structure, seen from a distance on the lake, suggests the idea of a huge Perigord pie, stuck all over with heads of woodcocks and partridges.' Mr. Woods describes the villa as 'in sublimely bad taste, both inside and out.' Mr. Hakowell, who has given a view taken from

The natural attractions of the situation must be acknowledged. The views from the terraces are most beautiful, both up and down the lake, and up the bay; and notwithstanding the obsolete or discordant taste in which the gardens are laid out, the profuse and extended scale on which art has exerted itself, joined to a luxuriant vegetation, produces no slight effect of grandeur. The small garden between the architectural mound and the palace, Mr. Simond admits to be 'pretty enough'; and large trees of the finest growth there find room for their roots in the shallow soil. This Traveller measured the trunk of a bay-tree seven feet in circumference. On the bark of one of these trees is seen the word *battaglia*, said to have been carved by Bonaparte, with his pen-knife, during his visit to the island, soon after the victory of Marengo. As the winter in this region is sometimes sufficiently severe to kill the orange-trees, the artificial groves are, during that season, covered over with a roof of boards.

The palace has nothing in its exterior to recommend it, and has not a tree to shade it, but contains some lofty and spacious apartments, neatly stuccoed, painted, and gilt, and adorned with some fine marbles and pictures: they are, however, rather bare of furniture; and the doors of the best rooms are of the commonest materials and the rudest workmanship. 'A considerable part of the building (that, indeed, which would have been the handsomest) remains unfinished, not even covered in;

a point near the summit of the mound, speaks with more complacency of the singular combination of natural beauty and artificial splendour.

and the one hundred and fifty years, or more, which have passed over its roofless walls and sashless windows, have not,' says Mr. Simond, 'improved the looks of this dead limb of a living *palazzo*. The ground-floor apartments are mosaic all over, ceiling, floor, and walls; not legitimate mosaic, made of square bits of glass or stone, and polished over, but simply pebbles of various colours, bedded in strong mortar: it is very durable, and looks extremely well.'* The low windows of these grotto apartments open nearly on a level with the lake; and they must be in summer refreshingly cool. Among the sculptures, there is a bust of San Carlo Borromeo, and a veiled figure finely executed. A table of agate is shewn, which was a present from Pius VII. to Napoleon; also the bed upon which the illustrious visiter slept. There is an inn upon the island, where travellers may find tolerable accommodation.

The Isola Madre is larger than the Isola-bella, and is in like manner adorned with hanging-gardens; but these are more natural, more varied, and less trimly kept, than those of the 'beautiful island'; they are consequently more pleasing to an English eye. There is a large mansion, uninhabitable from decay, with a theatre attached to it, built to add to the splendid gayeties of the *villeggiatura*, but now falling to ruin. The Isola di San Giovanni, near Palanza, commands a beautiful view, but is seldom visited, as there is only a small villa upon it.

From these islands, travellers generally proceed to Arona, to examine the celebrated colossal statue

* Simond, p. 7.

of San Carlo Borromeo, which is, indeed, an extraordinary work of art. The statue itself is 66 feet in height, and stands on a granite pedestal of 46 feet, so that the total height is 112 feet. The head, hands, and feet are of bronze, cast from models by Cerano. They are of admirable workmanship; and the mild, dignified, and benevolent expression of the head exceeds all praise. The drapery is composed of sheets of copper on timber framing, so ingeniously wrought that the edges are concealed in the folds, and the appearance of the entire statue is that of a single cast.* The attitude, which is that of benediction, is remarkably easy and simple. The right hand is extended; the left holds a book, which is also of copper. Seen from the road below, 'the great priest walking among the woods, which reach only to his middle, and holding up his fingers in the act of blessing the people, has a very singular effect.' The views from the eminence on which the statue is placed, are exceedingly fine, particularly from a short distance west of the monument.†

The Borromean family were formerly lords of the lake, its islands, and the adjacent shores. The lustre of their name is wholly derived, however,

* 'A huge pillar built up in the interior of the statue with numerous iron props, enables the curious to work their way up into the very head of the holy archbishop, where they have the gratification of hearing through his ears, breathing through his nostrils, and looking out of the pupil of his eye, as if it were a window.'—Simond, p. 9. The head will hold four persons seated round a table.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 201. Brockedon. The artists employed upon this statue were, Zanelli of Pavia, and Falconi of Lugano.

from the celebrity of the sainted archbishop and cardinal, who is the patron saint of the Milanese. The high birth and princely fortune of Charles Borromeo naturally led him, we are told, in his early youth, into a life of pleasure; but this he relinquished at the age of two and twenty, to devote himself to his ecclesiastical duties as archbishop of Milan. His endeavours to reform his clergy, nearly cost him his life, an attempt having been made to assassinate him. During the plague which ravaged Milan, he fearlessly attended the sick and dying; and his premature death, in 1584, at the age of forty-six, is thought to have been hastened by his humane exertions in behalf of others, and his austerities towards himself. Such is the golden side of his character. In the history of the Reformation, he appears as the most formidable adversary of the Protestant interest in Italy. 'It was the great object of his ambition,' says Dr. M'Crie, 'from an early period of his life, to oppose an effectual barrier to the progress of heresy, and to repair and prop the fabric of popery, which he saw tottering on its base. With this view, he applied himself to the removal of abuses in Italy; introduced reforms into the morals of the clergy, particularly of the monastic orders; and erected seminaries in which young persons of talents should obtain such an education as might qualify them for entering the lists with the Protestants, and fighting them with their own weapons. All the celebrated champions of the Catholic faith, from Bellarmine to Bossuet, proceeded from the school of Borromeo. It would have been well if the Cardinal had confined himself to methods of

this kind ; but, besides abetting the most violent measures for suppressing the reformed opinions within his own diocese, he industriously fomented dissensions in foreign countries, leagued with men who were capable of any desperate attempt, and busied himself in providing arms for subjects who were ready to rebel against their lawful rulers, and to shed the blood of their peaceable fellow citizens.* Borromeo was the nephew of Pope Pius IV., to whom he owed his advancement ; and he learned his lessons of charity from that nefarious persecutor. Under this sainted prelate, a new species of outrage, unheard of among civilized nations, was resorted to. Bands of armed men haunted the roads of the Val Teline, seized the Protestants unawares and carried them into Italy, there to be committed to the flames, or to perish in the cells of the Inquisition. Such was the man who was canonized by Paul V., and to whom, a hundred and thirteen years after his death (A.D. 1697), the people of Milan erected, at their own expense, this extraordinary monument ; which is certainly one of the wonders of Italy, if it may not rank among the wonders of the world.

The scenery of the Lago Maggiore is very varied. That of the upper part is bold and mountainous, its northern branch opening into one of the most beautiful valleys of the Rhætian Alps, which form a magnificent amphitheatre in the back-ground. Towards the east and south, the mountains gradually decline to the plain of Lombardy ; and the lower part of the lake is of a more

* M'Crie's *Reformation in Italy*, pp. 357—359. See also *ib.* pp. 362, 381, and 396.

quiet and softened character, yet still very beautiful. The immediate shores are richly fringed with wood, occasionally broken by picturesque crags, topped with castles or churches, with numerous villages stretching along the water's edge. Although inferior in wildness and sublimity of character to the Lake of Como, (and perhaps to that of Lugano,) the softer beauties of this lake are generally allowed to be the more attractive, contrasted as they are with the distant grandeur of the Alpine chain. There is, of course, upon this point, some difference of opinion; but many who give the preference to the Lake of Como, admit, that upon that lake, there is no view that equals in beauty the bay of the Borromean islands.

Mr. Brockedon speaks in glowing terms of the Lake of Orta, (the ancient *Lacus Cusius*,) and remarks, that it is extraordinary this romantic lake should be so little known. It is about nine miles in length, surrounded with lofty mountains and wooded slopes, and its shores are enlivened by numerous villages. Near the middle of the lake is the *Isola de San Giulio*, which was once a fortified post, and, towards the close of the sixth century, gave title to a dukedom.* 'There is a fairy appearance about this island,' says Mr. Brockedon,

* In the year 590, Minulfo, Duke de S. Giulio, favoured the descent of the Franks by the St. Gothard; for which, in the following year, Astolfo, the new king of the Lombards, punished him with the loss of his head. Giulia, the wife of Berenger II., King of Lombardy, took refuge in this island in 962, and resolutely defended herself for two months against the Emperor Otho I., who had deposed her husband. Otho restored the island to the Bishops of Novarra.

‘ which is very beautiful ; and its early history is not without romance. It is celebrated for the high antiquity of its church, in which the vertebra of a whale is shewn as that of a monstrous serpent which infested the island, and which was destroyed by San Giulio, who lived in the fourth century, and whose ashes are preserved in a subterranean vault. The town of Orta, opposite the island, is well built, and there is an excellent inn. Behind Orta rises a hill which is a sanctuary dedicated to S. Francis of Assise : upon it nineteen chapels are distributed, some of elegant architecture, and containing groupes in terra-cotta and pictures. The hill is laid out as a beautiful garden : this is the general character of the land bordering the lake, whence, probably, its name. The views from the hill of the sanctuary are charming. From Pella, (between which village and Orta the island is situated,) a mule-road leads over the mountain, by Arolo, to Varallo, in the Val Scesia, where there is the most remarkable *sacra-monte* in all Piedmont, which is annually visited by thousands of devotees. The scenery on this route is extremely striking and beautiful.’*

The Lake of Lugano (*Lacus Ceresius*), which lies to the eastward of the Lago Maggiore, is scarcely less picturesque, but is of a very different character. ‘ The mountains are rugged and abrupt, generally rising from the water’s edge ; but, at the bottom of each of its six bays, they recede and leave cultivated valleys. The lower part of the slopes is covered with vines and olive-trees, and

* Brockedon, No. xii. pp. 15, 16.

spotted with villages wherever they are not too steep to admit of it. In other places, they are clothed with wood; and the upper parts are all woody, except where the perpendicular rocks prohibit vegetation. Two of the crags, San Salvador and Val Solda, are particularly fine.* This lake is twenty-five miles in length, but its average breadth does not exceed a mile and a half. Its depth throughout is very great; in some parts unfathomable. The most beautiful part is the bay of Lugano, at the head of which the little city of that name is situated, and which is so deeply indented as almost to form an arm of the lake. One side stretches out into a beautifully verdant and cultivated point: the other is formed by an abrupt conical mountain, crowned with the little chapel of San Salvatore. Rich woods sweep round behind the city, covering a gentle elevation; and far beyond, in the distance, rise the Lepontine Alps, with the glaciers of the Simplon, and above all, the towering summit of Monte Rosa.† Mr. Brockton, indeed, styles the Lake of Lugano ‘the most beautiful of the northern lakes of Italy.’

Lugano, from which the lake take its name, now belongs to the Swiss canton of Ticino, or the Tessin, composed of the former *bailliages* of Locarno, Bellinzona, Mindrizio (the most southern town of the Helvetic confederacy), and Lugano. The boundaries of the Milanese Government and

* Woods, vol. i. p. 202.

† Sketches of Italy, vol. iv. p. 223. There is a sameness in the scenery of this lake, which, with its narrow, winding course, and high mountainous borders, reminded this Writer of some of the bays on the North American rivers.

the Swiss canton, cross the lake several times. Porlezza, the frontier town of Italy in this direction, is built beneath an impending cliff at the head of the lake, about twelve miles above the bay. Lugano is, alternately with Bellinzona and Locarno, the seat of government for the canton. It is, however, only nominally or politically Swiss. In dress, language, manners, and appearance, the natives are Italian; in everything, in fact, but their superior activity and enterprisc. Their little city has a bustling, thriving air, answering to the character and pursuits of its inhabitants, and carries on a considerable commerce in silk, woollen stuffs, and wine.* It also traffics largely in books; for here the press is free, and its frontier situation ensures a ready sale for all works interdicted in Italy. It is celebrated, moreover, for one of the best newspapers on the Continent, and boasts of an excellent inn. The women here have a graceful fashion, (common, indeed, throughout the North of Italy,) of fastening up the hair at the back of the head with a star of pins. Goitrous complaints are, unhappily, scarcely less prevalent in this canton and the neighbouring mountain district, than in the Valais itself.

A good road has been constructed from Lugano to the foot of the St. Gothard, leading over Monte

* Some natural caves, which have acquired the name of the Caverns of Æolus, on account of the cold wind that rushes out of them during the summer months, from the melting of the snows in the upper regions, have been converted by the ingenuity of the Luganese into wine-cellars and warehouses, by erecting wooden huts over them, which give to these *cantini* the appearance of villages.

Cenere to Bellinzona, where it falls in with the route from Locarno, situated at the northern extremity of the Lago Maggiore. Bellinzona is the key to Switzerland by this entrance, as it commands the various passes which *debouche* into the Val Levantine,—from the forest cantons by the St. Gothard; from Dissentis and the valley of the Vorder Rhin by the Lukmanier; and from the Val di Misocco by the pass of the Bernardin. The important situation of Bellinzona has exposed it to perpetual sieges and contests in all the wars in which the Swiss have been involved. It is supposed to be the *Bilitio* of early geography; a town of the *Mesiates*, who are supposed to have inhabited the Val di Misocco.* This valley, watered by the Moësa, which falls into the Tessin near Bellinzona, is remarkable for the number of beautiful torrents which descend into it. A new road, practicable for carriages, has recently been completed by the authorities of the canton of the Grisons, commencing at Coire, the capital of that canton, in the valley of the Rhine, and leading to Splügen; whence it is carried over the Bernardin (7090 feet above the sea), and descends with the Moësa to Bellinzona. The formation of this road was long opposed by the Austro-Lombard Government, from the jealous apprehension of its interfering with the commerce of the Splügen pass; over which a new road has also been recently opened, practicable for carriages, and avoiding entirely the old and dangerous pass of the Cardinelli.† Unlike the *col* of the

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 60.

† A description of this new road will be found in Starke's Directions, p. 480. It is the shortest route from the Grisons

Bernardin, which presents a dreary plain, chiefly occupied by the lake of the Moësa, the summit of the Splugen is a narrow crest, (6500 feet above the sea,) whence the road rapidly descends above 700 feet to the Austrian *dogana*, situated in a sheltered plain which has the appearance of having once been a lake. Numerous covered ways of strong masonry have been formed to protect the traveller against the avalanches to which this pass is particularly exposed; and a very winding track leads down to the banks of the Lira, in the valley of San Giacomo, whence the route passes through Chiavenna to Riva at the head of the Lake of Como.*

A route from Cisalpine Gaul across the Rhaetian Alps, is one of the four passes mentioned by Polybius as known to the Romans in his time; but it seems difficult, if not impossible to determine, Mr. Brockedon remarks, whether the pass referred to, was that of the Bernardin, or of the Splugen, by the Rhinwald, that of Mont Septimer, leading from Chiavenna by the Val Bregalia to Coire (*Curia*), or that of the Lukmanier, from the Val Levantine into the Val Medels and the Vorder Rhin. From the ancient Itineraries, however, it appears that two passes were in early use, which, if not first opened by Augustus, must have been frequented long before: the one traversed the Splugen (*Cuneum Aureum*), and the other, Mont Septimer.† But, as both roads met at Chiavenna (*Clavenna*), they

to Milan and Venice, and presents some very wild and sublime scenery.

* See the description of these Passes in No. IX. of Brockedon's Illustrations.

† Cramer, vol. i. p. 105.

might be reckoned by Polybius as one route. The pass of the Splügen was one of the most frequented in 1473; and some part of this route was in use in the twelfth century. The passes into the Grisons are often mentioned in the history of the campaigns of Bonaparte. In 1799, the French army under General Lecourbe, passed by the Bernardin into the Grisons. But the most remarkable event connected with these passes, is the passage of the Splügen by the second army of reserve under Marshal Macdonald, in November and December 1800, of which Count Segur has given a most thrilling description.

The Val Levantine, or Laventina, through which the Tesino descends from the St. Gothard, was at one time one of the most frequented routes from Switzerland into Italy; and during the wars of the French Revolution, it was the scene of repeated contests and of most merciless ravages, being visited in turn by each of the contending armies, alternately pursuing or pursued. The opening of the grand routes of the Simplon and the Cenis, on the one hand, and the new roads over the Bernardin and the Splügen, on the other, have destroyed in great measure both its military and its commercial importance.* The people of the Waldstetten, aware of this, have, it is said, decided upon completing this pass as a carriage road.

* ‘The communication by the St. Gothard is so considerable, that 15,000 persons annually, and 300 horses or mules laden with merchandize, weekly, pass the *hospice* on its summit. Saussure states, that a thousand laden horses pass daily. This must be erroneous, or the commercial intercourse between Italy and Switzerland by the St. Gothard, has greatly fallen off.’ Brockedon, No. iv. p. 12.

The lower Val Levantine is fertile, but devoid of picturesque interest. The upper valley, though 3000 feet above the sea, is still very productive, and presents some magnificent scenery ; especially on approaching the gorge of Stalvedro, which closes the head of the valley, dividing it from the Val Bedretto. Above the rocks on the right bank of the Tessin, are the ruins of a tower ascribed to the Lombards, and still bearing the name of one of the latest of their kings,—the Tower of Desiderio. Near this gorge, a path leads off on the right, through the Val Piora, and by the pass of Lukmanier, to Dissentis and the country of the Grisons. On the left, the valley of Bedretto leads by the pass of Naufranc, to Obergesteln in the Upper Valais. A few miles beyond the defile of Stalvedro, is Airolo, a place of considerable bustle, for here great numbers of mules are kept for the transport of merchandize across the St. Gothard, the road beyond this point being at present impracticable for carriages. A difficult zig-zag road leads to the entrance of the Val Tremosa, the last defile on the ascent. Amid these scenes of physical desolation and savage grandeur, Suwaroff gained a useless victory over a division of the French army in September 1799 : on the face of a large rock near the summit, is seen rudely carved, the inscription, *Suwaroff Victor*.

The sterile and dreary summit of the St. Gothard (6500 feet above the sea) scarcely deserves the name of a plain. An indifferent inn is found near the highest point, not far from which are the ruins of an *hospice* founded in the thirteenth century. A rudely paved road thence winds over broken and

rocky ground, between several lakes, the sources of the streams which flow down the mountain in opposite directions ; the Tessin towards the Lake of Locarno, and the Reuss towards the Lake of Uri. The road descends with the latter stream to the Val Ursern, whence a track leads off to the left, over the Furca, to the Valais, while, in the opposite direction, there is a passage over the Ober-Alp to Dissentis. On leaving the Val Ursern, the road enters a gallery pierced in the granite rock, 220 feet long, and 12 feet in height and breadth : it is called the Urnerloch, and was made in 1707, at the expense of the Canton of Uri. From this gallery, it is a steep descent to the Devil's bridge, a single arch of 70 feet span, and 100 feet above the torrent of the Reuss, which, rushing obliquely beneath, descends within a short distance above 300 feet. The fearful scene is rendered still more appalling by the recollection of the desperate contests which took place at this very spot, between the French and the Imperialists, during the campaign of 1799. Twice was this bridge contested. On the first occasion, while the French were charging the Austrians upon it, suddenly thirty feet of its length gave way, bearing those who were upon it into the gulf below, and separating the remaining combatants. On the second, the Russians under Suwaroff, in crossing the St. Gothard to effect a junction with the Austrians, found the gallery blocked up and the bridge destroyed. This, they had to repair by throwing beams across ; and hundreds of soldiers fell, in the struggle, into the abyss, before they succeeded in driving the

French from their situation, and in making good their descent to Göschenen.*

The early history of this pass is very obscure, nor can the ancient name of the mountain be clearly ascertained. It appears, however, to have been included under the general name of Mount Adula, from which Strabo represents the Rhine as flowing in one direction, and the Adda in the other.† Simler supposes, that the pass of the St. Gothard lay directly through the country of the *Lepontii*; and if the present name of the valley of the Tesino, be, as is highly probable, a corruption of the ancient name, the St. Gothard would be properly the Lepontine Alp. It would seem, however, that those mountaineers were a Rætian tribe, which may account for some confusion in the application of these names of doubtful etymology.‡ The modern name of the mountain is de-

* An admirable representation of this part of the pass, has been exhibited in the Diorama in Regent's Park. See also Brockedon's Illustrations, No. iv. Title Vignette.

† See Cramer, vol. i. p. 63. The learned Author infers, that Adula must be a generic term, applicable to all the Rætian Alps; but if so, the Lepontine must be included under the latter denomination, since the Rhine had its source in that country. Is it possible that Strabo may have confounded the Adda and the Ticinus? The Vogel-berg, a summit 20 miles S.E. of the St. Gothard, has, however, been considered by some writers as the *Mons Adoula* of Ptolemy and Strabo; and from this ancient name, a kind of transparent felspar found in these mountains, was named *adularia*. See Cadell's Journey, vol. ii. p. 188.

‡ The names given to these tribes, were probably arbitrary, or taken from the nature of the territory they inhabited. Thus, Rætia has been derived from the Celtic *Rait*, (*braid* ?)

rived from a chapel dedicated to St. Gothard, who was bishop of Hildesheim in the twelfth century, and in honour of whom the Abbots of Dissentis raised a chapel on these heights, which were within their jurisdiction.

The road to Bellinzona from Locarno, is not so much frequented, Mr. Brockedon says, as it deserves to be ; the route from Lugano being generally followed ; but ‘ the facilities now afforded by the establishment of a steam-boat, may induce many travellers to make the longer voyage by the Lago Maggiore.’ Locarno is situated at the northern extremity of the lake, at the junction of several valleys which descend from the Lepontine Alps, of which the Val Levantine and the Val Maggia are the principal. The Cento-valle, which leads by a difficult route, in fourteen hours, to Duomo d’Ossola, also terminates at Locarno. The nine miles between Locarno and Bellinzona, are through a country of singular richness and beauty, abounding with picturesque scenery, which would amply repay the traveller for undertaking an excursion in this direction.

There is yet another pass which claims a brief description in this place, as being more immediately connected with the Lake of Como, and forming one of the grand routes to Milan. This is the great military road over the Monte Stelvio, by which the Emperor of Austria has recently opened a new line of communication between his German and Italian States, that has the advantage of not traversing any portion of territory belonging to a mountainous district. And *leibheann*, a word applied to the side of a hill, may give us the etymology of *lepontii*.

another Government. From Vienna, two roads communicate with this pass, meeting at Prad; shortly after leaving which village, the new road begins to ascend the magnificent mountain of the Ortler-Spitz.* A little beyond the barrier, this mountain suddenly discloses itself with an appalling effect, as it is seen from its summit to its base, robed in everlasting snows, while enormous glaciers, descending from its sides, stream into the valley below the road. Immense masses of rock, in themselves mountains, throw out their black and scathed forms in striking contrast with the brightness of the glaciers which they separate. Mr. Brockedon, to whom we are indebted for this description, considers the whole ascent from Drofai as without a parallel in Alpine scenery. The road, which is admirably constructed, winds round the northern side of the deep ravine into which the glaciers sink, and so near to them, that a stone may with little effort be thrown upon them. The summit of this extraordinary pass is the highest in the world that has been made traversable for carriages, being 9272 feet above the sea, 780 feet above the extended line of perpetual snow in this latitude, and nearly half a mile perpendicularly higher than the pass of the Simplon.† Yet, the

* The village of Stelvio, Stelvi, or Stilfs, which gives its name to the *Col*, is a little out of the road, on the western side of the valley, near Gomagoi. The Germans call the passage the *Stilfsjer-joch*.

† The disheartening recurrence of casualties from avalanches in the highest part of the pass, has determined the Austrian Government to attempt cutting a gallery through the mountain, 970 feet below the crest of the passage, by which the most exposed part of the road will be avoided.

road on the summit is usually clear of snow by the end of July, and continues so, except from occasional falls, till September. A descent of 993 feet, by a succession of *tourniquets*, leads down to the inn and custom-house on the Monte Brauglio, (the *Juga Rhætica* of Tacitus,) over which there is a passage from the Val Teline to the valley of the Adige. This was formerly a line of considerable commerce; but, as this route traversed a small part of the territory of the Grisons, the Austrian Government has been constrained to make the new road ascend by the defile of Drofoi, to a col a thousand feet higher.

From the Monte Brauglio, a zig-zag road leads down to the Wurmser-loch, a ravine deep and appalling, through which the Adda falls from rock to rock. This was formerly considered as one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, but is now rendered secure by galleries, either excavated in the rock, or constructed of masonry. The extent of the road thus sheltered is 2226 feet, besides 700 feet more, so cut out of the side of the mountain as to be sufficiently guarded by the impending rock. This defile leads down to the valley of Bormio, called by the Germans, Wurms. The little town of that name was formerly enriched by the transit of merchandise from Venice to the Grisons, by the old pass. The district of Bormio terminates at the narrow defile of *La Serra*, which was then secured by a wall and gate. Here, the traveller leaves behind him the cold region (*il freddo paese*), and descends with the Adda into the rich district of the Val Teline. The first chestnut-trees are seen immediately below *La Serra*.

Owing to the neglected state of the embankments of the river in some places, the levels of the valleys have become swamps, which exhale pestilential miasmata. The squalid and sickly appearance of the inhabitants, evinces at once the insalubrity of the district and the poverty of their condition ; and goitres and cretinism, ' the concomitants of filth,' prevail here to a frightful extent. The wine of the Val Teline has an extensive celebrity ; yet, the vines appeared to Mr. Brockedon to be ill trained, and the vineyards to be mismanaged. The mulberry-tree is cultivated here for silk-worms ; and so fertile is the soil, that two harvests of maize and other corn are gathered in the year. The road passes through a number of pleasant little towns and picturesque villages, crossing the Adda repeatedly, and afterwards running along its left bank to Colico, the port of the Val Teline, on the Lake of Como, along the shores of which it is continued to Lecco.*

The Val Teline, like the Valais, has been during centuries exposed to the cruel fate of a disputable border territory ; groaning alternately under the tyranny of petty ecclesiastical tyrants, and the feuds of neighbouring powers. It has been included, at different periods, in Switzerland, in France, and in Italy. It fell under the power of the Dukes of Milan in 1336 ; but was subsequently made over by one of the Viscontis to the Bishop of Coire.† This equivocal grant became

* Brockedon's Illustrations, No. VI.

† ' When John Galeasse possessed himself of the Dutchy of Milan, and drove out Barnabas, Mastinus, one of Barnabas's sons, to whom his father had given those three

the basis of a claim afterwards made to the fealty of the inhabitants by the Government of the Grisons, and the occasion of an unsuccessful irruption in 1487. In 1512, when the whole of the valleys from the Brauglio to the Lake of Como fell, with the Milanese, into the power of Louis XII. of France, the Grisons, in conjunction with the Bishop of Coire, entered the Val Teline, expelled the French, and received the homage of the inhabitants. Their possession of it was subsequently confirmed by the sovereigns of Milan. When Charles V. succeeded to the Milanese as a fief reverting to the empire, he saw the importance of possessing the Val Teline as a passage by which to secure the junction of the troops of Spain and Austria. It was the policy of the French Court to defeat this measure; and in the struggles between those great powers, during the wars to which their jealousies gave rise, the inhabitants of these valleys were the chief sufferers. These scenes of violence were aggravated by the intrigues of the Pope, and the religious animosities of the inhabitants; which at length issued in the horrible catastrophe of the massacre or expulsion of all the Protestants in these valleys, on the 20th of July, 1620; an event which has no parallel but in the massacre of the Protestants of Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day.*

branches of the dutchy (the Valteline, Chavennes, and Bormio), retired to Coire; and being hospitably received and entertained by the Bishop, when he died, he gave his right to those territories to the Cathedral of Coire.'—Burnet, p. 61.

* See Burnet's Travels, pp. 61—69.—M'Crie's Reform. in Italy, p. 364. The history of the previous events con-

At length, the passage which was the object of the war, was secured to the Spaniards by treaty in 1635. But the Val Teline and the district of Bormio continued to be *bailliages* of the Grisons till 1797, when, together with Chiavenna, they were incorporated with the Cisalpine Republic. Upon the restoration of the Milanese to Austria in 1814, they were finally ceded in perpetuity to that power, as a part of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom.

The Val Teline is about fifty miles in length, and from twelve to fifteen in breadth. The total population of the delegation in 1825, was 83,451 ;* Sondrio, the head town, containing only 3374 inhabitants. The opening of the new road through the valley of the Adda, in connexion with other improvements, may be expected, however, to augment the population, as well as to promote the prosperity of this hitherto unfortunate district.

The Lake of Como, the ancient Larian Lake, is reckoned about fifty miles in length, by from three to six in breadth;† but it is of very irregular

nected with the Reformation, will be found briefly detailed by Dr. M'Crie, at pp. 334—364.

* This appears to include the districts of Bormio and Chiavenna.

† ‘ Polybius, as Strabo reports, estimated its length at 300 *stadia*, and its breadth at thirty; or thirty-eight miles by four. Servius says, Cato reckoned sixty miles from one extremity to the other; and the real distance, including the Lake of Chiavenna, is not short of that measurement; so that Virgil seems justified in saying, (Georg. vol. ii. p. 159.)

“ *Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime—*”

Cramer, vol. i. p. 61. Burnet states the Lake of Como to be about forty-eight miles long and four broad; and the Lake of Chavennes (Chiavenna) to be ‘almost round, and

figure, and may be said to consist, in fact, of three distinct lakes, though with only one outlet. Its northern part, formed by the waters which descend from the Splugen by the Val San Giacomo, is called the *Lago di Chiavenna*, or *di Riva*, from the town of that name, which is the port of Chiavenna.* The navigation of this lake is dangerous, owing to shallows, which prevent the Como steamboats from ascending above Gravedona; but boats may be obtained at Riva, by which travellers can descend to the Lake of Como. The marshy shores of the Lake of Riva, as well as the mouth of the Adda, are infested with *malaria* to a fatal extent; and no time should be lost, by those who take the Splugen road, in hastening through this part of the route.† The Adda pours the waters of the Val Teline into the lake nearly opposite to Gravedona, at the head of what may be properly called the Lake of Como, a little below the channel which

about two miles in diameter.' The water of the lake is higher in summer, on account of the melting of the snow in the mountains.

* In the 'Sketches of Italy,' a work of considerable merit and interest, it is very erroneously stated, that the Lake of Como 'has but one great feeder, the river Adda, which flows down the Valteline from the Splughen, and, after forming the marshy Lake of Chiavenna, spreads itself in an unbroken, though winding course, as far as the point of Bellagio.' As the Val Teline does not descend from the Splugen, the Adda cannot form the marshes of Chiavenna.

† Near the mouth of the Adda is the hill of Montecchio, on which stands a fort erected by the Marquess of Fuentes in 1604; but 'it is so surrounded with deadly marshes, that it has been the grave of more victims to malaria than to war.'—Brockedon. Colico, the port of the Val Teline, is a few miles to the southward.

connects it with the upper lake. From this point, its waters spread in an unbroken, though rather winding course, as far as the Point of Bellagio, by which the lake is divided, in an acute angle, into two branches. The wider and larger branch, which has no outlet, extends in a south-westerly direction to the town of Como: the south-easterly branch is called the *Lago di Lecco*, from the town of that name, near which it begins gradually to narrow into the Adda. Owing to the want of an outlet at Como, the waters of that branch are forced to return to the Point of Bellagio, and are thus subjected to constant interruption, either in their downward or their upward course, by the cross influence of the wind; so that one side is frequently excessively agitated, while the other is perfectly calm. From this circumstance, and from the vast height of the bordering mountains, the navigation is rendered uncertain and sometimes dangerous, by the violent swells and squalls to which it is particularly liable. Steamboats, however, navigate the lake from one extremity to the other in four or five hours. The depth varies, according to Eustace, from 40 to 600 feet.

‘ Throughout its whole extent, the banks of the lake are formed of precipitous mountains from two to three thousand feet in height; in some places, overhanging the water, and in others, partially clothed with wood, and studded with hamlets, cottages, villas, chapels, and convents. But a vast extent of the scenery is bare; for the woods, luxuriant and beautiful as they are on the immediate shores of the lake, bear but little proportion to the

bordering mountains, where the crags and cliffs, partly from their excessive steepness, partly from the dryness of the soil, and the burning effect of Italian suns, nourish no vegetable production whatever, but present an aspect of glaring, arid whiteness. This defect prevails throughout the greater part of Alpine and Apennine scenery, and is particularly striking on the Lakes of Como and Lugano. The most beautiful point of view in the whole extent, is undoubtedly at Bellagio.* The upper waters are here seen winding up to the very foot of the higher chain of the Alps, and terminating within a short distance of the terrific pass of the Splügen; the loftier hills that border the Lake of Lecco, rise on one side, and on the other, the wider expanse of the lower lake retires behind the beautiful fore-ground, rocks, and hanging-woods, that form the point of Bellagio; with numbers of trading boats gliding up under the broad reflection of the gigantic mountains, their white sails occasionally gleaming in the sunshine, and several little villages scattered along the shores.†

Mr. Matthews, describing the spot from which this noble lake is seen to most advantage, refers apparently to the same point as being immediately opposite the *Fiume di Latte*,—‘a romantic little water-fall which forms a succession of miniature cascades from a height of several hundred feet,

* Eustace speaks of the view from Cadenabbia as the most extensive and interesting on the lake. This is a little town nearly opposite to Bellagio, containing a tolerable inn, where the traveller may conveniently fix his head-quarters.

† Sketches of Italy, vol. iv. p. 211—213.

among the vineyards with which the side of the mountain is planted. There is a spot opposite to this water-fall,' he says, 'from which you command a prospect of the whole scene, without the disadvantage of a bird's-eye view. You have the three branches of the lake under your eye at once. The principal one extends northward in the direction of Chiavenna, with the Alps for its more distant boundary. Full in front is the *Monte Legnone*, which, though not ranking (as Eustace ranks it) among the highest Alps, nor retaining its snows in summer, is yet, from its bold, rugged form, and its insulated position, one of the grandest and most commanding of them. To the south, you look upon the other two branches, leading to Lecco and to Como. The branch extending from Menaggio to Como, is of a very different character from the northern part; and though it is very beautiful, and at once wild and highly cultivated, with its banks studded with villas and villages, yet, it wants the grander features of the northern prospect.*.

The *Fiume di Latte* (so called from the milky

* Matthews's *Diary of an Invalid*, pp. 303, 4.—There is nothing in the Lago Maggiore, this Traveller thinks, or, perhaps, in any other lake, that can be put in competition with the view from this point of the Lake of Como; but he gives the preference to the Lago Maggiore over the southern branch of the Como lake. The Lecco branch is, indeed, the more picturesque of the two. This Traveller talks of the distant 'mountains of the Val Tellina and the Julian Alps' in the direction of Chiavenna. The mountains of the Val Teline are not in that direction, and the Julian Alps are very far to the eastward. Those of the Splügen and Mont Septimer must be intended.

colour of the water) is one of the wonders of the lake, being an intermittent stream, and, according to some Italian antiquaries, the one which the younger Pliny refers to as being in the neighbourhood of his residence. Accordingly, the little village of Capuana, near which it is situated, has been supposed to occupy the site of the Plinian villa; and the discovery of a mosaic pavement has been adduced as confirmation strong of the opinion. The fact is, that this stream answers in no respect to the intermittent spring described by the two Plinies. The *Fiume di Latte* intermits wholly during the winter, running only from March to September. It increases by degrees till it reaches its utmost height, and then decreases again till its bed again becomes dry. There seems to be no reason to doubt that its semi-annual course is occasioned by the melting of the snows in the higher mountains, though the length of the subterranean channel through which it flows, is unknown. Its excessive coldness is in favour of the supposition, that it is fed by some distant glacier; and its milky colour indicates that it has found or forced a channel through some limestone or calcareous formation.* It bursts forth with great impetuosity from its subterranean channel, tumbling down a broken declivity of nearly a thousand feet into the lake.

There is, however, another intermittent spring of a very different description, which seems to have

* Sketches of Italy, vol. ii. p. 214. Eustace says, the cavern from which it bursts, 'is supposed to extend for miles through the bowels of the mountain, and even to lead to the icy summit that supplies the stream.'

better claims to be identified with the phenomenon referred to by Pliny, and of which Eustace gives the following account. After doubling the verdant promontory of Torno, in ascending the Como branch, they bent, he says, towards the eastern bank of the lake,* and landed at a villa to which the name of *Pliniana* has been given, on the presumption that its fountain is the one which Pliny has so minutely described. 'It is situated on the margin of the lake, at the foot of a precipice, from which tumbles a cascade amid groves of beeches, poplars, chestnuts, and cypresses. A serpentine walk leads through these groves, and discovers at every winding some new and beautiful view. The famous fountain bursts from the rock in a small court behind the house, and passing through the under story, falls into the lake. Pliny's description

* This Traveller supposes, that one of Pliny's favourite retreats may have stood on the promontory of Torno, whence it might have commanded two bays. The Bay of Agregno, higher up, takes its name from a busy little town, the mart of the neighbouring valleys. Here is situated a little island, now called *di S. Giovanni*, but, in the seventh century, *Insula Comacena*, which, under the Longobardic kings, was a fortified strong-hold. According to tradition, indeed, 'it afforded a retreat to the Christians during the persecutions of the first three centuries, and from their numbers derived the rank of a town under the appellation of *Christopolis*; it next sheltered the Greek exarchs, and enabled them to make a successful stand against the Longobardic invaders; and in fine, as an independent republic, carried on a long and eventful war with Como.' This romantic island swells gently from the lake, is about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and is richly wooded and cultivated.—Eustace, vol. iv. p. 47. The smallness of this island, it has been justly remarked, renders this story equally incredible and absurd.

of it is inscribed in large characters in the hall, and is still supposed to give an accurate account of the phenomenon. It is rather singular, that the intervals of the rise and fall of this spring should be stated differently by the elder and by the younger Pliny, both of whom must have had frequent opportunities of observing it. The former represents it as increasing and decreasing every hour; the latter, thrice a day only. According to some modern observers, the ebb and flow are regular; but the greater number, with the inhabitants of the house, assure us, that now, as in Pliny's time, it takes place usually thrice a day; usually, because, in very stormy and tempestuous weather, the fountain is said to feel the influence of the disordered atmosphere, and to vary considerably in its motions. This latter circumstance leads to the following conjectural explanation of the cause of this phenomenon.*

* The west wind, which regularly blows upon the lake at twelve o'clock or mid-day, begins at nine in the upper regions or on the summits of the mountains. Upon these summits, and particularly that which rises behind the Pliniana, there are several cavities that penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and communicate with certain internal reservoirs of water, the existence of which has been ascertained by various observations. Now, when the wind rushes down the cavities above mentioned, and reaches the water, it ruffles its waves against the sides of the cavern, where, just

* 'They call its average time three hours to rise, and three to fall. We distinctly marked its decrease even during the few minutes of our stay.'—Sketches, &c. vol. iv. p. 230.

above its ordinary level, there are little fissures. The water, raised by the impulse which it receives from the wind, rises to these fissures, and trickles down through the crevices that communicate with the fountain below, and gradually fills it. In stormy weather, the water is impelled with greater violence, and flows in greater quantities, till it is nearly exhausted, or, at least, reduced too low to be raised again to the fissures. Hence, on such occasions, the fountain fills with rapidity first, and then dries up, or rather, remains low, till the reservoir regains its usual level, and, impelled by the wind, begins to ebb again. Such is the explanation given by the Abate Carlo Amoretti.*

With this explanation we must content ourselves; but whether, after all, this is the classic fountain, seems to be questionable. Eustace asserts, that the situation of the *Pliniana* does not correspond to either of the two favourite retreats described by Pliny, and that we are left at a loss to guess at the particular spots to which he alludes.†

* Eustace, vol. iv. pp. 43—45. This Traveller 'had not time to verify the return of the fountain;' but he remarks, that 'it is inferior in every respect to the intermitting fountain near Settle in Yorkshire, which ebbs and flows every quarter of an hour without a minute's variation.' It is less remarkable, also, than the *fontaine de merveilles* at Hautecombe. See page 58.

† Mr. Matthews says: 'At the Villa Pliniana, the well, with its rustic masonry, is apparently in much the same state as in Pliny's time, whose descriptive epistle is engraven on a tablet in the wall.' Mr. Pennington speaks of the 'house' as the very habitation of Pliny, vol. ii. p. 287. The Author of *Sketches of Italy* describes it as 'a modern-built, ugly house, standing almost in the water, in a deep curve of the lake, under a rocky precipice, down which a small stream

Among the numerous villas and villages which adorn the beautiful bays and promontories of the lower lake, this Traveller mentions—‘*Lenna*, where, some years ago, a subterraneous temple was discovered, with a marble statue of Diana; and, on the very margin of the lake, *Villa*, which took its name without doubt from the mansion which formerly occupied the same spot, and which seems to have been of great extent and magnificence, as remains of pillars are discernible, in calm weather, under the water close to the shore. Some antiquaries suppose this to be the real site of Pliny’s villa: he could not have chosen a more beautiful spot, nor, if we may believe the general opinion, a more genial climate.’* This is on the western shore of the Como branch, a little below the little bay of *Trammezina*. The little town of *Cadenabbia* is situated on the same shore, just above where the lake divides into two branches. The village of *Capuana* is on the eastern shore of the lake, nearly opposite. About half a mile higher up, on the same shore, the pretty village of *Varena* stands on a jutting peninsula, crowned with a Gothic tower, overlooking one of the busiest of the lake-ports. Four miles above, at *Bellano*, a small river (the *Pioverna*) forces its way with a prodigious roar through a tremendous cleft in the rocks, which are connected above by a slight rustic bridge. The

forms a very pretty cascade, and which immediately softens into the verdant and populous promontory of *Torno*.’ It is ‘certainly the most feasible site assigned to the favourite retreat of the philosopher.’

* *Eustace*, vol. iv. p. 49. See also *Sketches of Italy*, vol. iv. p. 227.

spot is called *L'Orrido di Bellano*; 'and at the time we saw it,' says a more recent Traveller, 'the name was more appropriate than ever; for the torrent had carried away part of a neighbouring rock on which a church and several houses were built, and the fragments were lying in picturesque but disastrous confusion in the midst of the boiling stream, while the remainder of the rock, with the superincumbent buildings, that had resisted the force of the waters, was hanging shattered over them in impending destruction.'*

No part of the shores of this beautiful lake is more admired, however, than the promontory of Bellaggio. 'This delightful spot,' says Eustace, 'now covered with villas and cottages, was, during the anarchical contests of the middle ages, not unfrequently converted into a receptacle of outlaws and banditti, who infested all the borders of the lake during the night, and in day-time concealed themselves amid these thickets, caverns, and fastnesses.' Of its present appearance, we have, from another pen, the following description. 'Steering back to the point of Bellaggio, we landed at the little village which lies on the shore of the lower lake, at the base of the lofty rock, the summit of which is occupied by the Villa Servellini, the most beautiful residence I ever saw in any country. The edge of the cliff is crowned with extensive woods of fir, pine, cypress, ilex, and chestnut, clustering over its precipitous sides in all their native luxuriance, uninjured by the clippings of Italian taste; while the southern declivity is en-

* Sketches, &c., vol. iv. p. 216.

livened by a charming garden, filled with the sweetest and gayest flowers; a sight rare indeed in Italy, and more delightful both from that circumstance and from the brilliancy of the climate. Some ruins, near the verge of the cliff, interpose to prevent the eye embracing at the same moment the three lakes; but the mountains and swelling banks that border those different divisions, blend finely together on every side. These walls and towers, from their peculiar style of building, and the loop-holes for archery, appear to have formed a part of some strong fortification in the time of the Longobardic kings; which has probably given the name of Bellaggio to the peninsula.* We descended to the Villa Melzi, which is seated close by the edge of the lower lake, a little further down. The grounds of this villa are laid out with great taste, and are kept with a care and neatness very unusual in Italy: yet, with all their beauty, their sweetness and luxuriance, they do not, with me, rival those of the neglected Villa Servellini, abandoned by its proprietor, who resides entirely at Naples.†

From Menaggio, a village about three miles above Cadenabbia, on the western shore, a narrow road leads over the mountains to Porlezza on the

* *Agger* signifies a rampart or fortified dike; but this etymology is very questionable. The same termination occurs in the name of Menaggio, and in the word *villaggio*, village. A deep well, or hole, is pointed out by 'the garrulous old dame who shews the place, into which, she avers, some good-for-nothing old countess used to cast her lovers when she was tired of them.'

† Sketches of Italy, vol. iv. p. 216.

Lake of Lugano. 'The scenery between the two lakes, is varied and beautiful. In climbing up the steep hill from the Lake of Como, the winding road presents continually changing views of the wooded promontory of Bellaggio, with the Lake of Lecco and the two Lakes of Como; and the descent from its other side leads into the pastoral Val Cavagna, inclosed by tremendous rocky cliffs, and spotted with groupes of immense walnut and chestnut trees. At the foot of this valley, the *Lago del Pianto*, a small, shallow pool, rather than lake, rendered beautiful by the accompanying scenery, meets the eye, with the Lake of Lugano gleaming beyond, backed by lofty mountains. There is every probability that these two lakes were formerly one, and that the hill which now forms a picturesque boundary to the smaller lake, has fallen from the crags behind; a circumstance which is known to have happened in different parts of the Lake of Lugano. At the hamlet of San Pietro, between the two, the road crosses a torrent which issues out of a deep, rocky ravine, formed by some such convulsion in the bosom of a huge mountain.* These tremendous *éboulements* are occasioned by the action of subterraneous waters in the cavernous rocks. In the year 1528, the little town of Campione, almost opposite to Lugano, was nearly destroyed by the fall of a portion of the mountain; and again, in the year 1710, a similar occurrence happened near the Tresa, by which the waters of the Lake of Lugano find an outlet into those of the Lago Maggiore, and choked its channel with

* Sketches, &c., vol. iv. pp. 220, 1.

the *debris* of the rocks.* The geology of these lakes is deserving of a more attentive and scientific investigation than has hitherto been given to them.

It is chiefly from the shores of the Lakes of Lugano and Como, that the itinerant Italian hawkers sally forth, who formerly frequented England in such numbers, carrying barometers,† looking-glasses, coloured prints, gilt frames, &c., and who are still to be met with throughout Europe, more especially Germany. How wide soever their wanderings, these people, it is said, are never known to forget their native country, but return, if possible, to spend the last years of their life where they first drew breath. Lady Morgan asserts, that many of the villages which rise above the Lake of Como, are inhabited only by females. 'The want of land to cultivate, or of a market for commodities, has from time immemorial occasioned an emigration of the male inhabitants.' The Comasque peasantry are described as poor and depressed, laborious and devout, scarcely knowing any other food than their *polenta*, a porridge made of maize or chestnut flour, and such fruits as the mountains afford.

The south-western branch of the Lake of Como terminates in a sort of semi-circle, round which the town of Como is built. An amphi-

* Eustace, vol. iv. p. 61. Some persons have imagined that the Lake of Lugano was itself *produced* by a sudden convulsion in the fifth or sixth century.

† They learn the art of making barometers, Mr. Cadell says, by constructing thermometers, which are much used in the North of Italy, in rearing silk-worms. The venders of plaster casts come chiefly from Lucca.

theatre of low hills surrounds it at a little distance, and on one side rises a steep conical mountain, surmounted with an old fort. It is an episcopal city, and contains a large and curious cathedral of the middle ages. 'It is of white marble; the front is of light and not inelegant Gothic; the nave is supported by Gothic arches; the choir and transepts are adorned with composite pillars; a dome rises over the centre.'* Impure and incongruous as is the architecture, the effect, Eustace says, is not displeasing. In front of the cathedral, there is a statue of Pliny, with bas-reliefs alluding to his writings; and on each side of the grand entrance is an inscription to his honour. It would seem that the unfortunate circumstance of his being a heathen, has alone prevented him from being the canonized patron of his native city; and Eustace goes so far as to suppose the illustrious Roman 'to look down with complacency on the honours thus zealously paid, in his beloved *Comum*, to his memory so many ages after his decease.' In his time, *Comum* was already a rich and flourishing city, in the enjoyment of all the privileges belonging to a Roman corporation.† In most respects, remarks this sentimental Traveller, 'modern Como does not yield to the ancient city. The cathedral, in materials, magnitude, and probably in decoration, though not in style, equals the Temple of Jupiter; and ten or fifteen other churches may be deemed

* Eustace, vol. iv. p. 37.

† *Comum* was originally the chief seat of a Greek colony established in this part of Italy. It was indebted for its privileges and importance to J. Cæsar.

as ornamental to the city as half the number of temples.*

‘The interior of the town of Como,’ says Lady Morgan, ‘exhibits dark, narrow, and filthy streets; churches numerous, old, and tawdry; some dreary palaces of the Comasque nobles, and dismantled dwellings of the *cittadini*. The *duomo*, founded in 1396, and constructed with marbles from the neighbouring quarries, is its great feature. It stands happily with respect to the lake, but is surrounded with a small square of low, mouldering arcades and paltry little shops. Its baptistery is ascribed to Bramante; but the architecture is so mixed and semi-barbarous, that it recalls the period when the arts began to revive in all the fantastical caprice of unsettled taste. Everywhere, the elegant Gothic is mingled with the grotesque forms of ruder orders; and *basso relievos* of monsters and nondescripts disfigure a façade, where light Gothic pinnacles are surmounted with golden crosses; while the fine pointed arch and clustered columns contrast with staring saints and grinning griffins, . . . The interior of this ancient edifice has all the venerable character of the remote ages in which it rose and was completed. But its spacious nave, Gothic arches, and lofty dome, its masses of dark marbles and deep-tinted frescoes, are contrasted with such offerings from the piety and gratitude of the devout

* Eustace, vol. iv. p. 40.—The church of S. Giovanni is adorned by several pillars which are ‘supposed to have belonged to a portico’ mentioned by Pliny. This Traveller’s description of Como, is a fair specimen of the extreme looseness and inaccuracy of his statements.

Comasques and the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, as would better suit the stalls of the *Rue de Friperie*, or the ware-rooms of Monmouth-street.

‘The *Collegio Gallio*, founded by a Cardinal of that name, is a monastic foundation presided over by the order of the *Scuole-pie*, and appears to be conducted upon principles of liberality, great kindness, and parental attention on the part of the fraternity, to their young charge.* A dark and massive building, with the sign of a bleeding heart (the insignia of the Jesuits) above its ponderous portals, is a seminary for young women. A light, elegant, and spacious building, that contrasts with these antiquities, is devoted to the same purpose of education. It was raised and opened as a lyceum, by the French, and contains some fine philosophical apparatus. The collection of natural history and the botanical gardens of the professors, are proofs that science has made some progress in Como, since the time when Spallanzani and his instruments caused such terrors among the mountaineers of the district.

‘The principal resources of this *regia citta* are, the manufacture of a little silk and cotton, (carried on under every restriction that can check its success,) and the adventurous and profitable enterprises of smuggling.† A cloth-manufactory near the village of S. Martino, is of some consideration.

* Two English piano-fortes were found by this Traveller in the apartments of the Rector of the college.

† The frontier between Switzerland and this part of Lombardy forms a sort of horse-shoe, and affords a line for the introduction of contraband articles, which it is impossible to guard

The ancient importance of Como is testified by its double walls and massy towers ; and its present consequence in the eyes of its Imperial masters, is indicated by its fortified barriers, manned with legions of Austrian soldiers, custom-house officers, and police, by its garrison, and by the shutting of its gates at an early hour of the night. Como was once the seat of the Inquisition. The forms and the power of that terrible tribunal have passed away ; but something of its spirit still seems to cling to its ancient shade, and the race of its familiars appears to be not quite extinct.*

The population of Como is very variously estimated. By Mr. Eustace and Mr. Pennington, the inhabitants are rated at 18,000 and 20,000.† The situation is so fine, and the air is deemed so salubrious, that, during the summer months, many families retire to its neighbourhood ; and it is becoming a sort of watering-place. About three miles and a half from Como, on the western shore of the lake, is the Villa d'Este, for some time the property and residence of the unhappy princess who enjoyed for a brief and troubled term, the title of Queen of England. It is now the property of an eminent banker of Rome. Large sums have been expended on this spacious man-

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 303—308 ; 301.—Eustace speaks of ' the security and quiet' which Como seems to have enjoyed during ' the numberless disasters of Italy.' It has been, on the contrary, the scene of perpetual warfare, as well as of the darkest horrors of the Inquisition.

† In the statistical table given in Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 755, the population of Como is stated at only 7669 ; but this is probably an error of the press, and should be 17,669. The population of the province (or delegation) of Como is stated at 335,000.

sion ; noble offices have been erected for servants ; a handsome theatre has been built ; and an excellent road made to Como. Its appearance in 1820, however, was that of melancholy desolation. The theatre and the grounds were quite neglected, and nothing remained to mark its former splendour and gayety, but the inscription, *Villa d'Este*, in large characters in front of the villa.*

Lecco, situated at the extremity of the south-eastern branch, is a pleasant little town, and its position is very picturesque, opposite to the base of a high mountain which sinks abruptly into the lake. Numerous silk-factories and iron-works give it a commercial importance, which is increased by its being in the line of the new road to the Val Teline. The olive, the vine, and the mulberry-tree are cultivated in its environs. From Lecco, two roads lead to Milan. The shorter, but less interesting, passes directly through Monza, which has acquired a certain sort of celebrity as the depository of the Iron Crown of Charlemagne. The other road lies over the rich plain of Erba to Como, passing by several beautiful lakes,† and at the bases of hills clothed with the vine and the chestnut-tree. Numerous villages, and the towns of Incino (*Licino Forum*) and Erba, inhabited by a fine race of people, occur in this charming tract of country. On approaching Como, that city is seen deeply embosomed in mountains, while the distant Alps stretch across the

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 287.

† The Lake of Pusiano deserves to be particularized for its beauty. The *Enpilis Lacus*, which takes its modern name from Lucino, is the source of the Lambro.

horizon. From Como, the direct road to Milan, by Barlasina, is dull and monotonous; but this may be varied by a little *detour* to Monza, a description of which must close this chapter.

Monza (the *Modoetia* and *Maguntia* of the days of the lower empire) is situated ten miles north of Milan, on the banks of the Lambro. Its *duomo* is said to date from the seventh century, being ascribed to the saintly Queen Theodolinda, whose tomb it contains. The *façade*, which is chiefly of marble, is of course of much later date; and 'the steeple is of brick newly built, the old one having been accidentally destroyed by fire.' The interior consists of a nave and two aisles. The barbarous taste of 'the lower times,' is shewn in the sculptures, tracery, carving, and frescoes, which cover the walls, pillars, altars, and shrines of this most venerable edifice.* There are a few good paintings by Guercino and other good masters. The jewels, the *comb*, and other relics of Queen Theodolinda are among the treasures exhibited. But the glory and attraction of the cathedral consist of the Iron Crown which that famous Queen of Lombardy is said to have received from Pope Gregory I., and which takes its name from the precious relic it is supposed to inclose. The crown is a broad hoop of gold, about eighteen inches in circumference, adorned externally with enamel and precious stones, within

* Why did not Mr. Woods visit Monza? We have nothing better than the vague descriptions of Mr. Pennington and Lady Morgan. Mr. Cadell says: 'The church of St. John Baptist at Monza is a fine monument of the architecture of the middle age, and was built in 1380.'

which is fixed a thin hoop or rim of iron, a quarter of an inch in breadth, composed of a nail used in our Saviour's crucifixion. Muratori, however, is bold enough to call in question, not only the legend, but even the reputed high antiquity of the crown. It was taken to Bologna to crown the Emperor Charles V. ; and it was not till after his coronation, that the legend relating to the iron rim was brought up; founded, it is supposed, upon the ancient traditions respecting the crown or helmet of Constantine.* Still it is, perhaps, of all crowns the most interesting in an historic respect. None of the Lombard kings were actually crowned at Monza, the first coronation that took place in its cathedral, being that of Otho III. in 995. The ceremony has sometimes been performed at Pavia, but most frequently in the church of St. Ambrose at Milan. The last head which it encircled, was that of Napoleon !

About a mile from Monza, is the summer palace of the viceroy ; a spacious mansion surrounded with fine and extensive grounds, laid out by the late Government. This villa was the favourite residence of Eugene Beauharnois, who greatly improved both the house and the gardens, adding a new theatre, and hot-houses filled with the productions of New Holland ; and it has now, Lady Morgan tells us, ' all the elegance and accommodation of St. Cloud.' The whole way from Monza to Milan, the country is cultivated like a garden.

* Cadell, vol. i. p. 120. This Traveller has given an engraving of it, which ought to be accurate ; but it exhibits nothing of ' the circle of high points radiant with jewels,' which the Author of *Sketches of Italy* describes.

CHAPTER VI.

MILAN.

It would be difficult, Mr. Simond remarks, to account for the choice originally made of the site occupied by Milan, while, on either side, the Adda or the Ticino, and in front the Po, offer the convenience of navigable rivers, and while such beautiful situations might have been selected on the shores of the neighbouring lakes. The city stands on a dead flat, in the midst of a vast plain, and is indebted for its commercial advantages to the fine canals which were cut from the Ticino in the twelfth century, and from the Adda in the fifteenth. Yet, so early as the days of Strabo, it was a flourishing city. Ausonius, towards the end of the fourth century, ranks it as the sixth town in the Roman empire; while Procopius, a century and a half later, speaks of *Mediolanum* as inferior only to Rome in population and extent. It was founded by the Insubrian Gauls, as the capital of their territory, which lay between the Ticinus and the Adda. The capture of it by Cornelius Scipio and Marcellus (A.C. 221), was followed by the submission of that powerful tribe; and the conquered city seems to have retained ever since the honours of a metropolis.* In the time of Virgil, *Mediolanum*

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 51.—The *Insubres* are stated by Livy
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was the Athens of Northern Italy. Modern Milan has been stigmatized by a recent Traveller as the Italian Bœotia.*

Scarcely any city in Italy has been subject to greater vicissitudes than Milan. At one time, it was the capital of the western empire, several of the later emperors having made it their residence ; † and here, in 303, Constantine subscribed the famous edict securing to the Christians the free exercise of their religion. ‡ When Italy was overrun by the barbarians in the fifth and sixth centuries, Milan was nearly ruined. In the year 538, it was taken and destroyed by the Burgundians, but it revived in about thirty years. § When, in

to have founded their capital, *Mediolanum*, on their first arrival in Italy, and to have given it that name from a place so called in the territory of the *Ædui*, in Gaul. The fabulous accounts of the monster, half sow, half sheep, from which its name is derived by other ancient writers, would scarcely deserve mention, except for the rudely sculptured representation, seen on the walls in almost every part of the city, which constitutes its arms. Claudian refers to this legend :—

— ‘ *Ad Mœnia Gallis*

Condita lanigeræ suis ostentantia pellem.’

See Pennington's Tour, vol. ii. p. 264. Notwithstanding its Latin sound, *Mediolanum* may be resolved into good Gaelic; *Meadhon* signifying middle, midst, (like *moyen* and *mean*,) and *iolann*, an inclosure.—Armstrong's Gaelic Dict. And this etymology may possibly account for the choice of the situation, in the centre of the Insubrian territory.

* Rose's Letters, vol. i. p. 182.—The term is used in reference chiefly to the ‘gross and gormandising’ habits of the Milanese.

† Maximian, the colleague of Diocletian, first established his court as Emperor of the West, at Milan.—See Gibbon, c. 13.

‡ Gibbon, c. 20.

§ Ibid., c. 41.

898, Berengarius established his sovereignty over the Milanese, he fixed his court at Pavia. In the following century, Milan first fell under the power of the German emperors, being taken by Otho I.; but it afterwards recovered its independence under its archbishop, or Italian princes of its own election; and when the Emperor Henry IV., in 1110, invaded Italy, it refused its homage, and successfully defied the conqueror. When, however, in 1158, the infamous Frederic Barbarossa invested the city, it was compelled to capitulate, and to submit to the loss of its independence. In 1162, its citizens having incurred that Emperor's displeasure, Milan was besieged, and, on being taken, is said to have been totally destroyed, with the exception of the sacred edifices. A few years afterwards, the scattered population, on the withdrawal of the imperial army, returned and rebuilt the city, repairing the fortifications; and Milan, with all the cities of the North of Italy, except Pavia, entered into a league against their ruthless oppressor, known under the name of the Lombard League. A signal victory gained over the imperial army, May 29, 1176, completely re-established the Milanese power. The State continued, however, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperor.

In the thirteenth century, the city was governed by a *podestà*, a sort of mayor, invested with absolute authority, but whose reign lasted only for a year. The title of captain-general was subsequently assumed by the powerful chiefs who obtained the nomination to this high office, and the period was extended to five years. The Visconti and the Torriani long struggled for the ascendancy. At

length, the former obtained the complete sovereignty as lords of Milan, with the office of imperial vicar in Milan and Lombardy. Of twelve sovereigns of this house, the last three only reigned under the title of Duke of Milan. The house of Sforza succeeded to the dukedom in 1450, in virtue of a marriage alliance; and it was the fourth duke of this family, who was deprived of his possessions and his liberty by Louis XII. He was not, strictly speaking, the last duke, for Maximilian Sforza was installed by the Swiss into the duchy with great ceremony and pomp in 1512, and held it for three years. The battle of Marignano gave it into the hands of Francis I.; and Maximilian is said to have thanked the Conqueror for delivering him at once 'from the arrogance of the Swiss, the rapacity of the Emperor, and the artifices of the Spaniards.*' The battle of Pavia, in Feb. 1525, in which the French monarch lost 'all but his honour,' was followed by the temporary establishment of Francis Sforza (the brother of Maximilian) in the duchy of Milan; but the detection of an intrigue in which he was implicated, which had for its object to overturn the Emperor's power in Italy, afforded Charles a fair occasion for depriving him of the nominal sovereignty. In 1584, he invested his son (Philip II.) with the duchy; and it continued to be attached to the crown of Spain, till 1706, when the Spanish branch of the house of Austria became extinct. It then

* Mr. Pennington has been at the pains of collecting these obscure historical details relating to the Milan dynasties, from Verri, Denina, Guicciardini, and other native writers. — See vol. ii, ch. 26.

reverted to the German Emperor, and continued to be governed by Austrian viceroys, till the battle of Marengo rendered the French once more the masters of Northern Italy. In 1796, Lombardy received from the Conqueror, a constitution modelled on republican forms; and Milan was declared the capital of the Cisalpine Republic. Reconquered and held for a few months by the Imperialists, it was soon recovered by the French; and in 1800, the form of a free government was restored, with the title of the Italian Republic. The name of republic was soon set aside by another change, when the Emperor of the French assumed the iron crown; and Milan became the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, and the residence of the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnois. On the fall of Napoleon, Milan once more came under the house of Austria; and it is still the seat of government, as the capital of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom.

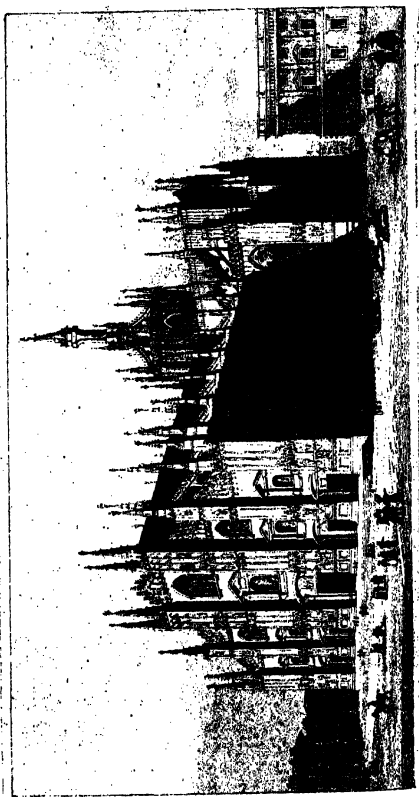
The present city must be considered as dating from the twelfth century; and its general architecture bears the marks of its importance in the middle ages. 'The old palaces, vast and rude, indicate their purpose as the domestic fortresses of turbulent times. Of its Roman antiquities, only the sites of *thermæ* and temples, and a fine portico called the colonnade of S. Lorenzo, remain. Under the viceroys of the Spanish and Austrian governments, the city gained nothing, and lost much. Churches and convents multiplied, but its magnificent *duomo* remained unfinished; its noble canal, the miracle of the age in which it was constructed,* was choked and fell to ruin. The mili-

* The *Ticinetto* or *Naviglio Grande*, the principal inlet of

tary edifices raised for the subjugation of the people under Charles V., fell or stood, as time spared, or storms demolished. The palace, inhabited by the delegated sovereigns from Madrid or Vienna, remained, down to the revolution, much as the Sforzas had left it. The high-walled gardens of monasteries choked the suburbs, and impeded ventilation. Cemeteries in the heart of the city, frequently produced contagious maladies. Markets rose in the courts of the noblest palaces. The relics of Roman antiquities were suffered to perish from neglect; and the old narrow streets, which, by their original construction, excluded light and air, were still further impeded by sheds erected at pleasure before the shops. At night, they were ill-lighted by paper-lanterns few and far between.' But, under the Emperor, continues his zealous panegyrist, 'streets were cleared, avenues opened, palaces raised, and cleanliness and general accommodation universally promoted.*' This representation may be a little tinged with the Writer's partiality; but it is at least true, and not a little remarkable, that it was reserved for Napoleon to complete the façade of the sumptuous temple, founded by the first duke, continued by the

commerce to Milan, begun in 1179, and extended and improved under the direction of Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century, had, through neglect, become choked up so as to be a nuisance, rather than a benefit, and was nicknamed by the peasantry, *Navigliaccio*. Under the Spanish Government, some feeble attempts were made to restore the canal; but in 1805, a decree of the French Government effected the completion of the whole line of canal to Pavia and the Ticino.

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 118—120



THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME DE REIMS, FRANCE

munificence of St. Charles Borromeo, and still unfinished, when Milan became the second capital of the sovereign of France and Italy.

Of this 'famous cathedral,' as Evelyn terms it, next to St. Peter's at Rome the largest in Europe, we have the following description in the Diary of that excellent person, under the date of 1646.

'We entered by a portico so little inferior to that of Rome, that, when it is finished, it will be hard to say which is the fairest. The materials are all of white and black marble, with columns of great height of Egyptian granite. The outside of the church is so full of sculpture, that you may number 4000 statues, all of white marble, among which that of St. Bartholomew is esteemed a master-piece.* The church is very spacious, almost as long as St. Peter's at Rome, but not so large. About the quire, the sacred story is finely sculptured in snow-white marble, nor know I where it is exceeded. About the body of the church are the miracles of St. Charles Borromeo; and in the vault beneath is his body, before the high altar, grated, and inclosed in one of the largest crystals in Europe. To this also belongs a rich treasure. The cupola is all of marble within and

* 'We saw the celebrated statue of the flayed St. Bartholomew in the choir. The subject is so unpleasant, that the greatest excellence would be exhibited on it in vain; but it did not appear to me that its execution was such as to render the inscription necessary, which disclaims its being the work of Praxiteles.'—Sketches, &c., vol. iv. p. 238. Mr. Cadell says, the effect is that of an anatomical figure, without expression. The saint has his skin thrown over his left shoulder. The inscription is:

'Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrati.'

without, and even covered with great planks of marble in the Gotick (Gothic) design. The windows are most beautifully painted. Here are two very fair and excellent organs. The fabric is erected in the midst of a fair piazza and in the centre of the city.

‘Milan,’ continues the old Cavalier, ‘is one of the most princely cities in Europe. It has no suburbs, but is circled with a stately wall for ten miles, in the centre of a country that seems to flow with milk and honey. The air is excellent, the fields fruitful to admiration, the markets abounding with all sorts of provisions. In the city are near 100 churches, 71 monasteries, 40,000 inhabitants. It is of a circular figure, fortified with bastions, full of sumptuous palaces and rare artists, especially for works in crystal, which is here cheap, being found among the Alps. There are curious straw-workers among the nuns, even to admiration. It has a good river, and a citadel at some small distance from the city, commanding it, of great strength for its works and munitions of all kinds: it was built by Galcatius II. Milan is a sweet place; and though the streets are narrow, they abound in rich coaches, and are full of *noblesse*, who frequent the course every night.’*

‘Milan struck us from the first,’ says Mr. Simond, who visited it in 1817, ‘as a very splendid city, in which a mean-looking house seems as

* Evelyn’s *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 210—215. Burnet also speaks of the ‘great magnificence in Milan.’ ‘The nobility affect to make a noble appearance, both in their clothes, their coaches, and their attendants.’ He speaks of the nobleness of the buildings and the surprising riches of the churches and convents.

rarely to be met with as a palace elsewhere.* Most of the houses are built according to the orders of architecture; and carriages in the streets roll along smoothly on flat stones laid in parallel lines, like iron railways, leaving the rest of the pavement sufficiently rough to afford safe footing to the horses. Much of the present neat appearance of the city is, I am told, due to the Austrian Government.† Lady Morgan, we have seen, ascribes all the improvements to the French Emperor. 'Because he is known to have contributed greatly to beautify the city,' remarks a less partial witness, 'strangers are apt to give him credit for every building and erection that bear a modern appearance. But they need not exaggerate the improvements effected by Napoleon. Besides the Canal to Pavia, he built a circus, he finished the front of the Cathedral, and was proceeding with the interior; he made the *Passeggio* (or Public Gardens) and the present drive on the ramparts; instituted a Mosaic-manufactory; established a mint; began the *Porta di Sempione*; and, what ought to have been best of all, broke up the convents.

'Of all the buildings, old or new, in Milan,' continues this pleasing Writer, 'the most striking is, unquestionably, the Cathedral, which is entirely built of white marble. Its vast size, as well as rich architecture, entitles it to be ranked among the principal edifices of Europe; but, though it is by far the finest Gothic structure in Italy, the

* 'The houses are, generally, far from remarkably splendid.'—Sketches, &c., vol. iv. p. 235.

† Simond, p. 11.

purity of that style is not perfectly preserved. Five Grecian windows in the principal front are, indeed, unlucky intruders. Notwithstanding this defect, the exterior of the building is most beautiful. Though rich in all the ornaments of Gothic architecture, though covered with statues, niches, pinnacles, sculpture, and decorations of every description, its whole appearance is not more splendid than majestic; an effect which it owes, perhaps, to the simple elegance of the material of which it is formed. The interior still remains unfinished. This is the less to be regretted, as its design is not equal to that of the exterior. It is also Gothic, but here, there is an overload of ornaments. The eight niches, rich in fret-work, that surmount the capital of each pillar, conceal the spring of the arch, and appear to weigh down the pillar itself. Nor was this the only fault that struck my eye, in the long and wide extent of this magnificent building. Yet, taking it altogether, it is to me, unquestionably, the finest church of Italy after St. Peter's, and the only one capable of rivalling that splendid structure.*

* Sketches, &c., vol. iv. pp. 236—238. It is sometimes amusing, sometimes vexatious, to find how little dependence can be placed upon the careless assertions and opinions of splenetic or capricious travellers. Mr. Matthews has been praised by Lord Byron: the only notice he bestows upon this edifice, is contained in the following sentence. 'The Cathedral;—a *new* cathedral, especially if it be built of white marble, as is the case at Milan, is an ugly, staring thing.'—Diary, p. 296. Mr. Rose dismisses Milan altogether in the following sentences. 'Milan is large and situated on a plain, and is what, I suppose, would be called a fine city; but it has nothing very striking either within or

These slight and general remarks will serve to introduce the more full and scientific description of this celebrated edifice, furnished by an accomplished English architect.

'The present building was founded in 1385, by order of John Galeazzo, first Duke of Milan. He died in 1402, and it is probable, that most of the old work was performed during this interval.*

without to recommend it. Add, that it is hot in summer, foggy in the fall, and cold in the winter. I think I never saw such a number of deformed and diminutive wretches in any city of Europe.'—Letters from the North of Italy, vol. ii. p. 201. In Lady Morgan's florid and diffuse pages, there is at least more information. She thus describes the *Duomo*. 'As we first saw it, in the radiance of the mid-day sun, its masses of white and polished marble, wrought into such elegant filigree as is traced on Indian ivory by Hindoo fingers, its slim and delicate pinnacles, tipped with sculptured saints,—it looked, all gigantic as it is, like some fairy fabric of virgin silver; and left the eye dazzled, and the imagination fascinated. Its exterior lustre was strikingly contrasted with its interior solemnity; and as we drew back the folds of the heavy drapery which shades the entrance of this, as of all Italian churches, nothing could be more impressive than that long, solemn sweep of nave whose deep perspective fades and mellows as it recedes from the eye, and is finally almost lost in distance and obscurity. Before the high altar stands the shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, with its circle of burning lamps. The spacious choir rises behind it. The lateral aisles, with their massive columns of red granite, and votive chapels, the porphyry baptismal font, the marble pavement, were tinged with the brilliant hues which fell through the high-arched and richly painted windows.'—Morgan's Italy, vol. i. p. 124.

* The name and nation of the original architect are wholly uncertain. A German of the name of Gamodia had some share in the building; but his claim to the merit of the design is very questionable. Marco da Campione, native of a village near Lugano, appears to have been the

The church was not, however, consecrated till 1418, when the ceremony was performed by Pope Martin V. About the middle of the sixteenth century, St. Charles Borromeo undertook to complete the edifice, and employed Pellegrini to design a suitable front. This architect is said to have conceived the idea of so engrafting upon Gothic the beauties of Grecian architecture, as to make a harmonious whole out of the discordant materials. If such were his endeavours, we need not wonder that he did not succeed. A part only of his design was executed by the direction of Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, the cousin and successor of St. Charles in the archbishopric of Milan; and this part has been suffered to stand, although the completion of the rest of the façade, in a style imitated from the Gothic, has served to make its utter discordance with the rest of the building much more obtrusive.' 'Pellegrini's plan was, to place ten Corinthian columns in front; but, to judge from what is done, and from the three stories of windows of unequal elevation,* he could hardly have proposed to unite them in a simple portico. The mouldings and ornaments were all of Roman architecture. Of this design, the columns were never erected; but the five doorways, and as many windows over them, are preserved as parts of the present composition. Two

first architect; he died, however, in 1390. See *Storia e Descrizione del Duomo di Milano, esposta da Gaetano Franchetti*. Milano, 1821.

* A view of Pellegrini's design is published in *Grævii Thes. Ant. et Hist. Ital.*, tom. ii; in which the design of the windows is ascribed to Butius, the architect of the city, to whom the execution was entrusted.

other windows of this design are concealed by Gothic tracery. The remainder, which is only just finished, is imitated from the old work ; but the architect (Amati), by Grecising the ornaments, and cutting the upright mouldings, has failed as signally in the details, as in the general composition.

‘ Separating the old work from its injudicious additions, and considering it only as a portion of an unfinished building, the exterior is very rich and very beautiful, with its parts well composed and well combined. The pinnacles rise gracefully from the general line, and are richly ornamented with subordinate pinnacles and statues ; and the workmanship is very good. One may imagine what a sumptuous edifice it would have been, with two lofty western towers, and a light and highly decorated lantern in the centre. . . . Abstractedly from their want of suitable character, the modern ornaments are poorer in design than the ancient, and inferior in execution. At present, the ancient part of the lantern is surmounted by a slender steeple, whose outline is that of a column supporting a spire. This was added by Brunelleschi, (employed by Philip, the son of John Galeazzo, who reigned from 1412 to 1447,) and it is astonishing that, living so nearly in the time of the Gothic architects, he should have been so deficient in understanding the character of their architecture.* The front is a mere triangle, and exces-

* Mr. Cadell states, however, that the spire is a modern erection. ‘ The columns, at the intersection of the nave and transept,’ he says, ‘ are not strong enough to support a tower or spire proportioned to the size of the building ; the pillars that support the spire, as well as those of the nave,

sively poor. The artists, among them, have contrived to produce a Gothic building, of which the outline, contemplated as a simple mass without the details, is everywhere displeasing.

‘ Another remarkable circumstance is, the want of apparent size. That it does not look very high, (although the head of the figure which crowns the spire, is 360 feet from the pavement,) may, perhaps, be attributed to its actual magnitude. Yet, in the distant view, where the lower part of the building is lost, it does not suggest the idea of a lofty edifice; and the front, although extending 200 feet, almost looks little. Perhaps, this may arise in some degree from the style of the Italian houses, which are so much larger and loftier than ours. The following are the principal dimensions: Length, internally, 493 feet. Whole width, 177 feet. Length of transept, including the chapels, 284 feet. Height of the nave, 152 feet. To the top of the lantern, 247 feet. To the top of the spire and statue, 356 feet. There are 52 piers, 98 pinnacles, and, inside and out, 4400 statues.

being about ten feet in diameter. The spire, as it is, looks like a set of small pinnacles substituted in place of a complete spire. It was doubtful if the building could support even this spire. Frisi and Boscovich were consulted in 1765, before the spire was erected. On the top is a figure of the Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated.’ *Cadell*, vol. ii. p. 79.—Eustace states, that ‘ the obelisk was erected about the middle of the last century, contrary to the opinion of the best architects.’ He mentions also the thinness of clusters of pillars (fifty-two in number), which support the vault without concealing any part of the edifice; making them to be ninety feet in height, and only eight in diameter.

‘ The first particulars that strike you on passing to the interior, are, that it is dark and gloomy, and that the leading lines are very much interrupted by the shrines introduced in the capitals of the piers, which injure also the apparent solidity of the building. And when you are told, that it is nearly 500 feet long, 180 feet wide, and 150 feet high, you can hardly believe it. The height of the side aisles (96 feet), certainly diminishes the appearance of that of the nave; but the width of the nave (55 feet) is not remarkably great in proportion to the other dimensions.*

‘ With all these defects, however, and with some feeling of disappointment from having heard so much of this building, it was impossible not to acknowledge the sublime effect of the interior. The style does not correspond to any of our English modes of pointed architecture. The vaulting is simple, without any branching ribs or any ridge-piece; it is so much super-vaulted, that each bay appears to be the portion of a dome; and the disposition of the materials in concentric circles, or in portions of such circles, makes me believe that this is nearly the case. The windows of the clerestory are extremely small and insignificant: those of the side aisles are long and narrow. They are ornamented with quatrefoils; but a division of the height into two parts by arched ribs, (which have not precisely the effect of tran-

* The width of the nave of the cathedral at Amiens is $45\frac{1}{2}$ feet; the length, 442; the height, 140 feet. This is 10 feet wider, and above 50 feet higher than that of Salisbury Cathedral. The nave of York Minster is 47 feet in width.

soms, because they do not cross the window at the same level,) indicate a very different period of taste from that of the rose and quatrefoil heads in France and England. The lower part of the capitals has something of the running foliage of the fourteenth century in England; but the shrine-work, which forms their upper part, is perfectly unique. The bases and the plans of the pillars are equally anomalous, and any person would be baffled in attempting to determine the date from the architecture; only he might safely decide that it could not be very early. The smallness of the upper windows produces a gloomy appearance and oppressive feeling, like that of the cavern style of architecture in the South of France, with which it has nothing else in common. There are three fine large windows in the polygonal end of the choir; but even these are ill placed, and have little effect. . . . The roof is covered with slabs of marble. It is every where accessible, and is a fine place on which to ramble about undisturbed, and examine the details of the architecture; or, turning our eyes to more distant objects, to survey the wide extended plain of fertile Lombardy, and the long continued ridges of the distant Alps. Even at this distance, (nearly 80 miles,) I never contemplate the splendid summit of Monte Rosa without a new impression of its stupendous magnificence.*

One circumstance peculiar to this cathedral is mentioned by Eustace, and, together with the explanation, deserves notice. 'There are no chapels,

* Woods's *Letters of an Architect*, vol. i. pp. 205—210.

properly so called, because the Ambrosian rite, *which long retained the ancient custom of allowing one altar only*, and one service, in each church, not having conformed to the *modern mode* when the cathedral was commenced, no provision was made, in the plan, for private masses and oratories. This omission contributes much to the simplicity and the unity of the edifice. Altars, however, there now are in abundance, but placed in such a manner as not to interfere with the general design.* The high altar stands, as in the Roman basilicas, in front of the chancel, with the choir, in a semi-circular form, behind it. There is no screen; and the chancel is entirely open, separated from the nave only by its elevation.

This Traveller describes as the most remarkable object in the interior of the cathedral, 'the subterranean chapel,' to which Evelyn refers, in which the body of St. Charles Borromeo reposes. 'It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into pannels representing the principal actions of the life of the saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind, the altar. It is stretched at full length, dressed in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly, because much disfigured by decay; a deformity

* Eustace, vol. iv. p. 9. The multiplicity of altars in the churches of Italy, is a striking feature of their conformity to the temples of the pagan worship, and a marked indication of the progress of the great apostacy. 'Was there ever a temple in the world,' remarks Dr. Middleton, 'not strictly heathenish, in which there were several altars, all smoking with incense, within one view, and at one and the same time?'—Pref. Disc. to the 'Letter from Rome.'

increased and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendour of the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale, ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above.*

The other churches of Milan are not, in general, beautiful either externally or in the interior; and, as antiquities, most of them have lost their interest by being modernized, particularly the inside. This appears to have been done much at the same period; probably about the time of St. Charles Borromeo. 'Next to the cathedral,' continues Mr. Woods, 'the most interesting church in Milan is certainly that of St. Ambrose, or perhaps many might put it in the first place. It is said to be the very church which that saint closed against Theodosius, after the massacre at Thessalonica, in 390. They even pretend to shew you the identical doors; but the more probable opinion is, that these doors are of the ninth century, made by order of Archbishop Anspert: they are covered with a profusion of carving in figures and foliage, but the wire-work added to protect them, almost hides the detail. The most ancient part of the building which presents any character of architecture, is probably of the same period, though one would not venture to deny that some remains of the original church of St. Ambrose may still exist. The court in front is acknowledged to be of the ninth century, and the church exhibits very much of the same style of art. The court is a parallelogram, surrounded with arcades, having three arches at each end, and six on each side. The walls abound with fragments

* Eustace, vol. iv. p. 16.

of inscriptions, and one or two curious tombs are built up in them; particularly a large, rude sarcophagus of Paganus Petresanta, captain of the Florentines, who died in 800, and at whose funeral four cardinals were present. Considerable vestiges of the old painting in stucco remain on the wall, but the subject is no longer discernible. There is nothing in the details of the design, or in the execution of this little court, to demand our admiration; and yet, it is exceedingly beautiful, from the mere simplicity and harmony of the general disposition. The tower is a square brick building. The inside of the church was originally divided, on the plan, into square portions, each division having two semi-circularly arched openings on each side, on the ground, and two above to the gallery; and a vaulting of semi-circular groined arches. The two first squares remain in this state; but the third has two pointed groins springing from a lower point: the strong ribs which separate the squares, unite likewise in a point. The fourth square is that of the lantern, which, from the external appearance, is probably an addition of the thirteenth century: within, it is entirely modernized. There is no transept. The parallel walls of the building continue a little beyond the lantern, and the building terminates in an ancient niche or *apsis*.

‘The choir has been modernized, except the *apsis*, which is ornamented with mosaics representing our Saviour, and with saints and angels. It is said to have been executed by Greek artists in the tenth century. The pieces of the mosaic are formed of a thin lamina of gold, or metal, laid

on a thick die of glass, and covered with a very thin plate of the same material, and the whole united by exposure to heat. In a little chapel of San Satyro, in this church, is another mosaic of the same sort, which is thought to be still more ancient. The great altar contains the ashes of St. Ambrose, St. Gervase, and St. Protasius.* Over it is a canopy, supported on four columns, of a beautiful red porphyry. The canopy is attributed to the ninth century, but the columns are esteemed much more ancient, and I dare say they are so, but not in their present situation. They pass through the present paving; and tradition says, they are as much below it as they are above, which is about ten feet. The bases of the piers in the nave, shew the pavement there to have been raised above a foot; that of the choir is about two feet above that of the nave: if we add these two dimensions to the present height of the columns above the pavement, we shall probably have their total height. The canopy is composed of four arches, each somewhat exceeding a semi-circle, and of four gables of a greenish colour, richly adorned with gold. The ornament of the archivolt is formed of a series of intersecting arches, all gilt; and little gilt crockets run along the gables. The altar is also very rich with gold, silver, and precious stones. Besides the altar, this church contains part of a granite column with a marble capital much too small for the shaft; and upon this is the identical

* 'Many churches in Italy, Gaul, &c. were dedicated to these unknown martyrs, of whom St. Gervase seems to have been more fortunate than his companion.'—Gibbon, ch. 27.

brazen serpent made by Moses for the children of Israel in the wilderness! More moderate people say, that it was made in imitation of that of Moses. It is entirely devoid of use or beauty, and does not seem to be an object of reverence.* Near this is a sculptured sarcophagus of white marble, of Christian times, supposed to have been made to receive the ashes of Stilico and his wife Serena. Over the sarcophagus, and partly resting upon it, is a marble pulpit, which, with the eagle of gilt bronze that forms the reading-desk, is of the twelfth century.

‘ On leaving this church, I went to visit a little chapel where St. Augustine was baptized; but it has been modernized.’†

* ‘ Brought from Constantinople by the Princess Helena, daughter of the Emperor, as part of a nuptial present to her husband, Otho III., in 1002, who died before she arrived. There were *three* objects of religious worship in S. Ambrosio: First, an antique marble, representing Hercules; and as long as it remained in its place, the dukedom was secure. Secondly, the bishop’s marble throne in the choir, on which pregnant women sitting, were exempted from danger in child-birth. Thirdly, the serpent, which had the virtue of curing children of worm-disorders.’—Verrì’s *Storia di Milano*, cited by Mr. Pennington, vol. i. p. 253.

† Woods, vol. i. pp. 213—216. ‘ We revisited St. Ambrose’s church. Near it, they shewed us a pit or well (an obscure place it is) where they say St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine, and recited the Te Deum, for so imports the inscription. The place is also famous for some councils that have been held here, and for the coronation of divers Italian kings and emperors, receiving the iron crown from the bishop of this see. They shew here the History by Josephus, written on the bark of trees.’—Evelyn’s *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 214. This is doubtless the MS. now in the Ambrosian Library.

This modernizing, for the purpose, generally, of decoration, rather than of repair, is most fatal to the historic interest of architectural monuments of other days. In this church, however, if any where in Milan, the traveller may surrender himself to the illusion which connects the mind with distant times. Few names so truly illustrious occur in the annals of Milan, as that of St. Ambrose, the intrepid champion of the church and the people in the dark and stormy period which closed the fourth century; of whom Gibbon records, that he deserved the esteem and veneration of his flock, 'without soliciting the favour, or apprehending the displeasure of his feeble sovereign.' Besides the pulpit in which he is said to have preached, 'of plain stone, very large, and of a square form,'* there is shewn the saint's bedstead. These may or may not be genuine, but his earthly relics at least slumber beneath the altar. The Ambrosian ritual, peculiar to the churches of Milan, has suffered innovation in some respects; (and innovation in the Romish Church is always deterioration;) but the mass and ceremonies still differ from the ritual observed in all other Roman Catholic churches, in retaining more of the ancient simplicity.† In this church, the scene of eccle-

* Sheppard's Letters, p. 103. We know not whether this stone pulpit be the marble one of Mr. Woods. It is described by Mr. Sheppard as having, in like manner, a bird of brass in front, and a brass crucifix on its edge.

† 'As for the devotions of this place,' says Bishop Burnet, 'I saw here the Ambrosian office, which is distinguished from the Roman, both in the music, which is much simpler, and in some other rites. The Gospel is read in a high pulpit at the lower end of the choir, that so it may be heard

siastical councils and civil conflicts, the German emperors ordinarily received from the archbishop the royal crown of Lombardy.* Napoleon, it is said, deviated from the usual custom, by assuming the iron crown in the cathedral, but immediately afterwards repaired to the church of St. Ambrose. The Milanese are most proud of their *Duomo*, and San Carlo is their favourite saint; but the more ancient structure wakens the deepest interest, as it bears a far more venerable name.

Another church which claims the traveller's notice is the *Madonna delle Grazie*, which formerly belonged to a rich convent of Dominicans, celebrated for containing the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The church itself is not without interest. 'The nave is ancient, with a sort of half modernization which lets the antique character peep through. To this have been added a large square edifice, forming the centre of the building, crowned with a lantern of sixteen sides, and a choir. The central part is just of the beginning of the restoration of Roman architecture, and retains traces of Gothic taste; but the parts are so well disposed and so well combined, that it forms one of the most picturesque compositions possible.†

by all the people: though this is needless, since it is read in a language that they do not understand. When they go to say high mass, the priest comes from the high altar to the lower end of the choir, where the offertory of the bread and the wine is made by some of the laity. They were nuns that made it when I was there.'—Burnet's Travels, p. 89.

* See p. 348.—One proof of the high antiquity of the *Basilica Ambrosiana*, Eustace says, is the elevation of the ground all round it, so that you descend some steps to enter it.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 216.

The famous *Cenacolo* of Da Vinci still exists in what was once the refectory of the convent ;* but it is in so bad a state, that hardly any thing but the general design and composition are now discernible. Unhappily, in this masterly production, Da Vinci chose to try the effect of oil, in preference to the more durable process of fresco. The consequence is, that a great portion has scaled off from the wall, and that which still adheres, has become of a dingy black, owing principally to the effect of damp. The level of the floor is so low as to be at times three feet under water, and the walls are never quite dry. Under Eugene Beauharnois, the room was drained, and every thing possible has been done for the preservation of the picture from further injury. Mr. Eustace, ever glad of an occasion to abuse the French, accuses them of having used this picture as a target for the soldiers to fire at ; adding, to deepen the atrocity of the outrage, that the heads were their favourite marks, and that of Our Saviour in preference to the others. Lady Morgan flatly pronounces the story entirely false from beginning to end. The fact appears to be, that although much of the accusation is gratuitous, and the whole has received a strong portion of colouring from Mr. Eustace's imagination, the picture has received injury from the French soldiers. ' Wishing,' says Mr. Simond, ' to ascertain whether Eustace's accusation against the French were true, I examined the picture closely, and certainly discovered a number of round holes like balls, plugged up with something like putty,

* Mr. Simond states, that this hall ' was the very place of meeting of the Inquisition.'

and likewise dents in the wall, apparently the effect of brickbats thrown against it, fragments of which still remained in some of the holes. As to when and by whom the mischief was done, a woman who has lived next door for the last seventeen years, told me, that she had heard of soldiers firing at the picture before her time ; that a soldier of the sixth regiment of French hussars had told her, that he himself with others had done so, not knowing what it was, when guarding prisoners confined in the hall ; and that these prisoners, men of all nations, threw stones and brickbats against it by way of amusement. When Bonaparte came to Milan, he called to see the picture, and finding the place still used as a place of confinement, " shrugged his shoulders and stamped with his foot," the woman said ; and ordering the prisoners away, had a door, which she shewed me, near the picture, walled up, and a balustrade, or low wooden partition, drawn across the room before it for protection.*

The painting has suffered more serious injury, however, from the impious hands, not of the French, but of the monks themselves. Forsyth asserts, that they once white-washed it ! The feet of Our Saviour were cut away by a superior of the convent, to heighten a door-way ; a circumstance Mr. Eustace of course forgets to mention. According to Lady Morgan, it has also been defaced by attempts at restoration.† It originally occupied

* Simond, pp. 11, 12.

† 'As long back as the year 1550, according to the testimony of Armanini, it was half destroyed ; and in Vasari's time, "*una macchia abbagliata*," a confused blot. In 1726,

the whole side of the wall, about 30 feet in length, and 15 feet in height. The head of Our Saviour is stated by Vasari to have been left unfinished by Leonardo ; and Lanzi, who throws a doubt on this circumstance, acknowledges that, in its present state, three heads of the apostles alone remain of the original work. Yet, the countenance of Our Saviour has been particularly admired for its expression. On the opposite wall there is a fresco, in comparatively good preservation, although somewhat older. The date, 1495, and the name of the artist, Donatus Mototarra, are inscribed upon it. 'The helmets of the warriors,' Mr. Simond says, 'come out in actual relief on the wall, with a view, probably, to increase the fierceness of their looks ; a trick worthy of the rest of the picture, which was bad. Two of the figures in the foreground, painted in oil over the fresco,

it was restored by Ballotti, and, some years afterwards, almost entirely repainted by a vile dauber of the name of Mazza. When the French arrived in Milan, no part of the picture remained uninjured but the sky, (which, being painted in ultramarine, a colour not easily decomposed by moisture, had resisted the injuries of time,) the three figures of the Apostles to the left, which had been restored by Ballotti, and the profanations of Mazza. The barbarians, therefore, who have destroyed it are, the saltpetre which exudes from the wall, the smoke of lamps, the good cheer of the monks, and Signor Mazza.'—Morgan's Italy, vol. i. p. 136. Forsyth states, that, owing to the new kind of *imprimatura* injudiciously chosen by Da Vinci, 'in half a century half the picture was effaced.' Morghen, whose magnificent print is esteemed one of the finest works in its kind that has ever been executed, 'found this picture so altered by restorers, that he was reduced to seek the original in its copies, two of which were painted in Da Vinci's time upon more fortunate walls.'—Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 139.

in order, probably, to give them more vigour, have become of the same dingy black as those of Leonardo da Vinci.*

By order of Napoleon, an accurate copy of Da Vinci's painting was made by a skilful Milanese artist, Giuseppe Bossi; and from this copy, Signor Rafaelli, of Rome, has executed another copy in mosaic, which, Mr. Simond says, 'possesses all the correctness of design, and all the expression still distinguishable in the decayed original, together with the strength of colouring and harmony which that has now lost.' The work was begun by order of Eugene, has been continued for the Emperor of Austria, and has been recently completed, after having occupied the labour of eight or ten men during eight years. The change of its destination, which has transferred it to Vienna, is much to the dissatisfaction of the Italian citizens. The workshop of Rafaelli was one of the principal 'lions' in Milan.

The church of St. Mark's is an edifice of the thirteenth century, and its beauty is said to have been at one time proverbial. 'The proportions,' Mr. Woods says, 'are very good, though low in comparison with those usual with us. The front seems to have had a magnificent rose-window, which is now filled up. The inside has been entirely modernized; but enough of the exterior remains to shew how very inferior the architecture of Italy was, at that period, to that of France and England.

* Simond, p. 12. Mr. Woods states, we know not on what authority, that these two figures in oil were painted by Leonardo, previously to the execution of his own subject.

Though adopting a slightly pointed arch, the buildings do not seem to have risen above the plainness and rudeness of the Saxon style, till the middle of the fourteenth century.*

‘The church of *S. Eustorgio* deserves a passing glance. The outside is of brick, probably of the thirteenth century, as, in 1220, it came into the possession of the Dominicans. The inside has been modernized, but it contains some interesting tombs of the Visconti, and of the early restorers of Greek literature in Italy. Here also they pretend to shew the marble sarcophagi of the three wise men—kings they are pleased to call them, who followed the star of our Saviour from the East. An archbishop is said to have brought the bones from Asia to Milan in the fourth century; and Frederic Barbarossa, in the twelfth, seized and carried them to Cologne!

‘The little church of *San Satyro* still exhibits some of the architecture of the ninth century. It is a mere fragment, of no great interest, except as it serves to prove, that the taste of that period was very much like that which we call Norman, with capitals more nearly resembling the ancient Corinthian; but I could not trace anything,’ adds Mr. Woods, ‘of the *beau tems de Rome*, which is said to characterize this edifice.’†

* ‘The artists then began,’ continues Mr. Woods, ‘to copy the forms they found in France, but without adopting the greatly elevated nave, and without abandoning the strong expression of horizontal line and horizontal extent which they had retained from the Roman architecture. In the following age, Gothic was entirely abandoned.’ The Roman was then restored under Brunelleschi.

† Woods, vol. i. pp. 217, 212.

Evelyn mentions *San Celso* 'as a church of rare architecture, built by Bramante; the carvings of the marble *faciata*, by Hannibal Fontana. In a room joining to the church is a marble Madonna like a colosse, of the same sculptor's work, which they will not expose to the air. There are two *sacristias*, in one of which is a fine *Virgin* of Leonardo da Vinci; in the other is one by Raphael d' Urbino, a piece which all the world admire. The Sacristan shewed us a world of rich plate, jewels, and embroidered copes, which are kept in presses.'* Mr. Woods speaks of the church of the *Madonna di San Celso* as an edifice built towards the close of the fifteenth century, and attributed to Bramante, and also to Solari, a Milanese; while the font is the design of Galeazzo Alessi, who was not born till about the year 1500. 'The entrance is from a court surrounded with arcades, which has a very elegant appearance. The edifice is of marble; and both the court and the interior of the church are well proportioned, and produce a pleasing impression, though the details are bad.' Mr. Forsyth briefly mentions this same church as boasting of some admirable statues: 'its front, indeed, is injured by them.'

The Milan Guide tells us, and is echoed by Lady Morgan, that the church of *S. Maria della Passione* is one of the handsomest in Milan. 'I found it,' says Mr. Woods, 'very large and very ugly. Near to it is a shabby little church, (I

* Evelyn, vol. i. p. 212.—Mr. Cadell mentions 'the vestibule of the church of the *Madonna presso San Celso*,' as being by Bramante.

know not to whom dedicated,) which struck me as giving the outline of what, perhaps, ought to have been the composition of the cathedral; a large octagonal lantern at the intersection, and at the west end, two towers rising considerably higher than the lantern. Under every disadvantage, the experiment proves the excellence of such an arrangement.'

The steeple of St. Gothard, built in 1336, is described by the same Traveller, (whose architectural notices are always highly valuable,) as a curious specimen of that age. 'It is of brick, except the little shafts which decorate it; and these are of stone. The four lower stories, appearing above the roof of the church, are plain octagons with unequal faces, with a row of ornamental intersecting arches to each cornice, and a shaft or bead at each angle, which interrupts all the cornices. Over these are two stories, rather smaller, and forming an equal-sided octagon; and above all is a spire, cut to indicate scales or shingles, terminating in a globe and a little winged figure supporting a weathercock. Though built in the fourteenth century, it exhibits more of what we call Norman, than of the Gothic. There are several steeples of this sort at Milan, but this is the best. It was highly extolled by contemporary writers; and it derives some additional interest from having contained the first clock which ever sounded the hours.'*

* Woods, vol. i. pp. 210, 11.—The details, which are more fully given by the Author, strongly distinguish, in his opinion, the Lombard buildings from edifices of the same date in France and England.

It is remarkable, that scarcely two travellers select the same churches in this city, as deserving of specific description. We have mentioned all which appear to derive any particular interest either from their history or their architecture. Mrs. Starke, however, mentions that of *S. Alessandro* as of considerable architectural merit; with good frescoes in its cupola, and a remarkably handsome high altar and *ciborio*. Burnet mentions the ‘noble cupola’ of *San Lorenzo*: that church is described by Forsyth as ‘a mixed and intricate octagon, with arches over arches, a Doric with gridirons in the metopes, an attic with an entablature not its own.’ It is embellished with columns, the bases of which appear to have originally been capitals to other pillars; and it is probable that the church has been manufactured out of a more ancient edifice. Before this church is the only good specimen of ancient Roman architecture now remaining in the once imperial city. Eustace calls it a Roman bath, and describes it as consisting of sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns, of white marble, fluted, with their architrave. ‘They are of the best proportion, and placed at the distance of two diameters and a quarter, the most regular and most graceful intercolumniation. The houses behind the pillars, and indeed the church of *S. Lorenzo* itself, evidently stand on ancient foundations.’ The extreme elegance of this noble remain marks it as belonging, he thinks, to a period earlier than the ‘iron age of Maximian.’*

* Eustace, vol. i. p. 32.—‘The inscription on one of the pilasters, is generally acknowledged to have no reference to this edifice.’ The inscription is given by Evelyn, as yet

Of the other edifices mentioned by Ausonius, in his panegyric upon the ancient magnificence of Milan, the names alone remain, annexed to the churches built on their site or over their ruins,—*Sta. Maria del Circo, S. Giorgio al Palazzo, S. Vittore al Teatro*. The last is described by Forsyth as ‘an old basilica magnificently rebuilt.’ Mr. Simond, who visited only this church besides the cathedral, states, that it has been called ‘Little St. Peter’s,’ on account of its magnificence, being literally gilt all over. Pillars, altars, the very walls are gilt; and a profusion of light from numerous windows, brightens the whole. These gilt pillars resemble the legs of certain old-fashioned tables and chairs with worn-out gilding, shewing the white paint under it. The general effect is that of a gaudy plaything, rather than a place of worship.’

Most of the churches in Milan are full of good paintings, chiefly by Luini, Crespi, and Proccacini. Lady Morgan mentions the church of *San Pietro in Gessate* as ‘the most interesting, from its frescoes being painted by Bernardo Zenale, the friend of Leonardo da Vinci,’—who is said, moreover, to have ‘assisted Leonardo in the plan of the *Cenacolo*.’ The ‘fine old Gothic cloisters’ of the monastery adjoining the *Madonna delle*

standing in ‘the ruins of the Temple of Hercules.’ It is in honour of the Emperor Aurelius Verus. Mr. Woods says: ‘The columns are very much mutilated, but enough remains to shew that they were of good style and well executed.’ Forsyth, supposing them to be the remains of Maximian’s Baths, speaks of them as the latest remains that he had seen of the ancient Corinthian.

Grazie, are also enriched with fine frescoes by Zenale. In the church *Del Sepolcro*, Mr. Pennington says, 'the only remarkable things are the statues of Our Saviour and the twelve Apostles, as large as life,—subject, Washing the Feet of the Disciples; and opposite, The Flagellation, statues equally large.' If these 'things' were of a high order of merit, they would probably have attracted the notice of other travellers. Addison says: 'At the convent of the Celestines, is a picture in fresco, of the Marriage in Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of his figures.' He was told, that there were at that time in Milan (1699), sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and 200 churches*. All the convents were 'secularized' under the late Government. Some have been converted into inns, and others appropriated to various worldly purposes.

The grandest collection of pictures is in the *Brera*, originally the principal establishment of the order of *Umilianti*; † afterwards a college of Jesuits; converted, on the suppression of that order, into a university, which changed its name under the French to *Institut*; and now styled, the Gymnasium or Palace of Arts and Sciences. Besides a picture gallery, and a collection of casts and

* Addison's Remarks, p. 30.

† These Monks having widely departed from their professed character, St. Charles Borromeo attempted to introduce certain unpalatable reforms, on which account, the heads of the order are said to have conspired against his life. The order was suppressed in consequence of this charge in 1570.

engravings, this noble establishment comprises a well-furnished observatory, a good library, and a botanic garden. The great court is surrounded with an arcade of two stories ; the lower resting upon coupled Doric, the upper upon coupled Ionic columns. Mr. Woods attributes to this arrangement a delightful lightness and airiness of effect, although the judgement is not easily reconciled to arches suspended upon stone posts. For some further account of this noble institution, we must have recourse to Lady Morgan.

‘ The upper portico of this fine building now contains the magnificent gallery, into which all that could be obtained or purchased of the ancient school of Lombardy, is elegantly arranged ; and the public library, where, to the books left by the Jesuits, were added (by the late Government) the library of Pertusati, a part of that of Haller, and a small collection left by Cardinal Durini, together with a portion of the books collected from the suppressed convents. A few medals, once preserved and neglected at the Mint, were given to this Institution, and formed the basis of a collection which, under the direction of Signor Cataneo, one of the most learned numismatists in Europe, has grown to an extent almost unrivalled in Italy. In the portico, some ancient monuments have been collected. Others have been erected to the memory of natives illustrious for their talents. The Picture Gallery (or *Pinacoteca*) is the first on the frontiers of Italy that stays the keen appetite of the traveller. The corridors which lead to the first room, are covered with the works of the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth

centuries. They are frescoes most ingeniously cut from the walls and cells of convents, where they were perishing in damp and darkness.* The paintings of Luini, long known only by tradition, have thus been brought to light and restored to the Arts, in whose history they form an epoch.'

In this noble gallery, the two pictures which more particularly struck and fixed the Writer's attention, were, *Le Nozze della Madonna*,† 'an early work of Raphael, in his first manner, when Nature and Perugino still struggled for the mastery over his pencil;' and, Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino, which is reckoned a *chef-d'œuvre*.‡ Besides these, the catalogue exhibits the performances of Albano, the Caracci, Caravaggio, Correggio, Crespì, Guido, Giordano, Salvator Rosa, Giulio Romano, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Vandyck, and other masters less known in this country. A dead Christ, by Benvenuto Garofolo, is much admired: the same subject is treated by two other artists, Salmeggia and Bellino. This gallery seems to present a sort of epitome of

* 'The great virtuoso, Francis I. of France,' as Evelyn styles him, wished to remove the whole wall on which the *Cæna Domini* of Leonardo is painted, by binding it about with ribs of iron and timber, and so conveying it to France. The architects whom he consulted would not undertake it; and the possibility of cutting it from the walls, was not then thought of.

† This subject has been treated by many artists. The legend is, that the Virgin, having many lovers, was directed by a divine inspiration to choose him whose wand should germinate; and a full-blown lily, springing from the wand in Joseph's hand, reveals him to be the elected bridegroom.

‡ Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 140—146.

the art, as almost every stage of its progress may be traced, from the stiff attitudes and hard finish of early times, to 'the grace of Correggio and the glow of Titian.'

Milan is indebted to the munificence of Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, the nephew and successor of St. Charles, for the celebrated 'Ambrosian Library,' which is said to contain upwards of 35,000 volumes and between 14,000 and 15,000 manuscripts. The monastic libraries of the Benedictines formed the nucleus of this collection, which has gradually attained its present importance. The learned Muratori was for some time librarian here, before he became superintendent of the Este library at Modena. The chief treasure of the Ambrosian Library is the *Codice Atlantico*,—the MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci, consisting of his notes on various subjects, with mathematical diagrams, some of them intended to illustrate the theory of eclipses. The writing is in general close and formal; and some of it, running from right to left, requires to be read by a mirror. He is said to have adopted this childish expedient with a view to conceal what he wrote from his scholars; a purpose, Mr. Simond remarks, unworthy of the man, though not of the times.* Another less

* Simond, p. 14. It has been asserted, that there were originally *twelve* of these MS. volumes, which were carried off by the French; and that only this one has been returned. (See *Sketches, &c.* vol. iv. p. 243. Sheppard's *Letters*, p. 90.) The truth is sometimes hard to get at. Several romantic stories have been connected with this volume, but Evelyn's account will probably be esteemed the most likely to be authentic. 'In this room,' he says, 'stands the glorious (boasting) inscription of Cavaliero Galeazzo Arco-

valuable, but highly interesting MS., is a Virgil, on vellum, with marginal annotations, in Petrarch's hand-writing; and on the first leaf is a note (in Latin), written by Petrarch as a memorial of the death of Laura.* Bishop Burnet mentions as a manuscript of great antiquity, (it is on papyrus,) 'Ruffinus's translation of Josephus, written in the old Roman hand, which is very hard to be read. But there is a deed in the curious collection that Count Mascardo had made at Verona, which, by the date, appears to have been written in Theodosius's time, which is the same sort of writing with the manuscript of Ruffinus, so that it may be reckoned to have been written in Ruffinus's own

nati, valuing his gift to the Library, of several drawings by Da Vinci; but these we could not see, the keeper of them being out of town, and he always carrying the keys with him. But my Lord Martial, who had seen them, told me, *all but one book are small*; that a huge folio contained 400 leaves full of scratches of Indians, &c. (in India ink?); but, whereas the inscription pretends that our King Charles had offered 1000*l.* for them, the truth is, and my Lord himself told me, that it was he who treated with Galeazzo for himself, in the name and by permission of the King, and that the Duke of Feria, who was then governor, should make the bargain; but my Lord, *having seen them since, did not think them of so much worth.*'—Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 213. Addison's version of the same story is, that 'King James I. could not procure' this MS. of Leonardus Vinci, 'though he proffered for it 3000 Spanish pistoles. It consists of designs in mechanism and engineering. I was shewn in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used.'—Addison's Remarks, p. 32. Mr. Pennington repeats this statement, and says, that James I. offered nearly 11,000*l.* for the 'celebrated book of mechanics by Leonardo da Vinci, which was refused!' vol. ii. p. 281.

* Cadell's Journey, vol. ii. p. 91. The note is published by Tiraboschi.

time. And this is the most valuable, though the least known curiosity in the whole library.'

So it might be deemed at that time; but treasures of far greater value, the existence of which was not even suspected, have since been brought to light; and the discovery is one of the most interesting circumstances in the annals of modern literature. Among the documents which had been lurking here for ages in dust and darkness, were the manuscripts which had belonged to a monastery at Bobbio, founded in 612, and which had been collected in part by its superior, Gerbert Gallus, afterwards Pope Silvester II. On examining one of these manuscripts, containing the works of Sedulius, a Christian poet of the fifth century, Signor Maio, then curator of the Ambrosian Library, was delighted to find that it had been written over another text imperfectly erased; and, after a little examination, he discerned plainly the phrases and proper names of Cicero peeping out from beneath the barbarous verses of Sedulius.* The raptures of the worthy Curator were now at their height. His first discovery, indeed, amounted to little more than a few disconnected fragments of three Orations; but, stimulated to prosecute his

* The fact, that the practice of erasing an ancient manuscript, to make room for another on the same parchment, was common to the Greek and Latin copyists of the middle ages, (though first adopted by the Latin scribes,) had been noticed by Montfaucon; who had also remarked, that, whether from the imperfection of the instrument or the inexpertness of those who used it, the erasing was seldom complete. The Codex Ephrem, one of the oldest and most valuable of the Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, is a *palimpsest* or *codex rescriptus*.

researches, he was soon rewarded with further discoveries. A manuscript Latin version of the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon, was found to have been written over fragments of three other Orations of Cicero, with a commentary. The sheets composing the volumes, were remains of a great number of ancient manuscripts cemented together; and, in addition to the Ciceronian fragments, were found other remains of less value. These, Signor Maio published in the order of their discovery;* following them up, in 1817, with fragments of an old commentary on Virgil, which he had traced beneath the Homilies of St. Gregory. The success of his first researches having attracted towards the Curator of the Ambrosian Library the attention of the learned world, he was promoted to the honourable office of Librarian to the Vatican; and on recommencing his labours amid that copious and opulent collection, he was soon fortunate enough to recover two hundred pages more of Cicero, (his celebrated treatise *De Republica*,† of which merely a few fragments had come down to us,) concealed

* The learned Curator's first publication, '*M. Tullii Ciceronis Sex Orationum Fragmenta inedita. Impressum Mediolani*, 1814'—was reprinted in London, in 1816. See an account of this volume in *Eclectic Review* (2d series), vol. xiii. p. 24. This was followed by the Orations of Symmachus (Milan 1815); Fragments of Plautus and Terence (Milan 1815); a part of Dionysius Halicarnassus, wanting in the printed editions (Milan 1816), and some others.

† '*Cicero de Republica, e Codice Vaticano: descriptis Angelus Maius, Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ Custos*, 1823.' Of this, a French translation appeared, shortly after, by M. Villemain of the French Academy, in 2 vols. A full account of this work will be found in the *Eclectic Rev.* (2d series), vol. xx. p. 413.*

under St. Augustine's Commentary upon the Psalms. This valuable result of his indefatigable labours, was given to the world in the year 1823. A notice of his subsequent discoveries scarcely belongs to this place. Lady Morgan had the good fortune to 'be presented to' the learned *Abate*, while still Curator of the Library at Milan, and in the first triumph of his new discoveries. His fine head, face of transparent paleness, strongly marked features, and large, dark eye bent on his beloved manuscripts, are described as forming 'one of those splendid originals which Italy alone supplies to the genius of painting.' 'The life of this learned man has been little more than a passive transportation from one ancient library to another. He lives with the ages that are gone, and is illumined by lights that gleam only for those who resemble him.'

Among the early printed books in the Ambrosian Library, is a Boccaccio printed at Milan in 1471;* the Ambrosian Missal, Milan, 1475; and the first book printed at Milan, the '*Miracoli della Gloriosa Vergine Maria*,' 1469. There is a manuscript Pliny of the thirteenth century, in black letter. Forty Greek Orations of Gregory Nazianzen, on vellum, partly in gold letters, obtained from the island of Chios in 1606, is ascribed to the seventh or eighth century. There is also a fragment of the Septuagint on vellum, brought from Macedonia, and supposed to be as old as the sixth or seventh century.

* The only other known copies are in the King's library at Paris, and in Lord Spencer's collection.

In the hall of paintings annexed to this Library, there is the original sketch of Raffael's School of Athens, in black chalk. Evelyn mentions 'many rare things of Hans Breugill (Brueghel); and among them, the Four Elements.' Addison mentions a portrait of Titian, by himself.* There is also a fine head of Louis the Moor, by Leonardo da Vinci; a fine copy of the *Cenacolo*; a Holy Family by Bernardino Luini, the contemporary of Da Vinci, and, in this painting, the rival of his master; Christ crowned with thorns, by the same great artist; a dead Christ, and a Holy Family by Titian; a sketch, by Raffael—part of the Battle of Constantine; sketches of the Last Judgement, by Michael Angelo; sketches by Pietro da Cortona, by Caravaggio, and other great masters; and 'a Miniature of the Celestial Regions,' by Albano. If these sketches are undoubted originals, they must be invaluable.

Among the few private libraries that will repay the visiter, is that of the *Casa Trivulzio*. The pictures in this mansion, 'are few, but good and curious; and the library,' Lady Morgan says, 'is singularly rich in MSS. and in rare and precious editions of the fifteenth century.' Among the latter is a Petrarch, printed fifteen years after the death of the Poet. Among the former is the oldest MS. Dante that is known to exist, with a date affixed. A still greater treasure is, 'a sort of Album of Leonardo da Vinci, where a page of geometry is followed by a page of caricatures, (taken, perhaps,

* 'Among the heads of learned men,' says Addison, 'I met with no Englishman, except Bishop Fisher, whom Henry VIII. put to death for not owning his supremacy.'

from originals in the *Borghetto*,) and a vocabulary is succeeded by a sketch marked by all his genius.' Another still more curious MS. is 'a Primer written and beautifully illuminated by Leonardo for the use of the young Maximilian, son of Louis the Moor. The vellum pages of this compendium contain, after a few trite maxims of conduct, a little series of vignettes, admirably preserved in all their original freshness of colouring, their gold, silver, and ultramarine tints perfectly fresh.* 'A Lucan, done in France in 1363, in which Cæsar is always painted decked with *fleurs de lis*, to shew that he was of the reigning house of France; and a little book presented by Henry IV. to his beautiful mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, containing a sonnet of his composition and in his own hand-writing; are also among the curiosities of this library. In the collection of antiquities are some consular dyptics, (one of the time of Justinian,) a part of the chair of the Exarchs at Ravenna, a beautiful fawn in *rosso-antico*, and Etruscan vases, medals, cameos, coins, &c. without number.†

The palaces of Milan will not long detain us. On the site of the old Sforza palace, a new government-house was erected for the French viceroy, which is now inhabited by the Imperial viceroy, the Archduke Regnier. The façade, which looks on the *Piazza del Duomo*, and adds to its beauty, is elegant; but the edifice is less remarkable for its external appearance, than for its mag-

* Are not these part of the twelve volumes which the French are charged with having purloined from the *Bibliotheca Ambrosiana*?

† Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 205-209.

nificent staircase and spacious suite of state apartments. Of nothing in this palace, however, are the Milanese so proud, as the frescoes with which the coved ceilings and walls are embellished by a native artist, Andrea Appiani. 'Many of the subjects are taken from the *fasti* of the late revolutionary government; and for the magnificent head of Jupiter Tonans, in some of the allegorical devices, that of Bonaparte has been copied; exactly as Louis XIV. was the never failing Apollo of the paintings at Versailles.'* Of the floors, some are very beautifully inlaid with different sorts of wood; others are of the Venetian stucco, into which, while yet soft, different kinds of marble are worked; and the whole is afterwards polished. Some of the rooms are hung with Gobelin tapestry. There are two large and lofty saloons, the largest of which has a gallery supported by caryatides: one or two of these are justly admired for their execution, particularly a veiled figure. The other is a music-room, the ceiling of which is supported by columns. Both these rooms have been ornamented with paintings, representing the exploits of Napoleon, which are now removed.†

The vice-regal court of Eugene was splendid in the extreme. In this, he consulted the character

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. p. 156.—Mr. Woods was informed, that the frescoes are partly the production of a Roman artist named Trallesi, and partly of his pupil, Appiani.

† A female traveller (*not* Lady Morgan) remarks, that 'the apotheosis of Bonaparte, a painting too good for its subject, on one of the ceilings, can scarcely appear more profane and contemptible now, than it must always have done in the eye of decency and good sense.'—Sketches, &c. vol. iv. p. 253.

of the Milanese, who are said to be almost as passionately fond of gayety and amusement as the Parisians ; their character, like their geographical position, being something between the Italian and the French. The evening promenade of Milan is still, as to equipages, horses, and liveries, the most splendid in Italy. After the *Duomo*, Lady Morgan says, there is no edifice in Milan so highly prized as the theatre of *La Scala*, built in 1778, from the designs of Piermarini, ‘on the ruins of the ancient church of *Santa Maria della Scala*.’ In point of architecture, this theatre is pronounced to be the most beautiful opera-house in Europe ; and except the great theatre at Parma, and that of S. Carlo at Naples, it is the most spacious. The orchestra also is of high excellence ; but, for music, the fashionables of Milan, it seems, have no ears : *—*on n’écoute que le ballet*. Mr. Simond thus describes the disappointment which awaits the inexperienced traveller, who should go to this theatre in anticipation of hearing an opera performed.

‘The house, which is certainly very fine, exceeds perhaps any in Paris or London ; and the full band in the orchestra, when it struck up, filled it well. Soon, however, the flapping of doors, incessantly opening and shutting, the walking to and fro over that part of the pit which is without

* Yet, the common people delight in music. ‘There is hardly a street in Milan,’ Mr. Galiffe says, ‘where the sound of the guitar may not be heard at any hour of the night.’ Genoa is the very opposite in this respect. The feelings of the people are, perhaps, more alive to music, but it is rarely heard in the streets ; and seldom does the tinkling guitar meet the ear.—*Spinster’s Tour*, p. 342.

seats, and, above all, the universal chattering, overpowered the music. It was quite ludicrous to see singers with open mouths uttering silent screams, and the furious scraping of 100 fiddle-sticks over sonorous chords producing no audible sounds. Disappointed in our expectations of hearing Italian music, and finding our attention to what was passing on the stage altogether fruitless, we turned to the spectators, and observed that the boxes, which are little rooms very neatly fitted up, had by degrees filled with company; and the lights in some of them (for there were none in the house, except the row of lamps on the stage) enabled us to see the people receiving company, taking refreshments, gesticulating in earnest conversation, and laughing. In those boxes where there were no lights, the company remained invisible, and a sort of *chiaroscuro* pervaded the fore part of the house, which we found best adapted for seeing what was passing on the stage without being seen. But when the *ballet* began, the general hubbub at once ceased, and heads suddenly popped out, cards and conversation being suspended to look at the dancing. Although much inferior to that of Paris or London, it evidently possessed attractions superior to those of music, which was no sooner resumed after the ballet, than the noise began again as before. At half after eleven, having sat there several hours, we went away heartily tired of this dumb show of an opera, which was to last till one or two o'clock in the morning.*

* Simond, pp. 17, 18. 'The tiresome custom in the Italian theatres, of playing the same opera for six weeks or

The *Scala*, Lady Morgan tells us, in language not apparently intended for satire, 'is the evening home of almost all ranks; the recreation of the tradesman, the exchange of the merchant, the closet of the critic, and the rendezvous of the politician; for there alone, amid the openest publicity, can privacy find an asylum against the intrusions of espionage. The box is sacred; none can intrude there but the intimate friends of the lady, or her husband; and the numerous *arie de sorbetta* call for no attention even from musical enthusiasm, while, with their accompaniments, they drown the whispered conversation, whatever may be its tendency.' This representation sufficiently indicates the state of society in this Cisalpine Paris.

There is, however, another theatre which nearly disputes popularity with the *Scala*. This is the *Giralomo della Crena*, 'so called from the name of the principal puppet, who is a very powerful rival of the veteran Policinello. Whatever piece is represented on this stage, *Giralomo* is always the principal actor. His distinctive character is, that he speaks Piedmontese, and makes stupid mistakes to please the inhabitants of Milan, and to feed their municipal prejudices against their neighbours; exactly as the Milanese *Menichino* performs

two months, prevails at Milan, and is 'endured, Lady Morgan says, chiefly on account of the splendour and interest of the ballet.' These are 'superior to every thing of the same kind in Europe.' The old nobility 'consider this increasing passion for the ballet as a heresy of the revolution.' It might almost warrant Mr. Rose's sarcasm on the Bæotians of Italy.

for the amusement of the rest of the North of Italy, and as honest Pat is travestied on the London stage, to flatter the cockney prejudices of John Bull. The people of fashion in Milan go once in the season to *Giralomo*, as, at Paris, the same class go to the *Ambigu* and the *Gaieté*; but the people find *Giralomo* good fun every night in the year, and rarely desert him; though the Piazza del Duomo nightly exhibits puppet-shows, and the steps of the cathedral are crowded with an audience who have not the means of paying for a box at *Giralomo's* little theatre.*

There are two or three smaller theatres, at some of which itinerant companies perform morning and evening; the *Canobiana*, in shape resembling *La Scala*, but less spacious; the *Teatro Re*; and the *Carcano*. On one side of the *Foro-Bonaparte*, or, as it is now called, *Place du Château*, is the modern antique amphitheatre, erected by order of the French Emperor, but never finished, although *naumachiæ* were represented there on 'an ocean four feet deep.' 'The walls of this counterfeit of a Roman work,' Mr. Simond says, 'are scarcely 25 feet high, and their thin facing of stone, already giving way, shews the rubbish underneath. The apparently huge blocks of granite tottering under your feet, are only thin slabs. But the palace annexed to this circus is adorned with real columns of red granite of great size, and each

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 173—5. 'The *Giralomo* is considered as the best theatre of puppets or marionets in Italy. The precision and vivacity in the motions of the actors, produce a complete illusion,'—Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 621.

made of a single block. It is in every respect as beautiful as the rest is paltry and contemptible. The *Villa Bonaparte* is also a beautiful palace, built 30 years ago by Marshal Count Belgioioso, given by the municipality of Milan to General Bonaparte, and afterwards assigned as the residence of Prince Eugene.* The *Foro-Bonaparte*, above-mentioned, is an immense esplanade planted with trees, terminated by the superb triumphal arch leading to the Simplon road, which this Traveller characterises as one of the finest specimens of modern architecture: 'several of the eight bas-reliefs on the basement are extremely beautiful.' The *Corso della Porta Orientale* is rendered 'particularly striking' by several new palaces raised upon the site of demolished convents and churches; and on the left of this corso is the public garden, which was but just finished at the Restoration, from which a flight of steps leads to a public walk of considerable extent upon the ramparts. Just beyond the eastern gate is the Lazaretto.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Duke Ludovico Sforza, surnamed *Il Moro*, a prince not renowned for his humanity, founded an asylum for those infected with the plague. The patients were accommodated apart from each other, in a low but very extensive range of buildings surrounding a square court, 1200 feet each way, and inclosed within high walls.† The *Spedale Grande*, though almost twice as large as the new Bedlam in St. George's Fields, has nothing in its architecture to recommend it, but appears to be under excellent

* Simond, p. 19.

† Ibid. p. 20.

regulations. Every applicant is received, whatever be his country, his religion, or his disorder; and there is a magnificent dispensary, where medicines are delivered to the poor *gratis*, on the specification of any physician, or are sold to those who can pay for them.*

We have now enumerated, we believe, nearly all the 'sights' of Milan; of which city, hitherto, no English traveller has taken the trouble to give anything approaching to a fair or complete description. In 1820, the workshop of Signor Raffaelli; the mineralogical collection of Monsieur Breislac; the apartments of S. Morosi, the royal mechanician, at the Hotel de Monnaie; the Egyptian school established for the subjects of the Pasha; the Lancastrian school established by Count Confalonieri; were also among the objects that claimed the traveller's attention.† It would be unpardonable, moreover, Lady Morgan says,

* Woods, vol. i. p. 220. This hospital, founded by Duke Francis in the middle of the fifteenth century, has been enlarged in consequence of the bequest of a Dr. Macchi, who is said to have lived in penury, in order to be able to leave 3,000,000 of livres to this institution. An inhabitant of the name of Saunazari, who died in 1804, bequeathed 4,000,000 of livres (about 120,000*l.*) to this same hospital.

† Among the curiosities ought perhaps to have been enumerated, a pillar near the church of St. Ambrose, called the Pillar of Infamy, to which, a recent traveller tells us, 'martyrs were chained and stoned to death.' Its real story is told in a Latin inscription copied and translated by Addison. It occupies the site of a barber's shop,—one John James Mora, who, during a raging plague, conspired with the commissary of health to poison his fellow citizens, and was, with his accomplice, broken on the wheel, and otherwise tortured to death, in 1630.

to pass over in silence the collection of Etruscan vases in the *Casa Porro*, which all strangers visit, and which contains some of the most beautiful specimens of those beautiful antiquities. To the Milanese, an object of far greater curiosity and admiration, is the gas apparatus which Count Porro, in conjunction with Count Confalonieri, has introduced into Italy, and with which his whole house is splendidly illuminated. A Correggio and some other specimens of the fine arts, still render the *Casa Litta* an object of attention; and a very curious collection of gems adorns the mansion of the *Marchese Malaspina*. Every where in Milan, says this Traveller, 'we found traces of the ardent but rational patriotism with which a little band of nobles are unceasingly occupied in bettering at once the moral and the physical aspect of their country.'*

The neighbourhood of Milan abounds with villas; but few of these bear any resemblance to the seats of the English nobility, being mere places of temporary retreat or casual recreation. 'The nobility go regularly, at St. Martin's Eve in November, to settle with their tenants, and frequently stay till Christmas. Their other visits to the country are few and distant; and their *villeggiaturas* last but for a few days.' When the proprietors of these villas give a *fête champêtre*, they generally return to town with their guests, to finish the evening, as usual, at the Opera. Whoever wishes to contrast the ancient with the modern style of villa, Lady Morgan says, should visit the *Simmonetta*, men-

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 210—214.

tioned by Addison,* and described in all guide-books for its echo, but which is much more interesting as a specimen of the taste of former generations.

Altogether, Milan, though much less striking in its appearance than the showy little capital of Piedmont, or the picturesque city of Genoa, is not only much larger and more considerable, but richer in objects of varied interest, claiming the notice of the antiquary, the architect, the artist, or the general observer. Of the six or seven score thousand† which compose its teeming population, we have a very imperfect and inadequate account. Their physical appearance, to whatever cause attributable, is said to be very inferior to that of the inhabitants of Southern Italy. Not only is the stature of the inhabitants diminutive; but the number of

* ‘At two miles distance from Milan, there stands a building that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty-six times, though the air was foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay. There are two parallel walls, which beat the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father Bartolin has since done in his ingenious discourse on sounds.’—Addison’s Remarks, p. 36.

† ‘Eleven gates lead to different parts of the country; and the length of Milan, between the western and the Ticino gates, may be about 3000 yards. The number of houses is not less than 4800; and the population amounts to 140,000 inhabitants.’—Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 618. According to the table given at p. 755 of the same volume, however, the census of 1825 stated the inhabitants at only 124,647.

deformed persons of both sexes, Mr. Pennington remarks, which one meets in the streets, is particularly painful to the feelings. Bad nursing, and the practice of swathing the infants, as well as the want of due nourishment in the case of children put out to nurse in the country, are assigned as the probable causes of this imperfect or distorted development of the human frame.*

Mr. Galiffe, on the other hand, speaking of these same Milanese, tells us, that 'there is no nation so like the English as the Lombards. Their features have that general uniformity of style which characterizes a peculiar race of men. The nose is straight; the under-lip retired, or smaller than the upper one; the complexion, fair; the eyes and eyebrows, strongly marked and expressive; the forehead, high and noble, and divided exactly in the middle, by a vein which becomes distended and visible on every strong emotion; the hair, of a light brown: the general expression of the countenance, gentle, mild, and open. There are, however, few very handsome women.' In this last respect, the inhabitants of Milan are represented as being strikingly distinguished from those of Brescia. 'It is impossible,' we are told, 'to imagine a more beautiful race than the population of that city and its neighbourhood. Raffael's most sublime conceptions of ideal beauty fall short of the living specimens which engaged our admiration in Brescia, and on the road to Verona. I am persuaded, that I saw a greater number of handsome women in that space, than I had seen

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 283.

in all Europe besides ; and many of them were more exquisitely beautiful than any individuals I had ever met with. What peculiarly characterizes their style of beauty, is, the commanding nobleness of their countenances, mingled with a degree of mildness and candour.*

‘ I have travelled a great deal,’ says the same Traveller, ‘ and have not merely visited, but have resided in many countries, but nowhere have I met with a more amiable people than the Milanese. They have all that vivacity of imagination, all that liveliness in their exterior appearance, which one expects to find in Italians, without the least mixture of that low cunning with which the Italian nation is so universally reproached. The character of the Milanese is frank and open ; they are more cordial than complaisant ; and their civility is blunt and hearty, yet graceful.†

Very opposite is the representation given by Mr. Rose, of their physical and intellectual characteristics. ‘ As, in the Milanese, man is often cut short of his fair proportions, so, I should say, he is behind all the other Italians in mental qualifications, being ordinarily heavy and slow of understanding.’ Yet it is admitted, that there have been at least some brilliant exceptions. One is instanced by this Writer, in Parini, a lyric and satirical poet of deserved popularity, born in the neighbourhood of this city, which was long his residence, and now contains his ashes.‡ Cardan,

* Galiffe, vol. i. pp. 72, 82. † *Ib.* vol. i. p. 47.

‡ Letters from the North of Italy, vol. ii. p. 202. An interesting critique on the poetry of Parini occupies the fifty-fourth Letter.

the famous mathematician, born at Pavia, was of a Milanese family, and was professor of medicine at Milan. The Marquis Beccaria, celebrated for his work on crimes and punishments, which contributed to the abolition of the torture in France and Sweden, was a native of this city, where he held the professorship of political economy in the University, instituted by the Empress Maria Theresa. The learned Tiraboschi, who has published a discourse on the literary history of Milan, was himself a native of the State, if not of the capital.

Milan was better known, however, in the olden time, for its manufactures and the industry of its inhabitants, than for its learned men. Our original milliners were the tradesmen who sold the gay daggers, ouches, girdles, and other wares of Milan. The city owes as much to the munificence of its obscure but public-spirited citizens, as to its domestic tyrants, the Visconti and the Sforzas, and far more than to its Spanish or Austrian masters. The family of Borromeo, who did so much for the capital of Lombardy, were of Tuscan origin, and, like all the principal families in that State, are said to have been manufacturers. The silkworm, which is extensively cultivated throughout Lombardy, supplies one branch of manufacturing industry in Milan. The trade and the wealth of the city, have shared in the political vicissitudes of the country; and of the present state of things in these respects, no accounts that can be depended upon can be obtained from the vague and hasty reports of travellers.

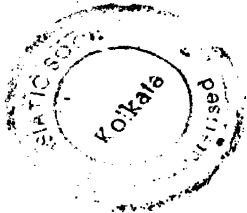
As a residence, Milan unites the recommendations of cheap and plentiful provisions, regular

public amusements, moderate carriage-hire, a well-regulated police, and polite society. The drawbacks are, the heats of summer, the fogs of the fall, and the trouble to which visitors are exposed, in being obliged perpetually to renew the permission of the police to remain in this part of his Austrian Majesty's dominions.

Into the grievances of the Milanese, it is not within our province to enter. They were not contented under their French masters : they are still less satisfied with their German ones. Yet, they are not quite Italians, either in language or in character. The Milanese idiom and pronunciation* are very different from the dialects of Southern Italy, and the higher classes speak better French. In short, the Milanese are Lombards. When another Roman sovereign shall fix his capital at Milan, then Lombardy may be called Italy : at present, it is but a Cisalpine Gaul,—a province of the Austrian empire.

* ‘ The Milanese dialect is not much more like what we call Italian, than any other European language. It contains a strange mixture of several languages, in which Italian of course predominates ; but the pronunciation is so peculiar as to make it quite another language. The *u* is pronounced as it is in French ; and there are some words (such as *cœur*, heart) which are both written and pronounced exactly the same in both languages. The Milanese have likewise the same nasal sounds as the French. Several of the terminations are Spanish. The whole compound forms a harsher language than any I know, except the German.’—Galiffe’s Italy, vol. i. p. 77.

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